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How Great Can He Become?

ALSO INSIDE:

- Pacquiao-Mayweather
- Miguel Cotto
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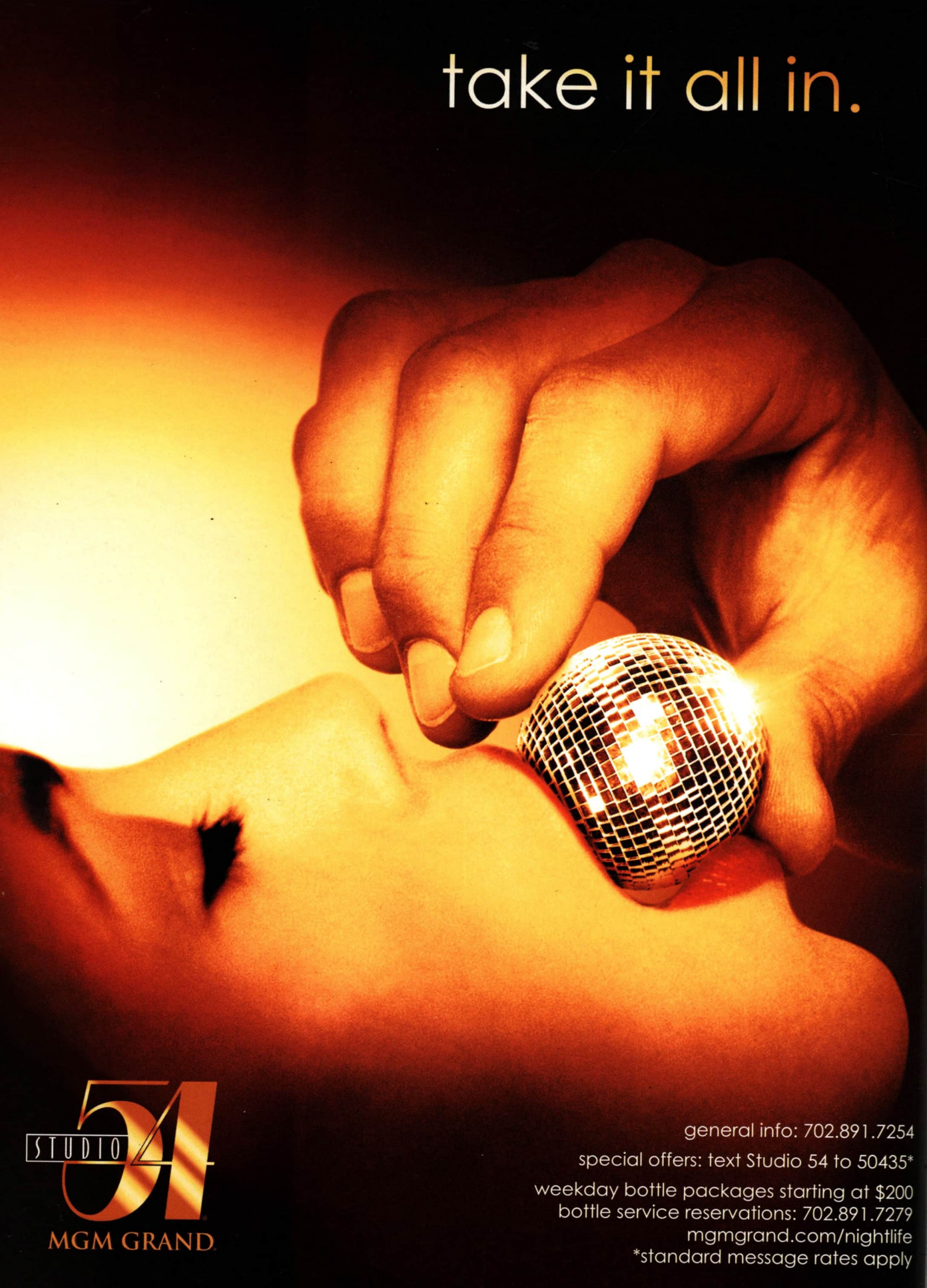
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Volume 89, No. 10 September 2010

The Ring

Both Sides Of The Coin

Like all exceedingly demanding endeavors, boxing brings out both the best and worst in the human race, so it's no wonder that my moods tend to swerve wildly between the two extremes. Lately, I've been up and down more often than Floyd Patterson, which can only mean one thing: It's time to launch one of my occasional flurries of jeers and cheers aimed straight at the heart of the matter.

• Cheers to Showtime's "Super Six," which has turned out much better than this skeptical observer originally thought. I still don't think its appeal derives so much for the tournament's convoluted structure. It's the fact that fans can count on an ongoing series of fights among top contenders that has proved so successful. How often does that happen in any given division?

• Jeers to the message-board morons who use their alleged love of boxing as an excuse to spew every kind of poison imaginable: racism, sexism, religious intolerance, bigotry, homophobia, jingoism, and plain old-fashioned hate—all served up with a heaping portion of ignorance.

• Cheers to Pongsaklek Wonjongkam for becoming the first flyweight champion recognized by THE RING since fellow Thai Sot Chitalada won the title in 1984. That Pongsaklek is a long-serving and accomplished fighter makes his coronation especially appropriate.

• Jeers to those who believe Arthur Mercante Jr.'s atrocious mishandling of the Cotto-Yuri Foreman fight was fine and dandy. Frankly, I'm surprised (and greatly relieved) when he doesn't bungle the job. Perhaps some of Mercante's cheerleaders suffer from the same malady as he does: an overinflated opinion of themselves.

• Cheers for the stoic professionalism of Miguel Cotto and Yuri Foreman, a pair of fighters who treat the game with the respect and dignity it deserves.

• Jeers to whoever is responsible for allowing the careers of Nonito Donaire, Celestino Caballero, and Sakio Bika to wither on the vine.

• Cheers to light heavyweight contender Nathan Cleverly for earning a mathematics degree from the University of Cardiff. Smart lad, that Cleverly.

• Jeers to fighters who refuse, for whatever reason, to "give it a go," as they say in the England. It's particularly distasteful when the reluctant dragon is a tough-talking, would-be badass such as Allan Green. After all, going for broke when the situation looks hopeless has always been the mark of a true fighter.

• Cheers to overseas fans for supporting women's boxing. The female-boxing buzz in the US has died down to a faint whisper since the demise of Christy Martin and the retirement of Laila Ali. But it's a different story in other parts of the world. Thanks to the unprecedented success of now-retired Regina Halmich, Germany is at the forefront of the rapidly expanding European scene, with Susi Kentikian and Ina Menzer the top box-office attractions. But it doesn't end there. Women's boxing has also caught fire in Latin American and Asia.

• Jeers to President Barack Obama for not granting Jack Johnson a pardon. Yeah, yeah, I know he has far more important things to worry about, but this is a relative no-brainer. After all, Johnson was a small but significant link in the centuries-long chain of events that made Obama's presidency possible.

And last but not least …

• Cheers to the honorable congressman Emmanuel Dapidran Pacquiao, who took the oath of office on June 28. Even if he never wins another fight, Pacquiao is sui generis, a one-off who has been more fun to cover than any other fighter during my almost 40 years on the beat.

Nigel Collins
Editor-in-Chief

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[Opening Shot]

Is That Any Way To Treat A Lady?

Yes, of course it is when the lady in question is a professional boxer trying to do the same thing to you, as was the case when French junior bantamweight Nadia Hokmi drilled American Elena Reid with a face-twisting right hand. It was blows such as this that carried Hokmi to a 10-round unanimous decision over Reid on June 5, 2010, in Lingolsheim, France. We are given to understand that Reid's pretty face returned to its normal shape shortly after the bout.

PHOTO BY JOHANNA LEGUERRE/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

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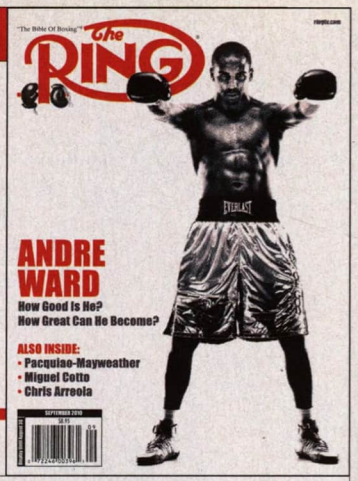

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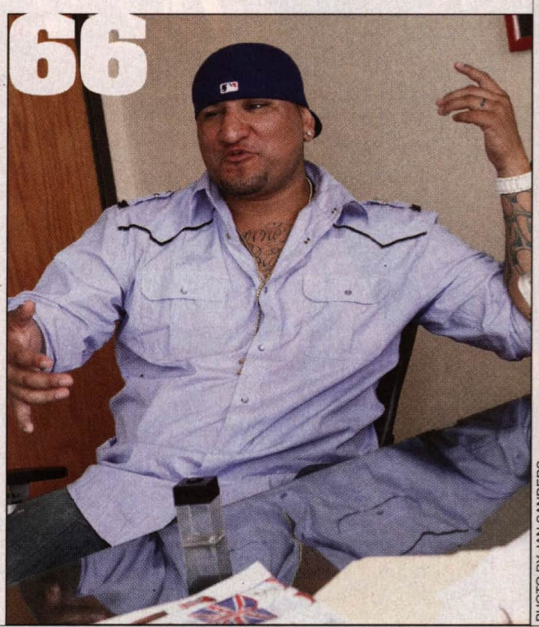

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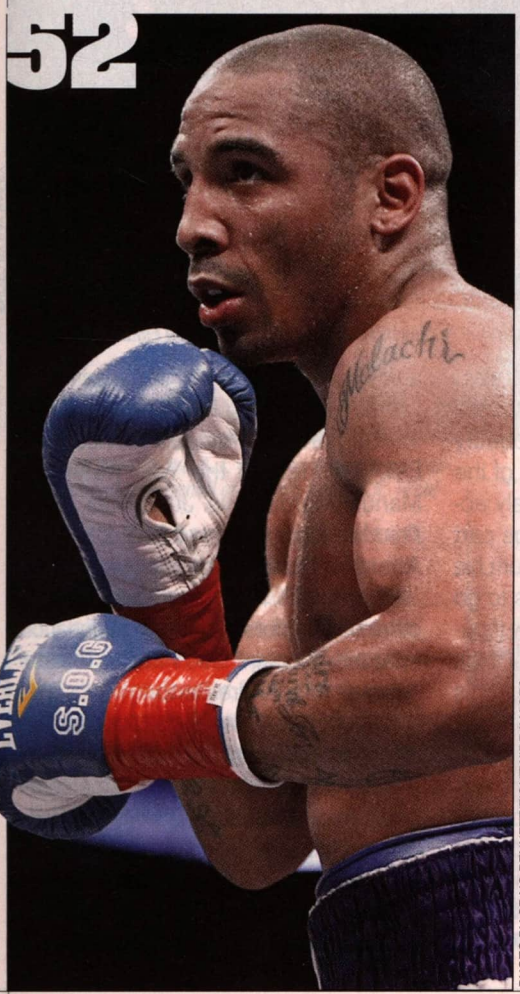

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THE RING Rocks BWAA Dinner

Looking dapper and a bit debauched, many members of THE RING crew were on hand at the 85th annual Boxing Writers Association of America awards dinner, celebrating another year's worth of awards for excellence in boxing journalism. The event was held at New York's Roosevelt Hotel, the night before Miguel Cotto defeated Yuri Foreman at Yankee Stadium.

For the second consecutive year, THE RING collected more Barneys (named in honor of Barney Nagler) than any other magazine/website. Editor-in-Chief Nigel Collins picked up a second-place award in the short feature category. Don Stradley took third-place in the same grouping, as well as honorable mentions for news story and best column. Stradley and THE RING's Senior Writer Bill Dettloff each earned honorable mentions for investigative reporting.

THE RING's companion website, Ringtv.com, was well-represented, with Michael Rosenthal tying Stradley for third place in the short feature category and earning honorable mentions for long feature and news story. Eric Raskin and Peter Owen Nelson earned honorable mentions in event coverage, bringing THE RING's total to 11 citations, beating last year's total by one.

The raucous behavior at THE RING's table didn't distract from the evening's many touching moments, such as Joe Tessitore's heartfelt acceptance speech after receiving the Sam Taub Award for excellence in broadcast journalism; George Chuvalo's moving tribute to his deceased wife and sons after winning the Bill Crawford Award for courage in overcoming adversity; and Manny Pacquiao's stately speech after accepting the BWAA's Fighter of the Decade Award.

The fact that Pacquiao still bothers to fly in from the Philippines to pick up awards is impressive, especially now that he holds a congressional seat and he would've been well within his rights to blow off what was probably his umpteenth awards ceremony of the year. Yet, there he was, graciously accepting one more trophy. Perhaps part of Pacquiao's greatness comes from his sense of duty and his willingness to go the extra mile. Or in this case, a few thousand miles. "I believe in God and I think big," said Pacquiao, who also won his third BWAA Fighter of the Year Award.

PHOTO BY RAY BAILEY

Smokin' Joe presents Pacquiao with the Sugar Ray Robinson Award as the BWAA's 2009 Fighter of the Year

Other honorees included author F.X. Toole, the posthumous winner of The A.J. Liebling Award for outstanding boxing writing; Mills Lane, winner of the James A. Farley Award for honesty and integrity in boxing; the late Alexis Arguello, winner of the Marvin Kohn "Good Guy" Award; and veteran sportswriter Jerry Izenberg, winner of the John F.X. Condon Award for long and meritorious service. The BWAA's Fight of the Year was Juan Manuel Marquez vs. Juan Diaz, while Freddie Roach won his third Eddie Futch Award for trainer of the year.

Along with Pacquiao and Chuvalo, other boxing personalities in attendance included "Smokin'" Joe Frazier, Tomasz Adamek, and Andre Berto.

Unfortunately, the ailing Nick Charles, who was a co-winner of the Bill Crawford Award, couldn't be present at the ceremony. Instead, Charles' Showtime broadcast partner and friend, Steve Farhood, stepped to the podium to read a special note from Charles. The message was earthy, warm, and positive, all the in-

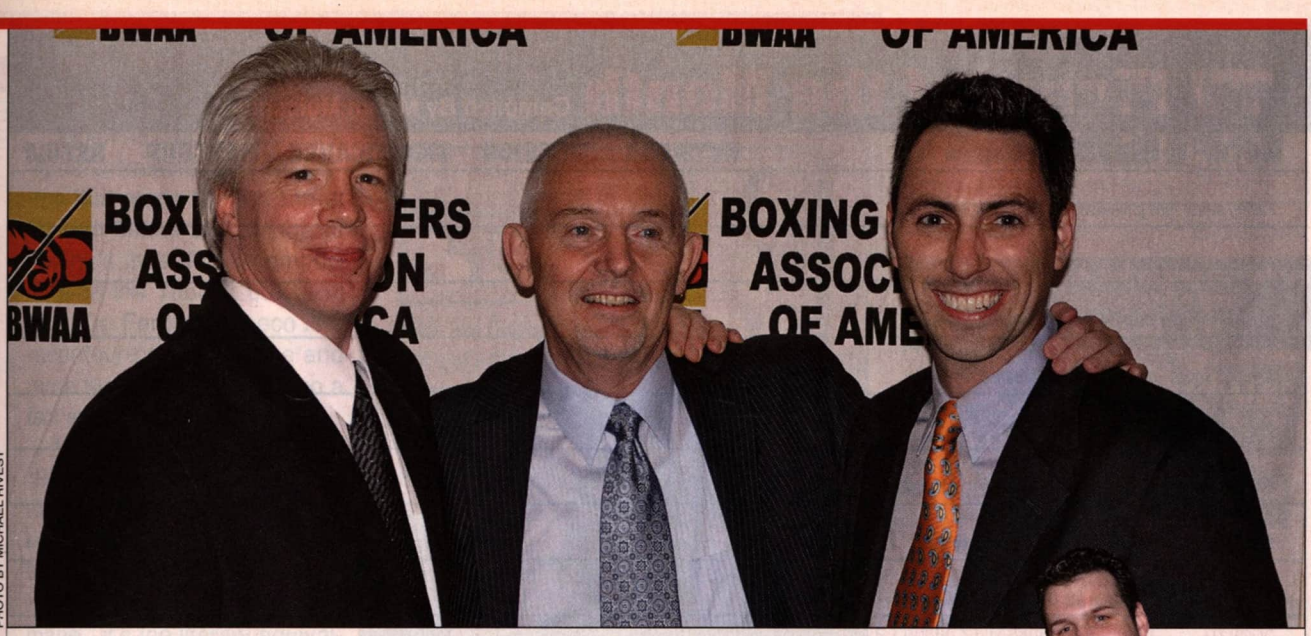


PHOTO BY MICHAEL RIVEST

Ring trio (from left to right): Senior Writer Bill Dettloff, Editor-in-Chief Nigel Collins, and Contributing Editor Eric Raskin

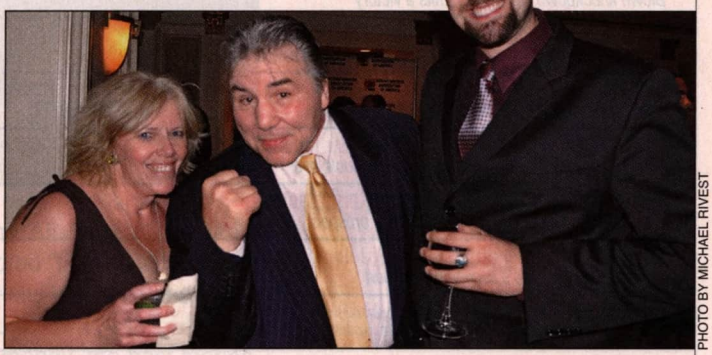


PHOTO BY MICHAEL RIVEST

Ring Controller Deborah Harrison, George Chuvalo, and Ring Creative Director David Romanosky

PHOTO BY RAY BAILEY

Erin Boyd accepts the A.J. Leibling Award from Bernard Fernandez on behalf of her late father F.X. Toole

gredients that have made Charles a top commentator these many years (he won the Taub award in 2008). Charles' note also reminded us that while he has always been the epitome of a professional broadcaster, he is also a regular guy, a boxing fan who attends fights televised on competing networks, for no other reason than to enjoy the action.

Thinking of Charles made us wonder if the Crawford award should be renamed "The Perspective Award," for the winners certainly help us to put things into perspective.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL RIVEST

Ring Managing Editor Joe Santoliquito and award-winning contributor Don Stradley

TV Fights of the Month

Compiled By Martin Mulcahey

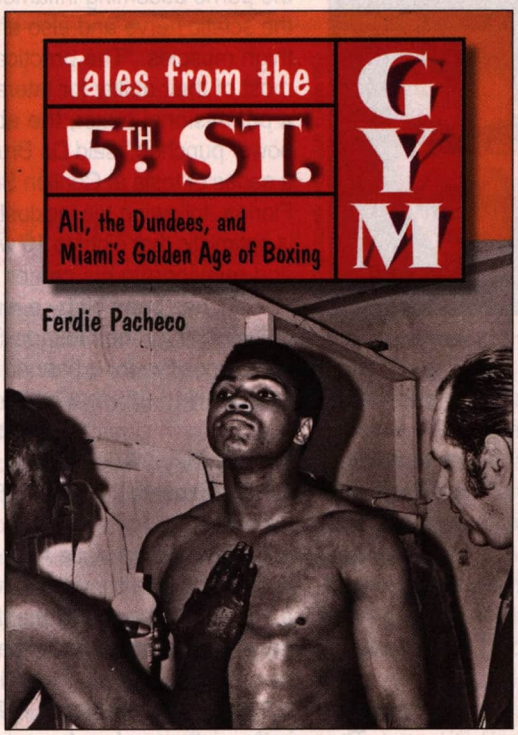
DATE	WINNER/LOSER	NETWORK	DIVISION	SIGNIFICANCE	MATCHUP	RESULT
5/27/10	David Rodela W 8 Eric Cruz *Facing better foes gave Rodela edge in tough win*	FOX Sports	jl	C-	C+	C+
5/27/10	Jose Navarro W 6 Benji Garcia *Four-time title fight loser gets an easy comeback win*	FOX Sports	b	C+	D	C-
5/28/10	Marcus Upshaw W 10 Renan St. Juste *Canadian judges deserve credit for impartial scoring*	ESPN2	m	C+	B-	C+
5/28/10	Librado Andrade KO 8 Eric Lucas *Andrade sends Lucas back into retirement*	ESPN2	sm	B	B-	B
5/29/10	Ivan Popoca KO 5 Jose Soto Karass *Popoca gets off canvas to pound out TKO victory*	FOX Sports	jw	C	B-	B
5/29/10	Jesus Soto Karass NC 2 Gabriel Martinez *Headbutt prevents good fight on paper from materializing on screen*	FOX Sports	jm	C+	B	F
5/29/10	Roman Martinez KO 4 Gonzalo Munguia *Brawling Puerto Rican deserves a wider audience*	PPV	jl	B	C+	B
5/29/10	Wilfredo Vazquez Jr. KO 10 Zsolt Bedak *Vazquez quickly becoming the best "junior" in boxing*	PPV	jf	A-	B	B+
5/29/10	Johnathon Banks D 12 Jason Gavern *Blown knockdown call costs Banks a victory*	PPV	h	C+	C+	C
5/29/10	Vitali Klitschko KO 10 Albert Sosnowski *Sosnowki's eyes roll into the back of his head, what else do you want?*	PPV	h	A-	C	C+
6/04/10	Luis Cruz KO 6 Eric Estrada *This Estrada is not going to be a TV star*	Telefutura	f	C-	B	C+
6/04/10	Mercito Gesta KO 4 Oscar Meza *Filipino's bodypunch kayo makes viewers double over*	Telemundo	l	C+	C+	C+
6/04/10	Brad Solomon W 10 Kenny Galarza *Solomon beats another supposedly better prospect*	ESPN2	w	C+	B	C+
6/04/10	Yudel Jhonson KO 8 Juliano Ramos *Cigars might be Cuba's second best export*	ESPN2	jm	C+	C+	C+
6/05/10	Vanes Martirosyan W 10 Joe Greene *Big stage, boring fight*	HBO	jm	B	B	C
6/05/10	Miguel Cotto KO 8 Yuri Foreman *Mercante would have allowed Cotto to hit Foreman in a wheelchair*	HBO	jm	A-	A-	B-
6/11/10	Brian Vera KO 3 Sebastien Demers *Texas toughman earns more ESPN2 underdog dates*	ESPN2	sm	C+	B	B-
6/11/10	David Lemieux KO 1 Elvin Ayala *Canadian scores kayo and muzzles Teddy Atlas*	ESPN2	m	B	C+	B-
6/12/10	**Ivan Calderon W 12 Jesus Iribe** ***Calderon's head does not reach to top rope***	**FOX Sports**	**jfl**	**A-**	**C**	**C**
6/18/10	Eric Molina KO 4 Chris Thomas *Is Molina a small heavyweight or big cruiserweight?*	Telefutura	c	C-	C-	C+
6/18/10	Luis Ramos W 8 Joshua Allotey *Busy Golden Boy prospect being moved faster than most*	Telefutura	jw	C-	C	C+
6/18/10	Maxim Vlasov KO 3 Jerson Ravelo *Ravelo lasts eight rounds with Andre Ward and Allan Green*	ESPN2	sm	C	C	C-
6/18/10	Sherzod Husanov W 10 Jhon Berrio *More of a struggle for amateur star than expected*	ESPN2	jm	C+	C	C+
6/19/10	Tomas Rojas KO 7 Felipe Almanza *Former titleholder toys with hopelessly mismatched foe*	FOX Sports	jb	C	F	D
6/19/10	Omar Nino W 12 Rodel Mayol *It's not a Mayol fight without headbutts and bleeding*	FOX Sports	jfl	B+	B+	B
6/19/10	Andre Ward W 12 Allan Green *This is why Green was not part of the original "Super Six"*	Showtime	sm	A	A-	C

Category Explanation: "Significance"—The importance of the bout to the division and the fighters' futures; "Matchup"—The quality of the fighters and the prefight determination of how their styles will mesh; "Result"—How the bout turned out, from the viewer's perspective.

(RING championship fights in **bold** type)

Division key: h—heavyweight; c—cruiserweight; lh—light heavyweight; sm—super middleweight; m—middleweight; jm—junior middleweight; w—welterweight; jw—junior welterweight; l—lightweight; jl—junior lightweight; f—featherweight; jf—junior featherweight; b—bantamweight; jb—junior bantamweight; fl—flyweight; jfl—junior flyweight; s—strawweight

Boxing Bookshelf



When he's writing about the fighters, trainers, and characters that made the 5th Street Gym in Miami Beach one of boxing's most fabled emporiums in the 1950s, '60s, and '70s, Dr. Ferdie Pacheco is a raconteur-par-excellence and more fun and salacious than a talk show host.

When the self-anointed "Fight Doctor" is yammering on about how as a TV broadcaster he fearlessly galloped to boxing's rescue by single-handedly making it more "humane," it's the literary equivalent of a digital prostate exam.

Thank goodness there is more of frivolous Ferdie than highfalutin' Ferdie *In Tales From The 5th Street Gym: Ali, The Dundees, And Miami's Golden Age of Boxing* (University Press of Florida; 252 pages, hardcover; $27.50), which easily makes this the most enjoyable of the boxing tomes penned by the ring's unofficial Surgeon General. It doesn't hurt, either, that instead of hogging the spotlight, Pacheco intersperses his own narrative with worthwhile reminiscences by Edwin Pope, Enrique Encinola, and others who were regulars at the gym Pacheco calls boxing's "equivalent of the Kingdom of Oz."

The "Wizard" of that kingdom was promoter Chris Dundee, whose connection to gangster Frankie Carbo Pacheco acknowledges but never lets cloud his reverence for Angelo's big brother. Likewise, Pacheco's praise of Angelo is fulsome, though Pacheco can't help sticking it to Muhammad Ali's trainer again for not jumping ship like he did when Ali had no business in the ring anymore.

Ali himself ("the shining accomplishment of Oz") is omnipresent throughout the book, but it's not all syrupy adulation. And Pacheco's account of the run-up to the first Liston fight, his take on what happened when Ali was blinded in the fifth round, and especially the chapter on the Ali-Rocky Marciano computer-scripted "fight" and peoples' reaction to it, make intriguing and fascinating reading.

But for my money, the best stories are about Willie Pastrano, Sugar Ramos, Luis Manuel Rodriquez, and the other distinguished alumni of the 5th Street Gym, including Al Jones (a late-1960s heavyweight), Ali sparring partner Willie Johnson, one-time light heavyweight contender and prison inmate James Scott, and prelim fighter Jerry Powers, of whose 158 pro bouts, 40 were against the same three opponents.

The first obligation of an author is to be interesting, and Dr. Pacheco clears that hurdle with ease. He trips over that whopping ego from time to time ("I came blasting into the picture with a microphone and direct scathing criticism of insanely brave referees ... Now, every guilty referee, corner man, or manager got called by name" and "slowly, boxing became more humane"), but overall he deserves cheers for a lively and entertaining look back at a very special time and place in boxing history.

—Pete Ehrmann

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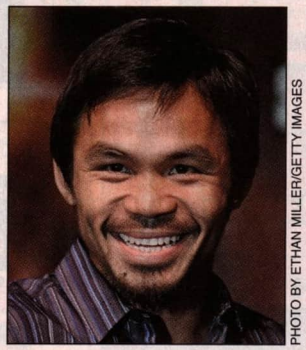


PHOTO BY ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES

Pacquiao: Still crazy busy

Your monthly **Manny Pacquiao** tidbits: Congressman Pacquiao has organized a bowling tournament in General Santos City as his way of thanking the local media for supporting his boxing career and for providing "balanced and objective coverage" of the May 10 election. Unconfirmed reports claim that Pacquiao has set aside one million Philippine pesos (approximately $21,500) in prize money. In mid-June, Pacquiao attended a 10-day course in Development Legislation and Governance in preparation for his congressional duties. "I was so excited and I arrived too early for my class sessions," said Pacquiao. "I learned a lot, even though it's my first day back in school." Meanwhile, examiner.com blogger **Marv Dumon** reported that no less than six Pacquiao books are in the works, one of which, purportedly to be written by **Tim Sladeck**, will be a "non-exclusive official" biography. Competing bios are reportedly being written by **Gary Andrews**, **Ingming Duque Aberia** and **Hermilando D. Aberia**, **Dennis Guillermo**, and long-time Filipino boxing and political operative, **Hermie Rivera** ... The Ukrainian National Post Office has issued a postage stamp commemorating **Vitali** and **Wladimir Klitschko**. The stamp is worth $1.50 in U.S. funds and 170,000 will be printed ... According to **Dr. Adam Brunson**, former IBF/WBA lightweight titleholder **Nate Campbell**, 35, suffers from Right Piriformis Syndrome, a condition caused by the piriformis muscle in the pelvis becoming inflamed, which causes compression of the sciatic nerve and also affects the lower back, pelvis, and thigh muscles. "The practical result is that the patient loses most of their ability for lateral movement, and in the case of a professional boxer, the ability to plant ones feet to affect power punches," said Dr. Brunson. Campbell, who underwent a series of tests at Carillon Sports Medicine in St. Petersburg, Florida, following his lackluster loss to **Victor Ortiz** on May 5, is optimistic that eight to 10 weeks of rehab will fix the problem and reinvigorate his career ... South African lightweight **Ali Funeka** has been hit by a nine-month suspension and a fine of $35,000 by the Nevada State Athletic Commission after testing positive for a banned diuretic. He's also been directed to return $15,625 that he got for making the 135-pound limit against **Joan Guzman** who came in nine pounds overweight for their May 25 bout in Las Vegas. All told, Funeka has lost almost 50 percent of his $105,000 purse ... Undefeated junior middleweight **James Kirkland**, 26, who has been incarcerated in a Texas prison since April 2009 after pleading guilty to gun possession by a convicted felon, is scheduled to be released to a halfway house on October 2. "I think we'll see him in the ring within two months after he gets out, maybe sooner," Kirkland's co-manager, **Cameron Dunkin**, told ESPN.com. Kirkland, 25-0 (22), last fought on March 7, 2009, when he stopped **Joel Julio** in the sixth round ... According to the *Ventura County Star*, **Joseph Louis Pecora**, a former business manager of **Fernando Vargas**, has been arrested by the Ventura County Sheriff's Department on suspicion of stealing from the former IBF and WBA junior middleweight titleholder. Pecora had access to Vargas' bank accounts while working for the boxer. "He was involved in the grand theft and forgery of one or more of those accounts, and after an extensive investigation, we had probable cause to arrest him for those charges," said sheriff's **Capt. Rick Barrios**. Vargas' attorney, **Greg Ramirez**, said Pecora worked with Vargas from the late-1990s until about two years ago when the boxer discovered he had no money in the bank. Ramirez alleged that Pecora pocketed about $400,000, which, when added to his alleged mismanagement of Vargas' financial affairs cost Vargas millions and forced him and his family to move out of their Camarillo home as a result. "He thought he had millions of dollars in the bank, and now he might have to start training to get back in the ring again," said Ramirez. "He's got to support his family" ... Journeyman heavyweight **Ted Lowry**, 90, died on June 14. Lowry was best know as the only man to twice go the distance with heavyweight champion **Rocky Marciano**, losing both via 10-round decision. During World War II, Lowry was a member of the famous "Triple Nickel," the all-black 555th Parachute Battalion.

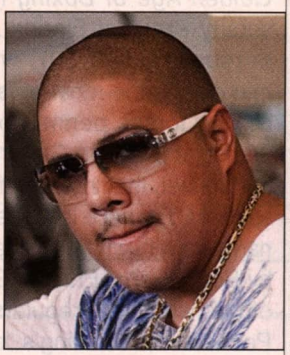


PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Vargas: Embezzlement victim

Quotable

"The truth has finally been released to the world. What we already knew has been made public. This catastrophe happened to innocent people and the British Army is being held responsible."

—Middleweight John Duddy, speaking to the Irish Voice *about the tribunal report of the 1972 Bloody Sunday massacre that was finally released in June 2010. Duddy's uncle, Jack Duddy, was among the 26 innocent people killed by the British Parachute Regiment in Derry, Northern Ireland.*

"He certainly is the best dressed boxer out there. We'll be back a second time. After we beat Jean Pascal, we're going to come back for [Lucian] Bute. We'll knock off all the Canadians in two straight fights."

—Chad Dawson promoter Gary Shaw talking about the dapper attire of Jean Pascal during the press conference announcing the Dawson-Pascal fight August 14 at the Bell Centre in Montreal and future plans of possibly meeting Bute.

Ratings Analysis

For Period Ended June 27, 2010

Heavyweights: No changes.
Cruiserweights: Troy Ross (fifth last issue) fought exceptionally well against number-one contender Steve Cunningham, enough to move to four, trading places with inactive Zsolt Erdei (fourth last issue).
Light Heavyweights: No changes.
Super Middleweights: Allan Green (eighth last issue) tumbles out of the ratings after losing a lopsided decision to number-two contender Andre Ward. Green's departure raises Robert Stieglitz (ninth last week) and Librado Andrade (10th last week) one spot each and enables Brian Magee to debut at 10.
Middleweights: No changes.
Junior Middleweights: Miguel Cotto enters at four after beating Yuri Foreman (sixth last issue) by ninth-round TKO, bumping down everyone rated fourth or below one slot each. Cotto's inclusion forces out Saul Alvarez.
Welterweights: Cotto remains rated at welterweight, maintaining his fifth place spot in the ratings. But there are some changes, starting with the departure of Luis Collazo (seventh last issue), due to the fact he has not fought in over a year. That move allows Rafal Jackiewicz (eighth last issue), Jan Zavek (ninth last issue), and Vyachwslav Senchenko (10th last issue) to advance one rung each. Selcuk Aydin debuts at 10.
Junior Welterweights: No changes.
Lightweights: Major shakeup, as Miguel Acosta (seventh last issue) catapults to three after beating Paulus Moses (who stays at six), while Humberto Soto (eighth last issue) jumps to four. Rolando Reyes (third last issue) exits due to inactivity and Miguel Vazquez (fourth last issue) departs to compete at junior welterweight. John Murray (ninth last issue) and Robert Guerrero (10th last issue) advance one spot each. Urbano Antillon and Brandon Rios replace Reyes and Vazquez, entering the ratings at nine and 10, respectively.
Junior Lightweights: No changes.
Featherweights: No changes.
Junior Featherweights: No changes.
Bantamweights: Silence Mabuza (eighth last issue) exits due to inactivity. Sasha Bakhtin (ninth last issue) and Eric Morel (10th last issue) rise one place each, with Mabuza's departure. Michael Domingo debuts at 10.
Junior Bantamweights: No changes.
Flyweights: Julio Cesar Miranda replaces Richie Mepranum (10th last issue) after stopping Mepranum in five rounds.
Junior Flyweights: Omar Nino (10th last issue) jumps up the ratings to two, after beating Rodel Mayol (second last issue), who slips to three. Luis Alberto Lazarte enters at five thanks to his decision victory over Carlos Tamara (third last issue), who falls to six. Everyone rated five through eight falls two places each, pushing Hekkie Budler (10th last issue) out of the ratings.
Strawweights: No changes.
Pound-for-Pound: No changes.

Pound-For-Pound

1. **Manny Pacquiao**
   Junior Welter/Welterweight
2. **Floyd Mayweather**
   Welterweight
3. **Juan Manuel Marquez**
   Lightweight
4. **Nonito Donaire**
   Junior Bantamweight
5. **Shane Mosley**
   Welterweight
6. **Chad Dawson**
   Light Heavyweight
7. **Paul Williams**
   Middleweight
8. **Sergio Martinez**
   Junior Middle/Middleweight
9. **Pongsaklek Wonjongkam**
   Flyweight
10. **Celestino Caballero**
    Featherweight

For weekly updated Ring ratings, go to **ringtv.com**

The Ring Ratings

For Period Ended June 27, 2010

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

Fighters recognized as champions by THE RING are rated at the top of their division, with the top 10 contenders listed below.

Championship vacancies can be filled by winning a box-off between THE RING's number-one and number-two contenders, or, in certain instances, a box-off between our number-one and number-three contenders.

The only three occasions when a fighter will lose his championship status are when he retires, moves to another weight division, or is defeated in a championship bout.

THE RING Ratings are compiled by the magazine's editorial board, with the participation of THE RING Ratings Panel of boxing journalists from around the world. To see the complete list of our panelists, click on "Ratings" at ringtv.com.

Records provided by boxrec.com.

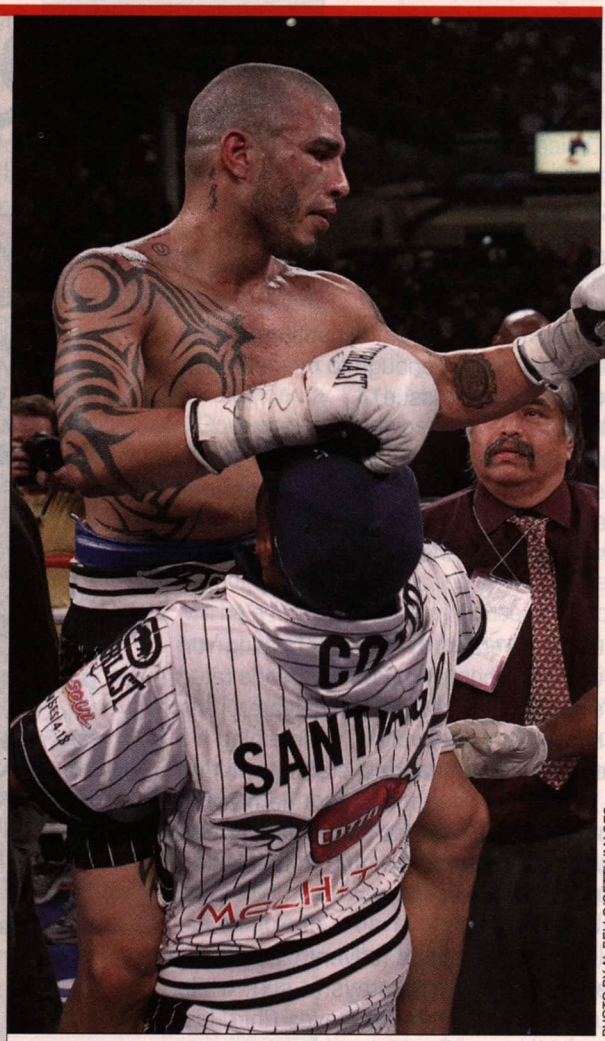


PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

Miguel Cotto became a two-division contender at both junior middleweight and welterweight after beating Yuri Foreman

Heavyweights

Weight Unlimited

Champ: WLADIMIR KLITSCHKO
Ukraine 54-3 (48)

1. **VITALI KLITSCHKO**
Ukraine 40-2 (38)
2. **DAVID HAYE**
England 24-1 (22)
3. **ALEXANDER POVETKIN**
Russia 19-0 (14)
4. **TOMASZ ADAMEK**
Poland 41-1 (27)
5. **RUSLAN CHAGAEV**
Uzbekistan 26-1-1 (17)
6. **EDDIE CHAMBERS**
Philadelphia, PA 35-2 (18)
7. **DENIS BOYTSOV**
Russia 27-0 (22)
8. **NICOLAY VALUEV**
Russia 50-2 (34)
9. **ALEXANDER DIMITRENKO**
Ukraine 29-1 (19)
10. **CHRIS ARREOLA**
Riverside, CA 28-2 (25)

Jr. Middleweights

Weight Limit: 154 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **SERGIO MARTINEZ**
Argentina 45-2-2 (24)
2. **KERMIT CINTRON**
Reading, PA 32-3-1 (28)
3. **ALFREDO ANGULO**
Mexico 18-1 (15)
4. **MIGUEL COTTO**
Puerto Rico 35-2 (28)
5. **RYAN RHODES**
England 44-4 (30)
6. **SECHEW POWELL**
Brooklyn, NY 26-2 (15)
7. **YURI FOREMAN**
Belarus 28-1 (8)
8. **JOACHIM ALCINE**
Canada 32-1 (19)
9. **VANES MARTIROSYAN**
Armenia 28-0 (17)
10. **SERGIY DZINZIRUK**
Ukraine 37-0 (23)

Featherweights

Weight Limit: 126 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **CHRIS JOHN**
Indonesia 43-0-2 (22)
2. **JUAN MANUEL LOPEZ**
Puerto Rico 28-0 (25)
3. **ORLANDO SALIDO**
Mexico 34-10-2 (22)
4. **CRISTOBAL CRUZ**
Mexico 39-12-2 (23)
5. **STEVEN LUEVANO**
La Puente, CA 37-2-1 (15)
6. **BERNABE CONCEPCION**
Philippines 30-2-1 (17)
7. **YURIORKIS GAMBOA**
Cuba 18-0 (15)
8. **ELIO ROJAS**
Dominican Republic 22-1 (13)
9. **DANIEL PONCE DE LEON**
Mexico 39-2 (32)
10. **RAFAEL MARQUEZ**
Mexico 39-5 (35)

Jr. Featherweights

Weight Limit: 122 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **POONSAWAT KRATINGDAENGGYM**
Thailand 41-1 (29)
2. **TOSHIAKI NISHIOKA**
Japan 36-4-3 (23)
3. **STEVE MOLITOR**
Canada 32-1 (12)
4. **RICARDO CORDOBA**
Panama 37-2-2 (23)
5. **JEFF MATHEBULA**
South Africa 23-2-2 (13)
6. **RENDALL MUNROE**
England 21-1 (9)
7. **SATOSHI HOSONO**
Japan 16-1 (12)
8. **WILFREDO VAZQUEZ JR.**
Puerto Rico 19-0-1 (16)
9. **KOHEI OBA**
Japan 27-0-1 (11)
10. **MASAAKI SERIE**
Japan 15-4 (6)

Bantamweights

Weight Limit: 118 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **FERNANDO MONTIEL**
Mexico 41-3-1 (31)
2. **ANSELMO MORENO**
Panama 29-1-1 (10)
3. **HOZUMI HASEGAWA**
Japan 28-3 (12)
4. **YONNHY PEREZ**
Colombia 20-0-1 (14)
5. **ABNER MARES**
Mexico 20-0-1 (13)
6. **JOSEPH AGBEKO**
Ghana 27-2 (22)
7. **NEHOMAR CERMENO**
Venezuela 19-1 (11)
8. **SASHA BAKHTIN**
Russia 25-0 (11)
9. **ERIC MOREL**
Madison, WI 42-2 (21)
10. **MICHEAL DOMINGO**
Philippines 40-14-2 (18)

Cruiserweights

Weight Limit: 200 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **STEVE CUNNINGHAM**
   Philadelphia, PA 23-2 (12)
2. **KRZYSZTOF WLODARCZYK**
   Poland 42-2-1 (32)
3. **MARCO HUCK**
   Yugoslavia 29-1 (22)
4. **TROY ROSS**
   Canada 23-2 (16)
5. **ZSOLT ERDEI**
   Hungary 31-0 (17)
6. **DANNY GREEN**
   Australia 29-3 (26)
7. **DENIS LEBEDEV**
   Russia 19-0 (14)
8. **GIACOBBE FRAGOMENI**
   Italy 26-3-1 (10)
9. **OLA AFOLABI**
   England 14-2-3 (6)
10. **MATT GODFREY**
    Providence, RI 20-1 (10)

Light Heavyweights

Weight Limit: 175 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **CHAD DAWSON**
   New Haven, CT 29-0 (17)
2. **GLEN JOHNSON**
   Jamaica 50-13-2 (34)
3. **JEAN PASCAL**
   Haiti 25-1 (16)
4. **BERNARD HOPKINS**
   Philadelphia, PA 51-5-1 (32)
5. **TAVORIS CLOUD**
   Tallahassee, FL 20-0 (18)
6. **VYACHESLAV UZELKOV**
   Ukraine 22-0 (14)
7. **ADRIAN DIACONU**
   Romania 26-2 (15)
8. **KARO MURAT**
   Iraq 21-0 (13)
9. **NATHAN CLEVERLY**
   Wales 19-0 (9)
10. **CHRIS HENRY**
    Houston, TX 25-2 (20)

Super Middleweights

Weight Limit: 168 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **LUCIAN BUTE**
   Romania 26-0 (21)
2. **ANDRE WARD**
   Oakland, CA 22-0 (13)
3. **MIKKEL KESSLER**
   Denmark 43-2 (32)
4. **CARL FROCH**
   England 26-1 (21)
5. **SAKIO BIKA**
   Cameroon 28-3-2 (19)
6. **ANDRE DIRRELL**
   Flint, MI 19-1 (13)
7. **ARTHUR ABRAHAM**
   Armenia 31-1 (25)
8. **ROBERT STIEGLITZ**
   Germany 38-2 (23)
9. **LIBRADO ANDRADE**
   Mexico 29-3 (22)
10. **BRIAN MAGEE**
    Northern Ireland 33-3-1 (23)

Middleweights

Weight Limit: 160 pounds

Champ: SERGIO MARTINEZ
Argentina 45-2-2 (24)

1. **FELIX STURM**
   Germany 33-2-1 (14)
2. **PAUL WILLIAMS**
   Augusta, GA 39-1 (27)
3. **KELLY PAVLIK**
   Youngstown, OH 36-2 (32)
4. **SEBASTIAN SYLVESTER**
   Germany 33-3-1 (16)
5. **KHOREN GEVOR**
   Armenia 31-4 (16)
6. **MATTHEW MACKLIN**
   England 26-2 (18)
7. **ANTHONY MUNDINE**
   Australia 38-3 (23)
8. **DANIEL GEALE**
   Australia 22-1 (13)
9. **SEBASTIAN ZBIK**
   Germany 29-0 (10)
10. **ROMAN KARMAZIN**
    Russia 40-3-2 (26)

Welterweights

Weight Limit: 147 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **FLOYD MAYWEATHER**
   Grand Rapids, MI 41-0 (25)
2. **MANNY PACQUIAO**
   Philippines 51-3-2 (38)
3. **ANDRE BERTO**
   Winter Haven, FL 26-0 (20)
4. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA 46-6 (39)
5. **MIGUEL COTTO**
   Puerto Rico 35-2 (28)
6. **JOSHUA CLOTTEY**
   Ghana 35-4 (20)
7. **RAFAL JACKIEWICZ**
   Poland 36-8-1 (18)
8. **JAN ZAVECK**
   Slovenia 29-1 (17)
9. **VYACHESLAV SENCHENKO**
   Ukraine 30-0 (20)
10. **SELCUK AYDIN**
    Turkey 20-0 (15)

Jr. Welterweights

Weight Limit: 140 pounds

Champ: MANNY PACQUIAO
Philippines 51-3-2 (38)

1. **TIMOTHY BRADLEY**
   Palm Springs, CA 25-0 (11)
2. **DEVON ALEXANDER**
   St. Louis, MO 20-0 (13)
3. **AMIR KHAN**
   England 23-1 (17)
4. **MARCOS MAIDANA**
   Argentina 28-1 (27)
5. **JUAN URANGO**
   Colombia 22-3-1 (17)
6. **KAIZER MABUZA**
   South Africa 23-6-3 (14)
7. **ANDREAS KOTELNIK**
   Ukraine 31-3-1 (13)
8. **PAUL MALIGNAGGI**
   Brooklyn, NY 27-4 (5)
9. **MIKE ALVARADO**
   Denver, CO 27-0 (19)
10. **LAMONT PETERSON**
    Washington, D.C. 28-1 (14)

Lightweights

Weight Limit: 135 pounds

Champ: JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ
Mexico 50-5-1 (37)

1. **MICHAEL KATSIDIS**
   Australia 27-2 (22)
2. **ALI FUNEKA**
   South Africa 30-3-3 (25)
3. **MIGUEL ACOSTA**
   Venezuela 27-9-2 (21)
4. **HUMBERTO SOTO**
   Mexico 52-7-2 (32)
5. **ANTHONY PETERSON**
   Washington, DC 30-0 (19)
6. **PAULUS MOSES**
   Namibia 25-1 (17)
7. **JOHN MURRAY**
   England 29-0 (17)
8. **ROBERT GUERRERO**
   Gilroy, CA 26-1-1 (18)
9. **URBANO ANTILLON**
   Mexico 28-1 (20)
10. **BRANDON RIOS**
    Oxnard, CA 24-0-1 (18)

Jr. Lightweights

Weight Limit: 130 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **MZONKE FANA**
   South Africa 29-4 (12)
2. **ROMAN MARTINEZ**
   Puerto Rico 24-0-1 (15)
3. **MALCOLM KLASSEN**
   South Africa 24-5-2 (15)
4. **CASSIUS BALOYI**
   South Africa 37-4-1 (19)
5. **TAKASHI UCHIYAMA**
   Japan 15-0 (12)
6. **JUAN CARLOS SALGADO**
   Mexico 22-1-1 (16)
7. **JORGE SOLIS**
   Mexico 39-2-2 (28)
8. **JORGE LINARES**
   Venezuela 28-1 (18)
9. **VITALI TAJBERT**
   Kazakhstan 20-1 (6)
10. **ARGENIS MENDEZ**
    Dominican Republic 16-1 (9)

Jr. Bantamweights

Weight Limit: 115 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **VIC DARCHINYAN**
   Armenia 35-2-1 (27)
2. **HUGO CAZARES**
   Mexico 31-6-2 (22)
3. **SIMPHIWE NONGQAYI**
   South Africa 16-0-1 (6)
4. **NOBUO NASHIRO**
   Japan 13-2-1 (8)
5. **ALEXANDER MUNOZ**
   Venezuela 34-3 (27)
6. **KOHEI KONO**
   Japan 25-4 (9)
7. **NONITO DONAIRE**
   Philippines 23-1 (15)
8. **DAIGO NAKAHIRO**
   Japan 21-2-1 (8)
9. **DRIAN FRANCISCO**
   Philippines 19-0-1 (15)
10. **OMAR NARVAEZ**
    Argentina 32-0-2 (19)

Flyweights

Weight Limit: 112 pounds

Champ: PONGSAKLEK WONJONGKAM
Thailand 75-3-1 (39)

1. **KOKI KAMEDA**
   Japan 22-1 (14)
2. **DAISUKE NAITO**
   Japan 36-3-3 (23)
3. **DAIKI KAMEDA**
   Japan 16-2 (11)
4. **DENKAOSAN KAOVICHIT**
   Thailand 50-2-1 (20)
5. **TAKEFUMI SAKATA**
   Japan 36-5-2 (17)
6. **LUIS CONCEPCION**
   Panama 20-1 (15)
7. **MORUTI MTHALANE**
   South Africa 25-2 (16)
8. **ZOLANI TETE**
   South Africa 12-0 (11)
9. **CESAR SEDA**
   Puerto Rico 18-0 (14)
10. **JULIO CESAR MIRANDA**
    Mexico 32-5-1 (25)

Jr. Flyweights

Weight Limit: 108 pounds

Champ: IVAN CALDERON
Puerto Rico 34-0-1 (6)

1. **GIOVANNI SEGURA**
   Mexico 24-1-1 (20)
2. **OMAR NINO**
   Mexico 29-3-2 (11)
3. **RODEL MAYOL**
   Philippines 26-5-2 (20)
4. **EDGAR SOSA**
   Mexico 38-6 (22)
5. **LUIS ALBERTO LAZARTE**
   Argentina 47-9-1 (18)
6. **CARLOS TAMARA**
   Colombia 21-5 (15)
7. **BRIAN VILORIA**
   Waipahu, HI 26-3 (15)
8. **ULISES SOLIS**
   Mexico 30-2-2 (21)
9. **JUAN CARLOS REVECO**
   Argentina 24-1 (14)
10. **JOHNRIEL CASIMERO**
    Philippines 14-0 (8)

Strawweights

Weight Limit: 105 pounds

Champ: Vacant

1. **ROMAN GONZALEZ**
   Nicaragua 25-0 (21)
2. **OLEYDONG SITHSAMERCHAI**
   Thailand 34-0 (12)
3. **NKOSINATHI JOYI**
   South Africa 21-0 (15)
4. **RAUL GARCIA**
   Mexico 27-1-1 (16)
5. **DONNIE NIETES**
   Philippines 26-1-3 (15)
6. **FLORANTE CONDES**
   Philippines 23-5-1 (20)
7. **JUAN PALACIOS**
   Nicaragua 26-3 (21)
8. **MUHAMMAD RACHMAN**
   Indonesia 62-8-5 (31)
9. **KATSUNARI TAKAYAMA**
   Japan 23-4 (9)
10. **YASUTAKA KUROKI**
    Japan 23-4-1 (15)

By Jeff Ryan

At The Risk Of Being Crude ...

As we went to press, oil was still spilling into the Gulf of Mexico, gushing out of BP's Deepwater Horizon well like blood out of one of Israel Vazquez' eyebrows. Calling the scene a disaster is like calling Lady Gaga a bit odd. The marshes of Louisiana were slicker than Floyd Mayweather's lateral movement. Cleanup crews were wading through more foul-smelling gunk than Mike Tyson's biographer. And despite various desperate measures to halt the flow of crude, the situation was still as unstable as Yuri Foreman's right knee.

It's surprising that, with such a crisis at hand, nobody has thought to turn to the Sweet Science for help. (Though when President Obama spoke about wanting to determine "whose ass to kick," he did sound like a trash-talking fighter.) Boxing, a business that specializes in man-made fiascos and cleaning up one mess after another, could provide assistance in many ways. The sport, as you may recall, had its own experience with a disastrous rig at sea, namely Don King's rigged tournament on an aircraft carrier in the '70s. And the fight game surely knows a thing or two about disposing of toxic waste. Just recently, film of John Ruiz' career was buried in a repository in the Nevada mountains.

Perhaps most importantly, boxing could serve as a morale-booster. Cleanup workers wouldn't feel so alienated if they learned that the sport has plenty of its own oily characters. And if any of those passionate environmentalists who are staging protests outside BP service stations grow discouraged and decide to throw in the towel, you can be sure that referee Arthur Mercante Jr. won't let them.

Here are some of the tasks that need to be undertaken immediately to save the Gulf and some of the fight folks who'd probably be anxious to help out if only they were asked:

• **Containing the spread of oil:** Paulie Malignaggi and Joe Goossen thought oil-filled beaches were a great idea until it was explained to them that it's not *tanning* oil that's washing

PHOTO BY CHRIS FARINA/TOP RANK

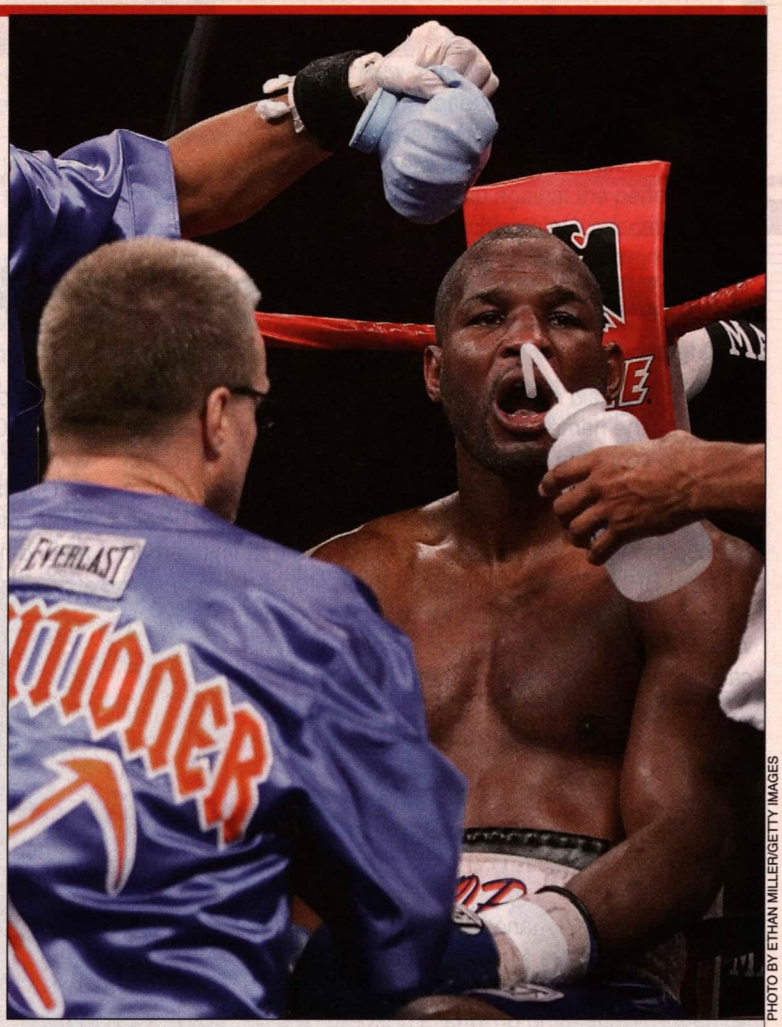
Maybe Foreman's hat collection could help stem the oil flow

ashore. So we'll leave it to environmentalist Chris Arreola to help out. He'd let the Coast Guard use elastic from the waistband of his trunks as a containment boom.

• **Plugging the leak:** At one point, the BP bigwigs resorted to what they called a "junk shot"—a mixture of golf balls, rubber tires, cement, and other debris—fired into the pipe in an attempt to clog the opening. That tactic failed. But boxing ought to be allowed to try its own version of the junk shot. (And, no, that's got nothing to do with a protective cup that shifts unexpectedly beneath trunks that are way too short.)

The pugilistic trash collection ought to include a California commission rulebook, most pay-per-view undercards, much of the boxing programming on ESPN Classic these days, a Hall of Fame ballot marked for Tony Tubbs, Yuri Forman's hat collection, Erik Morales' comeback itinerary, and those patches fighters sew on their trunks to advertise alphabet ruling bodies. We'd get Antonio Margarito to supply the required cement, and David Haye could deliver the whole mixture with one of those right hands of his that travels, uh, right down the pipe.

• **Getting the crisis off everyone's mind:** We all need a break from the constant reminders of gooey petrol spoiling the coastline, coating the fish and birds, and creating a bigger stink than the ending of Andre Dirrell-Arthur Abraham. So for the time being, we writers will stop referring to Evander Holyfield's bank account *gushing* money, Mayweather making *crude* remarks, the *gulf* between Wladimir Klitschko and the rest of the heavyweights, and the *refined* style of Chris John. Oh, and all fighters named Derrick have agreed to legally change their names.



Hopkins takes a gulp of fossil fuel

PHOTO BY ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES

• **Cleaning up those millions of gallons:** What to do with all of that oil? As of mid-June, it was estimated that at least 50 million gallons of "Texas Tea" had escaped from the damaged well. If you want to know how much 50 million gallons is, consider this: If oil was BS, the spewing underwater well would be Bob Arum.

Fifty million is enough to take care of all the oil changes in "Money" Mayweather's fleet of fancy cars for at least a couple of years, maybe longer if any more of his wheels get repossessed. Heck, 50 million gallons might even heat the homes of all of Mayweather's hangers-on for a whole winter, or at least for the month of January.

By the way, it has been reported that returning the Gulf waters to their pre-spill condition will require a massive amount of skimming. For that, we'll enlist true experts at the craft: Officials from the WBA, WBC, IBF, and WBO.

• **Finding alternative fossil fuels:** No more drilling for oil beneath the sea. It's too messy, too risky, and too costly. Our new definition of a fossil fuel should be any sports drink or vitamin supplement used by Bernard Hopkins.

• **Punishing BP executives:** How do we count the ways? Let's see, there's the possibility of hanging them upside down from the roof of a Philippine gym and having Manny Pacquiao use their heads as speedbags. Or we could throw them in the ring with Miguel Cotto after kneecapping them with a Louisville Slugger. If that doesn't make them remorseful, we could send them to Rocky Juarez' barber for their own set of mangled Mohawks. Then they could be forced to serve as taste-testers at Juan Manuel Marquez' lemonade stand or as proofreaders at the publishing company printing programs for a Pongsalek Wonjongkam-Oleydong Sithsamerchai fight.

Still not a punishment severe enough to fit the crime? Well, then, my favorite idea is to have them reenact Kermit Cintron's tumble and roll against Paul Williams. Cintron did it over the side of the ring apron. The BP guys can try it off the side of a ship cruising 20 miles offshore.

• **Replacing lost wildlife:** Sadly, the pelican, whale, and turtle are threatened by this most heartbreaking of man-made disasters. But in the event that they disappear, we've always got the Lou Duva, Nicolay Valuev, and Sam Peter, who're trying to cut off the ring to remind us what they looked like.

For its role in murdering the mammals and fouling the fowl, BP ought to be ashamed of itself. And since this is boxing, where the high road is quite often the road not taken, allow me to flip the company an oil-covered bird of my own. ■

By Ivan Goldman

Boxing's Bungling Bureaucrats

No one paid much attention to it at the time, but a judge by the name of Alejandro Rochin somehow managed to score the first round for Israel Vazquez over Rafael Marquez in an abbreviated contest that was dominated almost every second by Marquez. Rochin's goofy score made no difference thanks to the cut over Vazquez' eye that imitated an offshore BP well, causing the fight to be stopped early in the third round. But we're left to wonder what other surprises would have awaited us on his card had the fight gone the distance. Rochin earns, of course, a Magoo.

The California commission brought in Rochin as a judge under the peculiar regime of now-deposed executive officer Armando Garcia, a smoothie out of Florida who was forced out in disgrace. For this fight, Rochin listed his hometown as Chula Vista, California, a spot right across the border fence from Tijuana. I've also seen him listed as a judge from the Mexican side of the line. A commission employee told me Rochin lists his hometown depending on what's needed—a Californian or a Mexican. But the quality of his performance is far more important than where he hangs his sombrero, and he scored Vazquez-Marquez IV with astonishing lack of skill. Of course we must assume all our officials are honest, so we wish him better vision in future assignments.

Some time back, the commission voted unanimously to install referee Pat Russell as Garcia's successor. But the tangled, downright sinister bureaucracy above the commission vetoed the appointment for reasons of its own, and none of them made sense. Russell is also a San Diego detective used to digging through dirt. What these faceless, highly paid clerks feared, he told me, was not just him but anyone with an "institutional memory" who could dig into grievous acts already committed. Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger, who should never be confused with a guy who knows what he's doing, went along with his clerks.

Russell had been the principal opponent when Garcia originally got his job. The reform bloc overwhelmingly backed Russell, who looked like a shoo-in. But then an anti-reform referee phoned a commission member who knew next to nothing about boxing and invented a story that most of the officials backed Garcia. The misinformed member became the swing vote that put Garcia over the top.

Garcia subsequently handed one choice assignment after another to the referee who'd made the call. That's how it works around here sometimes.

PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Good thing that Marquez-Vazquez IV didn't go to the scorecards

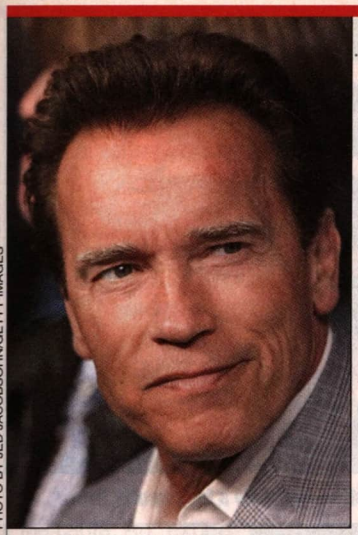


PHOTO BY JED JACOBSOHN/GETTY IMAGES

Hey, Arnold. If you really love boxing, fix the California commission

Now the commission has another out-of-state official parachuted in as executive officer—George Dodd from Washington State, who earned the blessings of the Machiavellian bureaucrats conspiring in the shadows. Does Dodd have even a remote idea of the nature of the malicious, nepotistic domain he's inherited?

Another commission needing a complete makeover is New York's (check out Magoos on Page 21). But newspapers that used to investigate such matters now compete to interview Tiger Woods' waitresses. They're being elbowed out by "new" media that largely rely on unpaid contributors and distribute their content for nothing. All this gives an edge to incompetents in regulatory agencies. Did I mention that BP oil leak?

Only last year, a Los Angeles Superior Court ruling negated an arbitration decision by the commission favoring Golden Boy over Goossen-Tutor in respect to Robert Guerrero's promotional contract. The award, the court ruled, "was procured by corruption, fraud or other undue means."

Speaking of corruption, at least one promoter has been known to call judges before a fight to inform them of their assignment before official notification. Promoters pay the officials' salaries, so the message is clear. As I said, crooks are getting bolder.

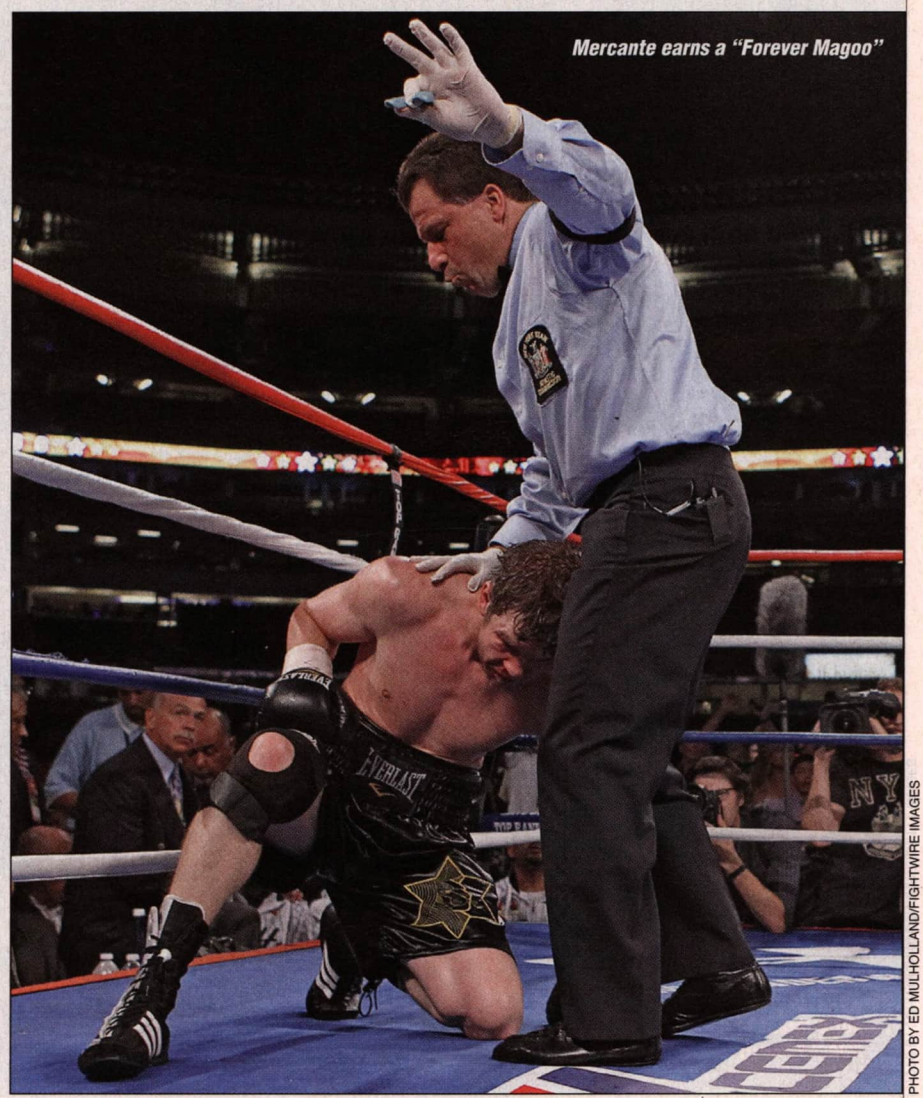
What To Look For: An official who's scored lots and lots of title fights once taught me that in the shadowy netherworld of officiating, judges planning to lean toward one fighter will often favor the *other* fighter in early rounds. It gives them something to help their case when they defend their dubious scores in later rounds. Pay particular attention, he told me, to title fights, where a little deft pencil work can turn a loss into a draw, allowing the titlist to keep his belt. If you think back, this could explain quite a few absurdities we've been seeing lately.

Yankee Stadium Atrocity: It's ironic that Yuri Foreman emigrated to New York from Israel to find an expert trainer because the night he faced Miguel Cotto, one of the hardest punchers in the game, he had to rely on cornermen so deficient they didn't even know how to stop a fight.

On the other hand, they were up against the perfect storm in referee Arthur Mercante Jr. Watching him work can get you wondering if you're really seeing what you're seeing or perhaps if you've fallen down the same hole that swallowed Alice into Wonderland.

Fact: Once a fighter's knee won't support his weight, he can't move in his defense and he can't leverage weight into his shots. He's helpless. I've seen fighters with one arm out of commission still find a way to win, but a fighter with a crippled leg is a turtle on its back.

When Foreman twisted his knee in round seven and was hobbling around afterward like a pelican that just did 30 rounds with BP, it was time to stop the fight, not praise Foreman for his courage and encourage him to keep fighting. That was two or three galaxies beyond the boundaries of acceptable referee behavior.



Mercante earns a "Forever Magoo"

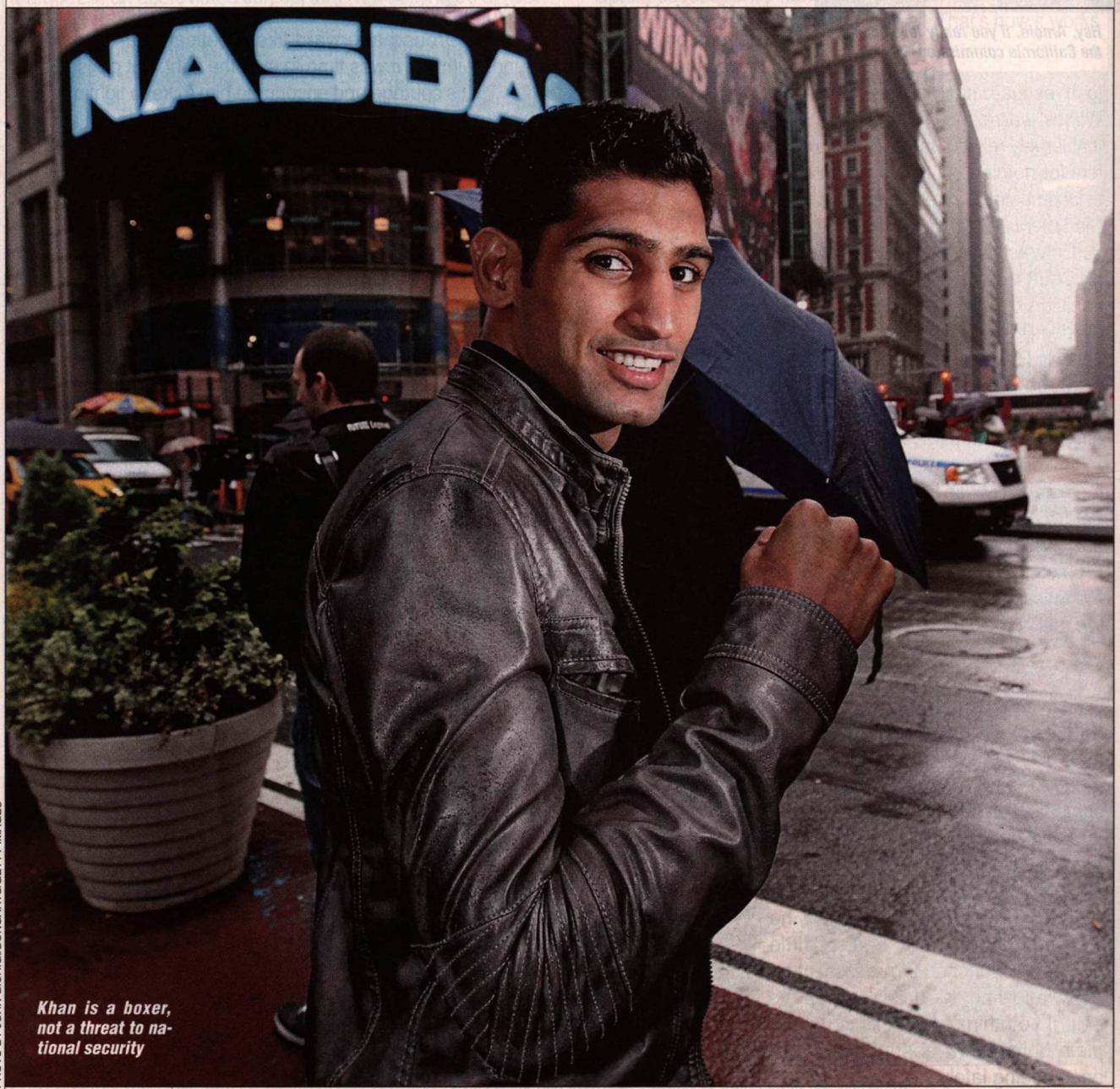
PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Mercante was technically correct in the eighth round when he disobeyed a thrown towel, which is a decades-old signal of surrender no longer widely recognized by modern rules. But when trainer Joe Grier stepped into the ring, the rules say the fight was over. When Mercante shooed him and everybody else out of the ring, Grier should have stood his ground. A trainer has a vital, time-honored obligation to protect his fighter regardless of pompous blather from out-of-control officials.

A Little History: Years ago, I slammed Mercante for one of his indefensible blunders, and he wrote me an angry letter defending himself. A week or so later, he stood inside the ring and watched with calm certitude as George Khalid Jones slowly beat Beethavean Scottland to death. It was one of the ugliest atrocities ever seen on live television.

PHOTO BY RENAY JOHNSON/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Why didn't Lamps and Max question Mercante's judgment?



Khan is a boxer, not a threat to national security

PHOTO BY JOHN GICHIGI/BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

Mercante is also the referee who stood there doing nothing while Diosbleys Hurtado, supported only by the ropes and unable to raise his gloves to block punches, was slammed with a brutal series of lefts from Pernell Whitaker. See a pattern?

Magoos Two, Three, And Four: To Mercante, Grier, and New York commission chairwoman Melvina Lathan, who supported Mercante's actions "one hundred percent." Un-bleeping-believable. Mercante becomes the second person ever selected for a Forever Magoo that's working all the time, every issue, month after month, like the moon circling our planet. The other recipient of this unique citation was Hall of Famer Don King, who, as long as he's promoting fights, is screwing somebody.

About those fight writers and broadcasters who *praised* Mercante: An "expert" who doesn't know what he's writing or talking about should get educated or find himself another line of work. Special dispensation, however, goes to the on-camera HBO crew because tragically they've inhaled too much make-up powder to talk *and* think.

Magoo Five: To our immigration authorities, who, after welcoming the "Shoe Bomber," the "Underpants Bomber," and the "Times Square Bomber" to America, decided to get tough with number three-ranked British junior welter Amir Khan, making him wait in Canadian limbo for days. Acting foolishly doesn't make us safer.

Chart Question: Take a good look at the HBO Punch Zone chart. It enumerates body shots to left, right, and below the belt. What about punches to the middle of the chest and abdomen? Earlier this year, for example, Marcos Maidana put Victor Cayo down for the count with a clean shot to the solar plexus. Maybe we should do the fight all over again so it will conform to that nutso chart.

PHOTO BY CRAIG BENNETT/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

No easy fights for Toney in the UFC

"Lights Out": You'd think the UFC, tickled to entice a name boxer like James Toney into its fold, would ease him into the world of legal elbows, choke holds, kicks, and all the other egregious tactics accepted inside the cage. But no, people in the know tell me Toney's in tough in his very first match. Opponent Randy Couture is a mixed martial arts legend. In fact, oddsmakers made him nearly a 5-1 favorite. My guess is that Toney, looking for serious cash, learned he can't get it from a tune-up, so damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead. Darn those UFC folks; they've got me interested. August 28, Boston.

Arreola: We usually try to give you 5,000 words for "The Ring Interview," but the interview this month with Chris Arreola runs about 800 words short, and it was my fault. I knew I could use a little more material, but it was getting past lunchtime, and though Chris wasn't complaining, I decided not to become an obstacle between him and his next scheduled meal.

Because readers were deprived of additional exclusive dope on an extremely interesting, personable fighter, I'll try to catch Chris for another 800 words later in his career—after he's had dessert. ■

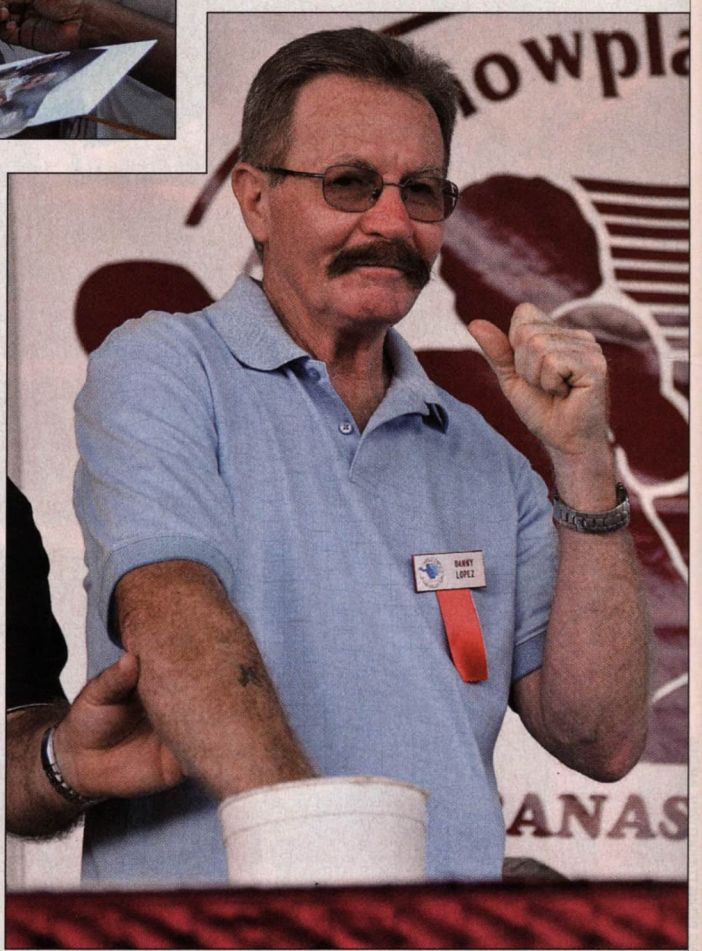
Ivan Goldman can be contacted at ivangoldman@yahoo.com

2010 International Boxing Hall of Fame Induction Weekend

PHOTOS BY JEFF JULIAN/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

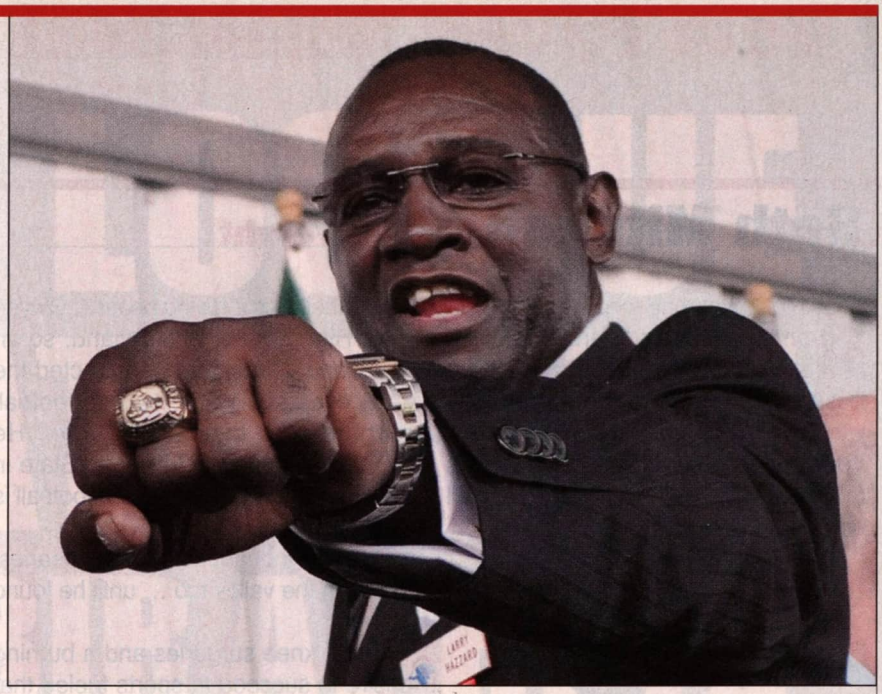
If Sergio Martinez thought banging on Kelly Pavlik's chrome dome for 12 rounds was tough on his hands, that's nothing compared to the hand cramping that ensues when a star fighter makes the trip to Canastota. If you're a boxing fan and an autograph seeker, induction weekend is your utopia.

Top Rank matchmaker Bruce Trampler, one of this year's non-participant inductees, gives the photographer the thumbs up as he makes his way down the street in the Hall of Fame parade. In case you're wondering, Trampler used to be a fuzzy-dice-hanging-from-the-rearview-mirror kind of guy, but now he's more the boxing-gloves-hanging-from-the-side-mirror type.



One of the hardest punching and most exciting fighters of his time, former featherweight champ Danny "Little Red" Lopez finally got the Hall call this year, joining such rivals as Salvador Sanchez, Ruben Olivares, and Bobby Chacon along the walls of the IBHOF. By the way, if Antonio Margarito ever made the trip to Canastota, do you think it would be awkward if they asked him to do what Lopez is doing here?

Larry Hazzard wasn't actually a professional fighter, but with a ring that big on his finger, you wouldn't want to get hit by him. Hazzard was a good amateur boxer actually, winning three New Jersey Golden Gloves titles, before becoming a top referee and then the head of the athletic commission in the Garden State.



Hey, noted fight photographer Sumio Yamada got inducted into the Hall of Fame! Oops, sorry, that's actually Jung-Koo Chang, better known to some as "The Korean Hawk." Chang was a dominant light flyweight champ in the '80s and now has the distinction of being the first Korean fighter enshrined in Canastota.

By Joseph Santoliquito
PHOTOS BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Seth Mitchell Heavyweight

Almost everyone who's ever thrown on shoulder pads and donned a football helmet did it under the illusion that once they hit that field, they were the meanest mutha in the valley. It's a mantra ingrained in football players from their very beginnings. Seth Mitchell was no different.

Mitchell was a roving beast at Gwynn Park High School in Maryland, so vicious and deadly that he attracted the keen eyes of big-time college football recruiters all over the country. He eventually landed at Michigan State in the Big 10 Conference, where football is a religion.

Mitchell thought he was the meanest mutha in the valley too … until he found boxing.

Eight knee surgeries and a burning desire to succeed at sports fueled that

(Continued on Page 106)

Pro Record

2008		
Jan. 18	Mike Miller, Pikesville, MD	W 4
Feb. 29	Maurice Winslow, Pikesville	KO 1
March 22	Alvaro Morales, Cabazon, CA	D 4
May 29	Alexis Cruz Medina, Glen Burnie, MD	KO 2
July 23	Henry Namauu, Cabazon	KO 1
Aug. 15	Ryan St. Germain, Washington, D.C.	KO 2
Sept. 25	Mike Miller, Glen Burnie	W 6
Oct. 24	Shidevin Brown, Cabazon	W 4
Nov. 7	Dan Whetzel, Upper Marlboro, MD	KO 1
2009		
Jan. 23	Jason Bergman, Woodlawn, MD	KO 5
March 7	Joseph Rabotte, San Jose, CA	KO 1
April 10	Andrew Greeley, Baltimore, MD	W 6
June 26	Alvaro Morales, Tucson, AZ	W 6
Aug. 14	Andrae Carthron, Tucson	KO 1
Oct. 24	Jermell Barnes, Washington, D.C.	KO 6
Dec. 20	Zack Page, Fort Washington, MD	W 8
2010		
April 2	Ryan Thompson, Washington, D.C.	KO 3
May 7	Johnnie White, Albuquerque, NM	KO 2

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DRAW	KOs
18	17	0	1	11

POR LOS QUE SE ATREVEN A SUBIR AL RING

CON CARÁCTER

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OPPOSITES ATTACKED

The Pacquiao-Mayweather Debate Has Deepened A Great Divide

By Eric Raskin

For generations, parents have warned their children of the evils of talking to strangers. But in the Internet age, such warnings have become a waste of breath. Life has turned into an endless series of interactions with strangers, with some of us meeting our life partners online, others playing chess against opponents from halfway around the world, celebrities Tweeting their most shallow thoughts to thousands of followers they've never met, and message boards hosting conversations between people with shared interests from all corners of the globe.

It's that last form of talking to strangers that has really impacted what it means to be a boxing fan. The animated arguments aren't being held in barbershops

The Pacquiao-Mayweather feud has polarized boxing fans more than any other rivalry in decades. While many fans express their preference in a good-natured manner, Internet message boards are filled with vitriolic rants that suggest feelings have reached a malicious level in some circles.

PACQUIAO FANS: PHOTOS BY RAY KASPROWICZ/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES
MAYWEATHER FANS: PHOTOS BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

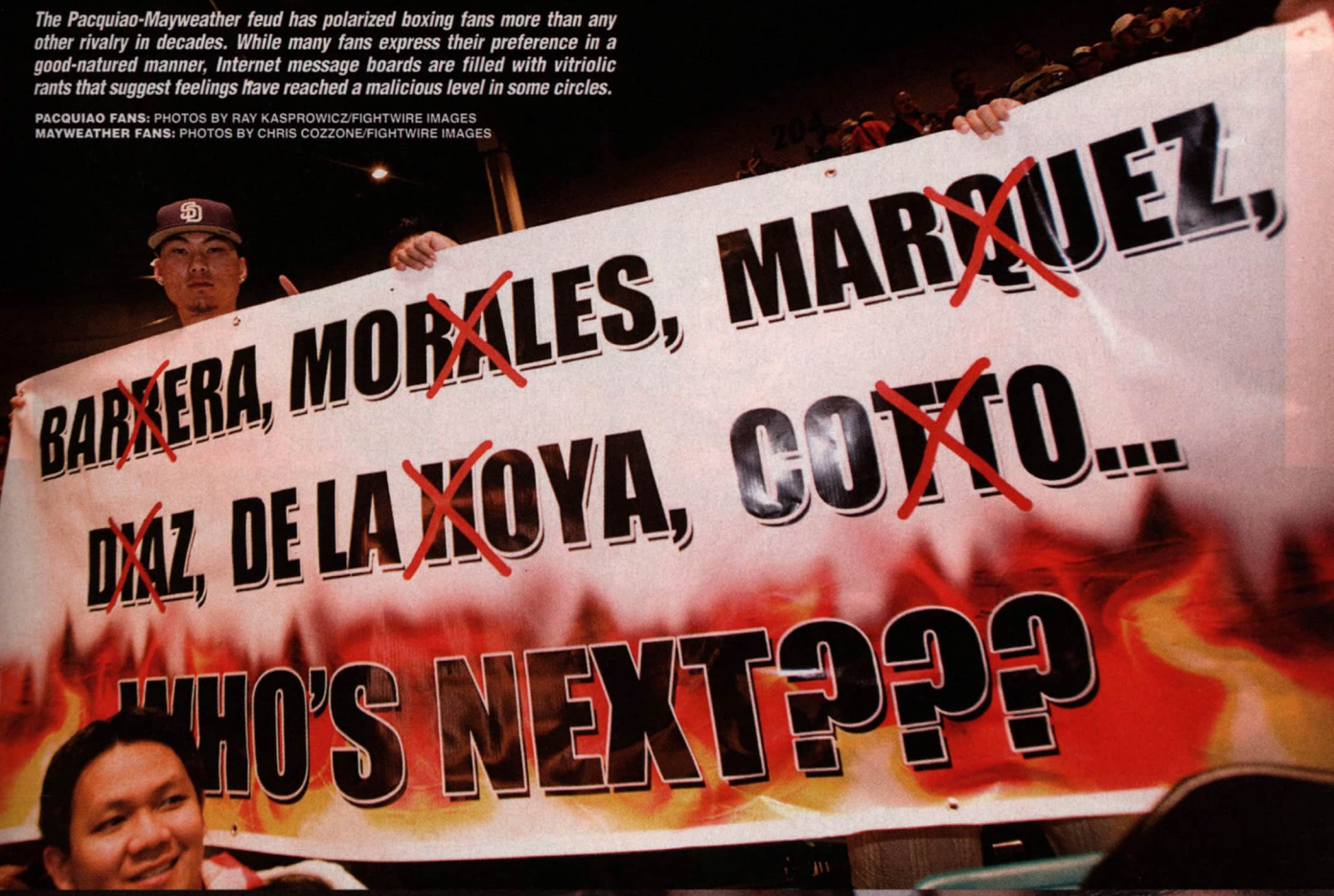


PHOTO BY ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES

It would be difficult to find two boxers with more diverse public personas as Mayweather and Pacquiao. While Mayweather can be extremely bellicose (above), outside the ring Pacquiao is always humble and friendly (right).

anymore. They're beaming across the information superhighway, uninhibited and unedited. If someone disagrees with you about whether Joe Louis would have beaten Jack Johnson, he doesn't have to look you in the eye and present a logical explanation; he can just anonymously curse you out for disagreeing with him and move on to the next thread.

Every major fight stirs some debate on the boards. But nothing has stirred debate quite like Floyd Mayweather vs. Manny Pacquiao, a fight we may or may not ever see in the ring. The discourse is passionate. Sometimes that passion is expressed with civility and class. More often, it's expressed with vitriol and profanity. Perhaps more than any fight we've seen in decades, this pairing of pugilists has become divisive. The Mayweather fans cannot be reasoned with. The Pacquiao fans can't either. If you love Mayweather, you've decided to hate Pacquiao. If "Pac-Man" is *your* man, then "Money" is the root of all evil.

For evidence of the extremity of people's passionate perspectives, look no further than the pound-for-pound debate. Check out some of the things fans wrote to the various online mailbags and live chats after Mayweather defeated Shane Mosley, reclaiming the P-4-P title on some lists and remaining parked behind Pacquiao at number two on others. The Pacquiao fans wanted the blood of every writer who voted Mayweather into the top spot on Yahoo! Sports' list. The Mayweather fans accused those who left Pacquiao at number one, such as THE RING and ESPN.com, of everything from racism to retardation. All this because of the ultimately meaningless, opinion-based

PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

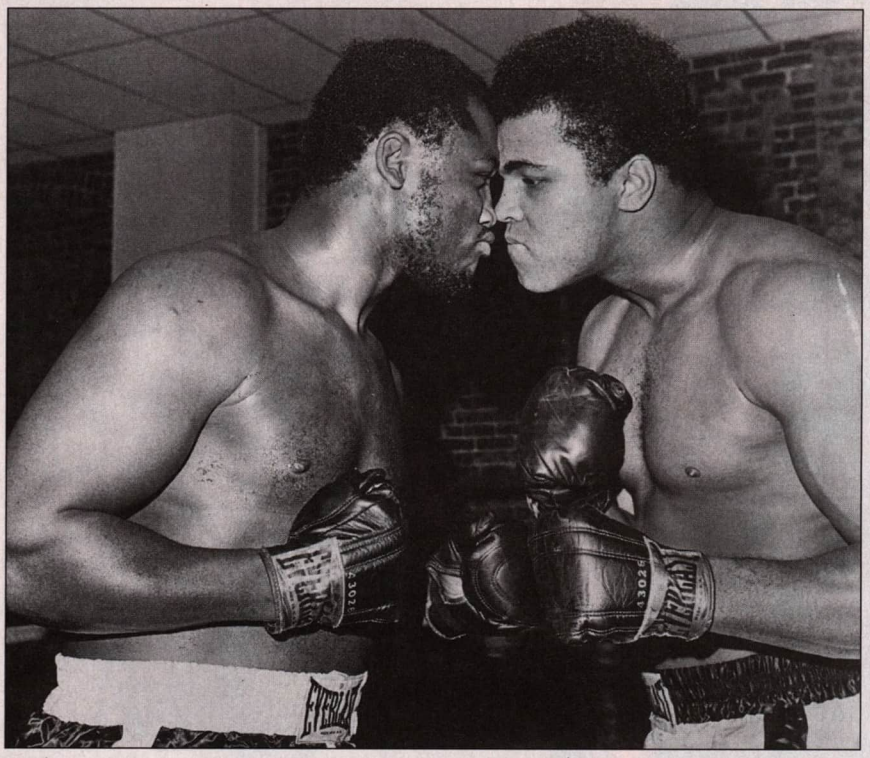
pound-for-pound list! Did you hear or read people expressing these angry viewpoints when there was a debate between Shane Mosley and Felix Trinidad in 2000/2001 or when Oscar De La Hoya temporarily bumped Roy Jones from the P-4-P perch in THE RING in the late-'90s?

So what's so different here? Is it this particular blend of fighters? Or is it the changing times? The answer is both. Because Pacquiao and Mayweather are so great and yet so different and because we live in a time in which everybody with a high-speed connection has a voice, numerous factors have converged to create arguably the most polarizing debate since the politically fueled divide between fans of Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier nearly 40 years ago.

PHOTO BY RAY KASPROWICZ/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Although there's been a tremendous improvement in his boxing skills over the years, Pacquiao remains an offensive fighter, eager to win by knockout every time out. He could have coasted to a decision win against Cotto, but he kept hammering away until the referee rescued Cotto in the 12th and final round.

"I don't see how you could find fault in anything Pacquiao's done the last few years, and yet I see people savaging him," observed ESPN *Friday Night Fights* host Brian Kenny. "And then when I look at things that they're saying about Floyd—and, remember, I'm a Floyd antagonist—when I see the things written about Floyd, that he's never fought anybody, that he ducks and dodges and he's scared, I think people have lost their minds. What does he have to do? I find myself defending Floyd a lot, believe it or not, in these situations on my radio show."



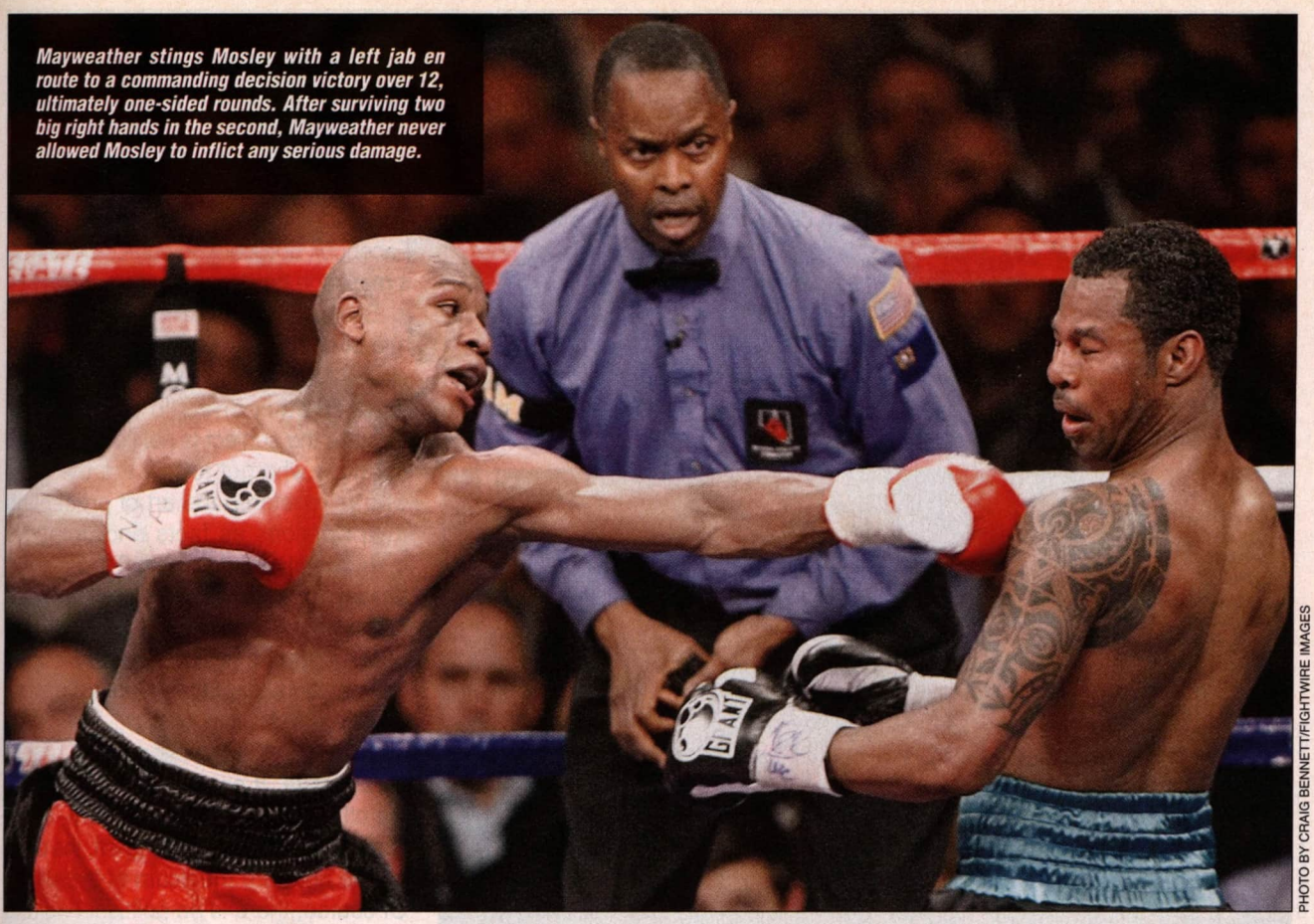
The last time fans got so worked up over a match was the first Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali bout, in 1971. Like Pacquiao and Mayweather, Ali and Frazier had vastly different personalities.

It goes without saying that the level-headed among us can appreciate both fighters for what they are. But it's still quite understandable why a fan of one would find himself hating the other, because they are polar opposites in so many ways. In fact, extraordinary talent might just be the only thing Pacquiao and Mayweather have in common. Pac-Man and Money represent the antitheses of each other in many ways.

For starters, there's fighting style. Pacquiao is the best offensive fighter in the world today, Mayweather the best defensive fighter. Pacquiao seeks and destroys, even against bigger men. Mayweather is content to go the full 12, even against smaller men. They both dominate, but they couldn't go about doing so more differently.

They're even more dissimilar in personality. If you think Mayweather-Mosley was a black-hat-vs.-white-hat affair, that was nothing compared to Mayweather-Pacquiao.

Pac-Man is humble and respectful, such a genuine man of the people that he actually ran for public office to represent the common man in the Philippines and



Mayweather stings Mosley with a left jab en route to a commanding decision victory over 12, ultimately one-sided rounds. After surviving two big right hands in the second, Mayweather never allowed Mosley to inflict any serious damage.

PHOTO BY CRAIG BENNETT/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

won. He charms you as he sings cringe-worthy karaoke on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, and he never stops smiling, save for those 36 minutes every six months or so that he spends trying to tear some other fighter's head off.

Mayweather tried the charming approach here and there early in his career, wasn't gaining attention and paychecks commensurate with his ability, and learned to embrace his inner villain. He curses and hurls insults; he brags and boasts. He waves his money in your face and makes fun of you for paying for your possessions in installments. He wants to be loved, like we all do, but if you aren't going to love him, then his goal is to make sure you hate his guts.

"When Floyd got rocked against Mosley in the second round, the place erupted like I just didn't expect. People want to see Floyd lose. And he banks on that. Literally, he banks that," Kenny said. "I don't think it's the real Floyd we're seeing on *24/7* or in my interviews with him, but it's an extension of his personality. That mean streak does exist. But I think that he is mostly reacting to the marketplace. He realizes what sells. So he's going to give the media what it wants. I do the six o'clock *SportsCenter* every day, so I know that if there's a fight at a press conference for a big fight, unfortunately, there's a greater likelihood it gets on *SportsCenter*. Floyd gets that and reacts to that."

What it all adds up to is a situation where, because Mayweather and Pacquiao present such opposite images, it's hard for fans to root passionately for both guys the way it was possible to be a huge fan of, say, both Marvin Hagler and Tommy Hearns or both Rocky Marciano and Archie Moore. Can you really love the good guy *and* the bad guy? Can you really love the Sweet Scientist *and* the whirlwind destroyer? You can appreciate them both. You can respect them both. But can you emotionally connect with both men?

And even if you could prior to December 2009, can you still now that the drug-testing issue has *really* forced everyone to pick a side?

The divide between Pacquiao fans and Mayweather fans became exponentially deeper when they were on the verge of signing contracts for a March 2010 fight before it all unraveled in highly public negotiations over apparently a single sticking point. Mayweather accused Pacquiao of using steroids with no proof and insisted upon Olympic-style testing beyond what any commission has ever required. Pacquiao said no and then sued various entities for alleged slander. There was a hint of possible compromise for a moment, but in the end, mediation failed and the dream fight for every boxing fan was unceremoniously yanked away.

And just like that, it wasn't just about which fighter you preferred, but also which one you blamed for blowing the fight.

"The Mayweather fans think Pacquiao is hiding something, and the Pacquiao fans think Mayweather is scared of him," said former Boxing Writers Association of America President Tony Paige, who hosts an overnight sports talk show on WFAN radio in New York. "On the radio show, I've gotten more and more callers talking about the fight. I'm surprised by the amount of people who know who they are now.

"The argument from Pacquiao supporters is a strong one. It's not believable that Mayweather found religion at the 11th hour, that he wants blood work and wants to save people's lives. How come you weren't saying this five years ago, four years ago, three years ago, but the toughest guy shows up and all of a sudden you're changing the rules? You avoid a bunch of guys, you retire, and then you come back and want to change the rules—that leaves a bad taste with a lot of people. And the Mayweather fans come back and say, 'You must have something to hide, otherwise you'd take the test and make an insane amount of money.'"

Had the negotiations reached an impasse behind closed doors and the details been kept quiet, maybe the venom between the respective sets of fans would have been more limited. But in the Internet age, everything gets out there, with new status reports breaking not just daily but often several times a day. It's just one of many ways in which the times that we live played a role in widening the divide.

PHOTO BY CAROL KAELSON/ABC/GETTY IMAGES

In recent years, Mayweather has done an excellent job of marketing himself outside of the boxing world. His 2007 appearance on* Dancing With The Stars *introduced him to an entirely new audience.

In a way, the intensity of the Pacquiao-Mayweather debate is a symptom of our current culture and society. There's the Internet, of course, and the way it's presented everyone with a platform. You don't need a press pass anymore. You can start your own blog. You can post a Facebook update. You can comment on a message board.

But just as significant is the unwritten rule of modern media: If you want people to listen, check all subtlety at the door. Whether on radio or television, whether the subject is politics or sports, the guys who get to talk are the guys who've mastered the art of presenting their opinions as facts and doing so in irritatingly loud voices. This is what passes for entertainment, and it's hard to say whether society is mirroring the entertainment industry or the entertainment industry is responding to what society wants.

Either way, everything today has to be absolute. If one fighter is god, then the other fighter has to be a bum. If you support the politicians on the left, the ones on the right are the scum of the earth. Of course, there is no political angle to Mayweather-Pacquiao, aside from the latter being elected to congress. But there was to Ali-Frazier I, which is why it's reasonable to say that fight surpassed this potential fight in dividing fans into distinct and zealous groups.

"There were certainly writers who admired both Ali and Joe, as fighters and as individuals, but most people saw the fight in larger terms," said Ali biographer and veteran boxing writer Thomas Hauser. "Here we're talking about the personality of Floyd Mayweather as opposed to the personality of Manny Pacquiao. With Ali-Frazier, they represented diametrically opposed sectors of American society. Don't forget how split the country was then. There were people who opposed the war in Vietnam who believed fervently in the civil rights movement and thought that Richard Nixon was evil incarnate, and those people supported Ali. And the people who tended to vote Republican and thought Richard Nixon was just fine supported Joe Frazier, not so much because they had positive feelings toward Joe, but because he was the anti-Ali.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL DESMOND/ABC/GETTY IMAGES

Pacquiao has enhanced his endearing image by twice singing on the* Jimmy Kimmel Live *show. Although he's far from the best pound-for-pound singer in the world, Manny still managed to charm viewers with his appealing personality.

"In reality, Joe in many respects had far more in common with the little people who Ali claimed to be fighting for than Ali did. But they became symbols of something much larger than themselves. By contrast, Floyd Mayweather isn't a symbol of anything, really, except conspicuous consumption."

The stakes and the emotions were so high heading into the first Frazier-Ali fight in 1971 that many observers who watched the fight on closed circuit recall fearing full-scale riots in the arenas from upset Ali fans afterward (even though Frazier clearly deserved to win the decision). Without a touch-point issue like Vietnam hanging in the balance, Pacquiao vs. Mayweather hopefully won't create any worry of violent response to the outcome. But you never know, considering how riled up the fans have been over the last several months—and that's without the fight even being a reality yet.

And let's not forget that in the Philippines, Pacquiao means more than Ali or Frazier ever did in the States. Nationality definitely plays a role in the Pacquiao-Mayweather debate—many of the so-called "Pacmaniacs" are Filipinos or Filipino-Americans. And race could be a factor too—Mayweather has become the face of hip-hop culture in boxing and has tapped into the African-American audience perhaps more successfully than anyone since Mike Tyson.

But nobody can realistically suggest the venom between the two sides is about "Americans vs. Filipinos" or "blacks vs. Asians." This feud really is about the fighters themselves. It's about their personalities, their ring abilities, the fact that they're so clearly the two best pugilists on the planet, and fans want to see their favorite, whichever that may be, prove that the other guy is number two.

It's a contentious debate fueled by a culture that demands a removal of all blurry lines, all question marks. That's not necessarily a good thing, but it's the direction we've gone in as a society. There's no "I'm right, but you can be right too." It's all "I'm right, so you must be wrong."

That almost pig-headed passion is part of why everyone is so certain that Mayweather vs. Pacquiao will shatter all pay-per-view records if it becomes reality. People have taken sides and want to see their side proven right so they can rub it in the face of their antagonists.

And if your side turns out to be wrong and your guy gets his butt kicked? About the only thing you can do is stay away from the message boards for a while. ■

BRONX TALE

One Man's View Of Boxing's Return To Yankee Stadium

By Jeff Ryan

My evening begins with the frustration of a peeping Tom who's discovered that the Levolor blinds have been pulled down in every window of the house the lingerie model is renting next door. The big, blue plywood wall that encircles what was once the most famous block in the South Bronx is making me even more determined to find out just what it is that they're trying to hide. Venturing along 161st Street, my exasperation mounts until, after several annoying minutes, it suddenly appears. Light shining through a crack! Peering through a tiny separation in the boards, everything

PHOTO BY NICK LAHAM/GETTY IMAGES

PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

Foreman and Cotto mix it up in the early going. Although Cotto was ahead prior to the bizarre eighth round, it was shaping up to be a pretty good scrap before Foreman's knee caved in during the seventh.

becomes clearly visible. And my heart sinks faster than a split-finger fastball.

Old Yankee Stadium, the one-time home office of "The Bronx Bombers" and "The Brown Bomber," is, literally, rubble. The place could have been an old shopping center or housing project for all you can tell now. There isn't a trace of anything recognizable, just giant chunks of concrete. For a second, the idealist in me wonders if that plywood might be up to protect us from these awful feelings of despair. Then the cynic in me concludes it's probably because they don't want anyone to grab a brick before it goes up on some sports collectibles website for a hundred bucks plus tax.

My detective work complete and fearing that the humidity may soon make my shirt cling to my chest so tightly that the referee will have to order it to break, I cross 161st and head toward the ballpark

PHOTO BY FRUTKOFF/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Foreman heads to the canvas after his right knee crumpled under him, ending any chance of him winning. He has since undergone surgery to repair the damage.

I'd originally set out for on this night. The one that's actually standing: *new* Yankee Stadium. The billion-dollar behemoth with fancy steak houses where hot dog stands should be, ostentatious luxury suites that make penthouse apartments on Central Park West look like linen closets, and $300 box seats for regular season games: The House That No Couth Built.

Several stories skyward, there rests a marquee. Not the kind that decorated the old Stadium, where some poor bastard had to climb on a ladder and try to hang plastic letters without plummeting to the pavement below. No, this one is a state-of-the-art, high-definition marvel. And tonight it's heralding something not seen in this neighborhood since 1976, when Gerald Ford was president: B-O-X-I-N-G. It's Yuri Forman vs. Miguel Cotto, and the combination of hi-tech wizardry and an artist's brush strokes has their eerie likenesses staring down at all that pass through Babe Ruth Plaza en route to the turnstiles. Rumble, young men, rumble.

Foreman vs. Cotto: "The Stadium Slugfest." For a change, we can say "Foreman" around a boxing ring and not be referring to a fat ex-champ with a barbecue grill. This Foreman is an Orthodox Jew who's studying to be a rabbi. He was born in Belarus, grew up in Israel, and lives in Brooklyn, which, those who reside in New York City know, is not an unusual progression. Cotto, though hailing from Puerto Rico, has been adopted by the "Big Apple," having fought at Madison Square Garden six times.

The undefeated Foreman, who's making the first defense of a WBA super welterweight crown he won by outpointing Daniel Santos this past November, has just eight knockouts in 28 wins. When prefight publicity photos showed the combatants toting baseball bats, one couldn't help but think that Foreman could sure use one of those.

Cotto, who is one of the game's hardest hitters, is making his 154-pound debut and fighting for the first time since his father, Miguel Sr., died of a heart attack in January. In his last outing, on the same card as Foreman-Santos, Cotto suffered a bloody, 12th-round kayo loss to Manny Pacquiao. It was the kind of brutal spanking that has been known to kill an elite fighter's confidence and rob him of his ability to let his hands go. To me, the matchup comes down to this: If Cotto is shot, Foreman will be too fast and tricky for him. If Cotto isn't used up, Foreman has no weapons with which to hold him off.

PHOTOS BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

Faces in the crowd: Pound-for-pound king Manny Pacquiao (bottom right) was ringside at Yankee Stadium for Cotto-Foreman, as were actor Liev Schreiber, actress Naomi Watts (top), and retired Yankee Darryl Strawberry (bottom left).

It's 6:30 p.m. The 4 train roars over the elevated subway tracks adjacent to the Stadium, making roughly the same sound a Cotto opponent hears when he gets caught with a right cross to the left

ear followed immediately by a left hook to the right ear. In a few moments, the throngs are descending the stairs from the platform to the street.

Many of Foreman's Jewish fans haven't arrived yet. It's the Sabbath and they're waiting for sundown before setting out. (Foreman, in fact, won't leave his Manhattan hotel until after 9 p.m., and then reach the Bronx via police escort.) But Cotto's crowd is planting its flag early. Literally. Puerto Rican flags are everywhere. One guy walks by me wearing one as a cape. You've gotta love the pride and ingenuity of the *Boricuas*. Puerto Ricans can convert their flag into anything from a poncho to a string bikini.

This may sound strange, but it just *feels* like fight night at the Stadium. There's that certain indefinable quality hanging in the air. You know it when you feel it, and you don't feel it at any other sporting event. Teenagers are sparring with each other outside a main gate.

PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

Foreman hobbles around the ring during a time out, during which referee Arthur Mercante Jr. inappropriately encouraged him to "suck it up" and said "I don't want to see you lose like that."

PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

Foreman was basically a one-legged fighter after his seventh-round spill, and Cotto took full advantage of the situation and bombed him with hard shots. Foreman tried to fight back, but was a sitting duck for his tormentor's blows and gamely absorbed unnecessary punishment.

T-shirts, so fancy, detailed, and overpriced that they seem more worthy of Ali-Frazier III than Foreman-Cotto I, are being hawked at the souvenir stands. The prelims are underway. I enter the Stadium and, after an endlessly long walk through the bowels of the building, head out an opening in the centerfield fence and onto the field. Already it's obvious that this is quite a different scene than the ones that unfolded on the hallowed ground across the street.

In the old days, you didn't have a beer cart and hot dog stand (Hebrew National, of course) parked right there in

centerfield. And the ring, traditionally set up at second base in every ballpark from Yankee Stadium to Comiskey Park, has been placed in right-centerfield tonight. There's a canopy over the battlefield that's been strung so high that: a) if the forecast calling for evening showers proves correct, the fighters might still get wet, and b) if Fan Man II ever wants to crash this party, he'll have a clearer path to the canvas than the jets landing at LaGuardia.

This new ballpark is really two ballparks tonight. It's been configured for 27,000 seats, which means that entire sections of stands are off-limits. Look straight ahead and you see pumped-up crazies in four tiers of seats and a ring of corporate boxes. Turn to the left and there's a passionate group waving its colors in the bleachers. But look to your right or directly behind you, and there are thousands of empty seats, a few sections of them even covered with tarps.

The undercard, predictably, stinks. Two super welters, Pawel Wolak and James Moore, are demonstrating how not to enthrall a crowd that's begging to get involved, so my mind starts to wander. I'm feeling guilty that, temporary floorboards notwithstanding, our presence might be doing something bad to the outfield grass, something that will come back to haunt the Yanks when Nick Swisher is trying to chase down a ball in the gap during the postseason. I ask myself if I should seek out the night's most impressive knockout, actress Naomi Watts, who is reportedly somewhere nearby. Forget it. Bad idea. Spotting her would keep me from ever looking at the ring.

I gaze out toward Monument Park in centerfield and see the 15 numbers the Yankees have retired on placards that were moved from across the street,

WHY MERCANTE WAS WRONG

There would have been no controversy involving flying towels or premature stoppages had Leyla Leidecker, a former amateur boxer and the wife of Yuri Foreman, satisfied her urge to "punch the referee in his face" when she confronted Arthur Mercante Jr. in the dressing room after her husband's defeat. Judging by Leidecker's mood, you get the impression that their walkout bout would have surely ended conclusively, with Mercante stretched on the floor and counting himself out.

If that were the case, it would have been at least one finish the ref got right.

For although HBO's broadcasters and Foreman's co-manager, Murray Wilson, praised Mercante for letting the fight continue after Foreman's trainer, Joe Grier, launched the terrycloth in round eight, the actions of the third man in the ring were, at best, odd and, at worst, dangerous.

Mercante made three major mistakes. First, he ignored the attempt of a wounded warrior's corner to rescue its fighter. Mercante, who was the referee when super middleweight Beethavean Scottland was kayoed in the 10th round by George Khalid Jones in 2001 (Scottland died six days later), should have trusted Grier and Co. to know that Foreman had enough. A trainer, after all, works with his fighter every day and can best determine when something isn't right in the kid's eyes, movement, or reactions.

Second, Mercante took a rooting interest in the proceedings, telling Foreman, among other things, "Suck it up" and "You're fighting hard. I don't want to see you lose like that." Afterward, the ref said, "There was no need to stop the fight. They were in the middle of a great fight. The people came to see the fight."

While everyone was disappointed that Foreman's fluke knee injury played a role in the outcome, the referee's job is to enforce the rules and keep everyone safe, not worry about the entertainment value of the contest or the need to reward a guy for his grit. *How* Foreman loses shouldn't be Mercante's concern.

Mistake Number Three was resuming a battle whose natural structure and flow was interrupted, ordering the combatants to resume punching after their momentum and focus had come to a halt. One shudders to think of the outcry if Foreman had been seriously injured or killed after the action continued. And even if no one got hurt, imagine the firestorm if Cotto, who thought he'd won in round eight, had been knocked out by a haymaker or stopped on a cut after the fight continued.

The New York State Athletic Commission inspectors deserve some blame for not pressing the issue when Grier, pre-towel toss, indicated to them that he wanted to stop the fight and Mercante reportedly ignored them. But it's the grandstanding referee, whose actions that night exuded an I'm-the-captain-of-this-ship-and-don't-you-forget-it attitude, who will be remembered as the face of the Cotto-Foreman controversy.

Fortunately for Mercante, his blunder was greatly overshadowed on the sports pages and the talk radio airwaves by another ballpark screw-up, one that had occurred three nights earlier in Detroit's Comerica Park. That's when umpire Jim Joyce incorrectly called the Cleveland Indians' Jason Donald safe at first on a play that should have been the last out in a Tigers' victory. Joyce's goof cost Detroit pitcher Armando Galarraga a perfect game. Mercante's goof, thank goodness, didn't end up costing a whole lot more.

—J.R.

and I think of the numbers *boxing* retired in the old place, like the zero Rocky Marciano put away for good when he finished a 49-0 career with a Stadium kayo of Archie Moore and the 105 the ringside thermometer reached when Sugar Ray Robinson succumbed to the heat *and* Joey Maxim on a June night there in 1952.

For weeks, the print ads, radio commercials, and media events have trumpeted Cotto-Foreman as boxing "returning to Yankee Stadium," but that's not quite the case. As special as the night is, there's a weird vibe here. Yeah, it's *a* place called Yankee Stadium, but it's not *the* place with all that rich fistic tradition. For what it means to the fight game, this new building might as well be in Rhode Island. Tonight is fun because it's stadium boxing under the stars. It's New York, New York. And with the year-old venue having never been seen before by many of those in attendance, the ballpark is as much of a star as the fighters. But to compare this night to Muhammad Ali-Ken Norton III in '76—which itself unfolded in a renovated version of the original Stadium that bore little resemblance to the cathedral in which Joe Louis pasted Jersey Joe Walcott and Ingemar Johansson bounced around Floyd Patterson—is silly.

So, too, is this wait for the main event. (The only entertaining part comes when a montage of kayo clips is shown, and ringsiders Thomas Hearns and Ray Mancini get to watch themselves get flattened on a video screen the size of Mt. Rainier.) But after Vanes Martirosyan pounds out a decision over "Not Very Mean" Joe Greene, the time has arrived. The sky is black. Laser lights cut through the air. There's a blare of salsa music and Cotto, his face as stern as an executioner's, makes his way to the ring. His fans are sizzling, their flags flapping furiously like boat sails in a violent storm.

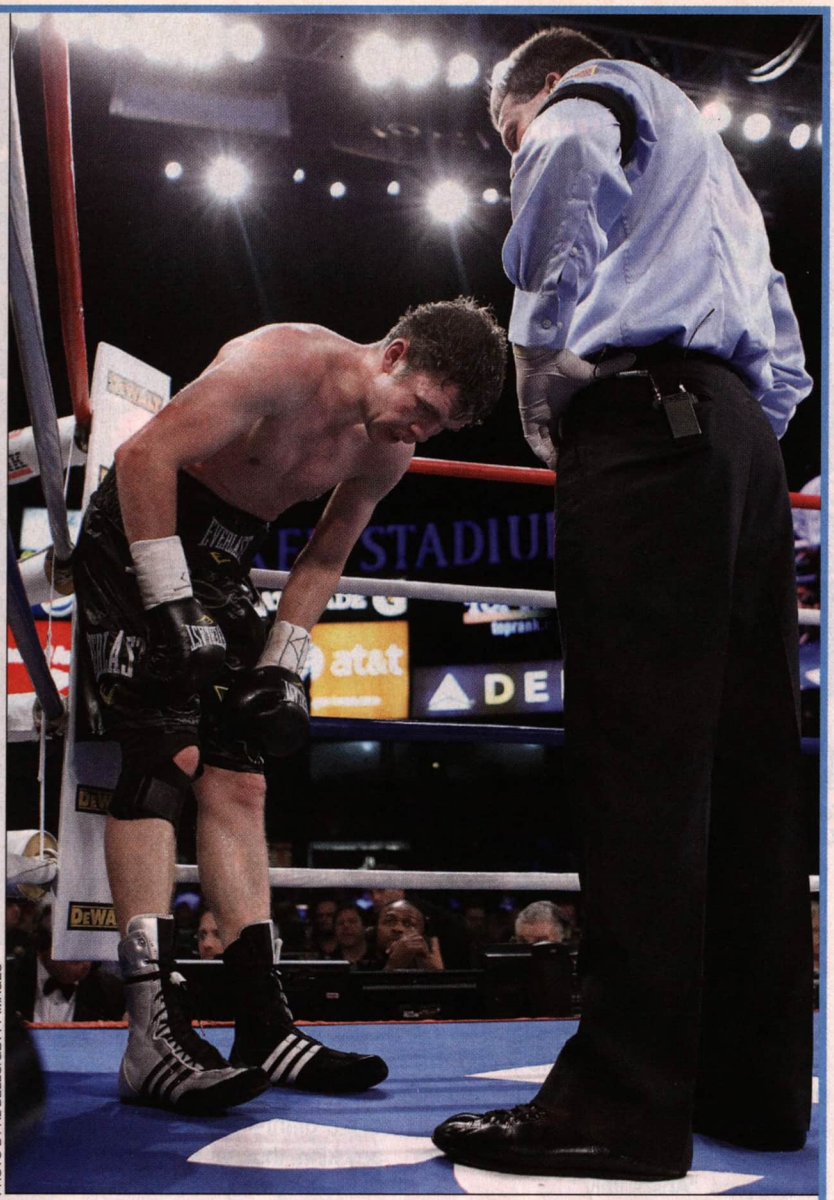


PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

Mercante insisted on ending the fight on* his *terms

The sound of a shofar, the Jewish ceremonial horn, blares and, like Mariano Rivera being summoned from the bullpen, Foreman begins his trek. Israeli flags have suddenly appeared at ringside, but the Foreman fans seem outnumbered at least four to one, perhaps a commentary on his conservative style and as-of-yet modest accomplishments. When Foreman is halfway to the war zone, the mellow music turns into heavy metal, fittingly, for he is about to have his heavy mettle tested. Three national anthems later, the bell mercifully sounds. If patience is a virtue, we're all Mother Teresa.

The first round features few clean punches, but Cotto establishes his jab and connects with a solid right. Veteran trainer Emanuel Steward is working with the powerhitter for the first time. Following the defeat to Pacquiao, Cotto demoted trainer Joe Santiago to an assistant's role. (Santiago was himself a replacement for Cotto's uncle, Evangelista Cotto, who'd been with the fighter since he turned pro.) Steward has emphasized reestablishing a solid jab, an infrequent weapon against Pacquiao, and Cotto has apparently listened. Foreman is more aggressive in the second, landing his jabs and a crisp left hook, but a right buckles his legs. Over the next four rounds, Foreman displays more movement, but Cotto controls much of the action with the jab, and in the fourth, blood appears for the first time on Foreman's face. Foreman is reaching the Puerto Rican with lead rights in the fifth and sixth, but, somewhat surprisingly, Cotto's counter hook is finding its range even when the faster Foreman tries to retreat.

At the halfway point, I've got Cotto ahead, 58-56, or four rounds to two. Then in round seven, as Foreman attempts to move along the ropes, he suddenly crashes to the canvas and gets up limping badly. His right knee, which he injured as a 15-year-old in a bike accident in Israel and which he has wrapped tonight in a soft brace, has suffered what will later be diagnosed as a torn meniscus and stretched ligament. *Oy-vey!* On the list of predicaments a sane person doesn't ever want to find himself in, being hampered by limited movement while trying to avoid Miguel Cotto would rank awfully high.

After a spirited exchange, Foreman moves away and falls again. As he rises, blood is dripping from his nose and around his right eye. He answers a Cotto hook with an attack of his own and the crowd explodes, but just when it appears that Foreman may turn this into a Round of the Year candidate, Cotto lands a vicious left uppercut that knocks out his mouthpiece. Foreman is gutsy. But his movement is hampered, and he's swallowing hooks again in the eighth. With 1:13 left in the round, a towel flies through the air from Foreman's corner to the left of me, and the ring is soon a mob scene. Cotto celebrates, Foreman looks pissed, and the warriors congratulate each other. But wait. As is his right, referee Arthur Mercante Jr. wants to ignore the towel and everything that has just transpired and resume the battle.

And right then and there, I'm thinking of announcer Clem McCarthy's famous call after Joe Louis gained his revenge with a first-round blowout of Max Schmeling in 1938: "The men are in the ring." Wait a second, ref! The men are in the ring! No matter, Mercante kicks out every last one of them and—incredibly—the fight continues.

It doesn't last much longer, though. Early in the ninth, Cotto, 35-2 (28),

digs a trademark left hook to the Brooklynite's ribs. Foreman, 28-1 (8) with 1 no-contest, goes down on his good knee and Mercante stops the fight without a count at the 0:42 mark. The finish is so sudden that the Cotto faithful don't explode, as one would expect. Maybe they cheered themselves out the *first* time he won a few minutes earlier. Before long, the sound of Frank Sinatra singing "New York, New York" is pumping out of the sound system as the place starts to empty.

Down in the corridors and conference rooms beneath the grandstand, the principles are meeting the media masses.

"I wanted to see Yuri leave with some dignity," explains Foreman's trainer, Joe Grier, the towel-tosser who made the most-talked about throw from right field this baseball season. "At the point where the leg went out on him, I realized it was a serious injury."

PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

When Cotto floored Foreman with a vicious left hook to the body during the ninth round, Mercante finally stopped the fight, something he should have done when Foreman's corner threw in the towel the previous round.

Says Foreman, "Mercante asked me [in the eighth round] if I wanted to continue. I said, 'Of course.' In my mind, it wasn't over. I still threw punches. I was trying to think optimistically."

(Foreman would undergo surgery on June 11 to repair his anterior cruciate ligament and meniscus and is expected to be out of action for six-to-nine months. He says he'd like a rematch with Cotto, but may have to enter his name in a lottery. With his win, Cotto is again attractive as a rival for the elite at 154 *or* 147 pounds: Sergio Martinez, Paul Williams, Kermit Cintron, Andre Berto, or the winner of Pacquiao-Floyd Mayweather if it materializes. Cotto's promoter, Bob Arum, even talks about a sequel with Antonio "Handwraps" Margarito if the Mexican can get his U.S. boxing license reinstated or the bout is held in Mexico.)

"My jab is back, my movement is back, and the punch that finished the fight—my left hook to the body—was back too," boasts Cotto. "We made the plan to just work with the jab and put pressure on him. I just had to press him and press him and press him, and I knew the fight was going to be over."

The announced attendance for the show is 20,272, far less than was hoped for and, in fact, a crowd that could have fit inside Madison Square Garden with a few seats left over. Arum, of course, hides any disappointment, citing the threat of thunderstorms as a crowd deterrent and telling everyone, "I think the crowd was tremendous. I think people loved the experience of seeing a fight in Yankee Stadium."

Asked if he'd stage another bout there, he answers, "Absolutely."

It's about 90 minutes after Mercante ended the contest on *his* terms, and a small number of fans are still walking around Babe Ruth Plaza. The marquee has already changed, advertising the upcoming Yankees-Astros series: "Tickets available." (Yeah, if you're Steve Jobs.) As I cross 161st Street once more on my way to a parking garage that sits adjacent to what used to be the third-base line in the old Stadium, I think about what just unfolded over the past few hours, and I feel that, despite the empty seats, the dreary undercard, and the nutty eighth round, hell, it was a good night for boxing.

New York once again hosted one of those good, old-time ethnic matchups, the kind in which the Jews root for the Jew, the Latinos pull for the Latino, and political correctness is pointed to the exit and told to catch the next subway back downtown. Foreman showed us that he's tougher than we thought he was. Cotto proved that he's not yet finished as a force in two weight classes. And the HBO telecast would end up being the cable giant's highest-rated program, of any kind, thus far in 2010.

Boxing may not be back here for a while, but hopefully the wait won't be another 34 years. Geez, do you know how much will change over the next 34 years? There'll probably be a new $2-billion stadium on the site of the original one, Puerto Rico could be a state by then, Foreman will definitely be a rabbi, Cotto might be a Hall of Famer, and the pinstripes just might have 15 more championships on the wall. And yet, through it all, Yankee Stadium, no matter the version, no matter the year, no matter the matchup in the ring, will still likely mean something special to the fight game.

Play ball! ■

"Ryan Out Loud" columnist Jeff Ryan is a longtime contributor to THE RING.

TWENTY-FIVE BOXING WRITERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA AWARDS IN THREE YEARS

Over the years, we at *The Ring* have endeavored to inform, entertain, and pique the curiosity of the boxing public. The Boxing Writers Association of America awards, along with the many personal notes that we have received from our readers, make it all worthwhile and encourages us to do even better.
Thanks to all.

BOXING EVENT COVERAGE

2009 Honorable Mention:
Peter Owen Nelson, Ringtv.com
Eric Raskin, Ringtv.com

2008 Second Place:
Don Stradley, The Ring

2008 Third Place:
William Dettloff, The Ring

2007 Second Place:
Don Stradley, The Ring

BOXING COLUMN

2009 Honorable Mention:
Don Stradley, The Ring

2007 Second Place:
Don Stradley, The Ring

BOXING NEWS STORY

2009 Honorable Mention:
Michael Rosenthal, Ringtv.com
Don Stradley, The Ring

BOXING FEATURE (Under 1,750 words)

2009 Second Place:
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BOXING FEATURE (Over 1,750 words)

2009 Honorable Mention:
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2008 First Place:
Michael Rivest, The Ring

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THE EMPTY-SEATS DILEMMA

PHOTO BY EMILY HARNEY

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

Why So Many Top Fighters Can't Sell Tickets

By William Dettloff

It's hard to imagine that there's an elephant in the room in the boxing business, where everything is either shoved down your throat or kept hidden like a secret of national importance. But there is one, and it's this: Some of the best fighters in the world couldn't draw flies to a garbage dump, to use the phrase, more or less, that Don King in better days once employed to describe the appeal of Evander Holyfield.

Many fight fans satisfy their fix watching fights on HBO, Showtime, or ESPN, and, as a result, frequently don't notice that the fighters they see time after time after time are playing to largely empty rooms in near-abandoned casinos. And it's not just the journeymen, the neophytes, or the guys on their way down—it's guys you know and have seen a bunch of times.

PHOTO BY CRAIG BENNETT/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

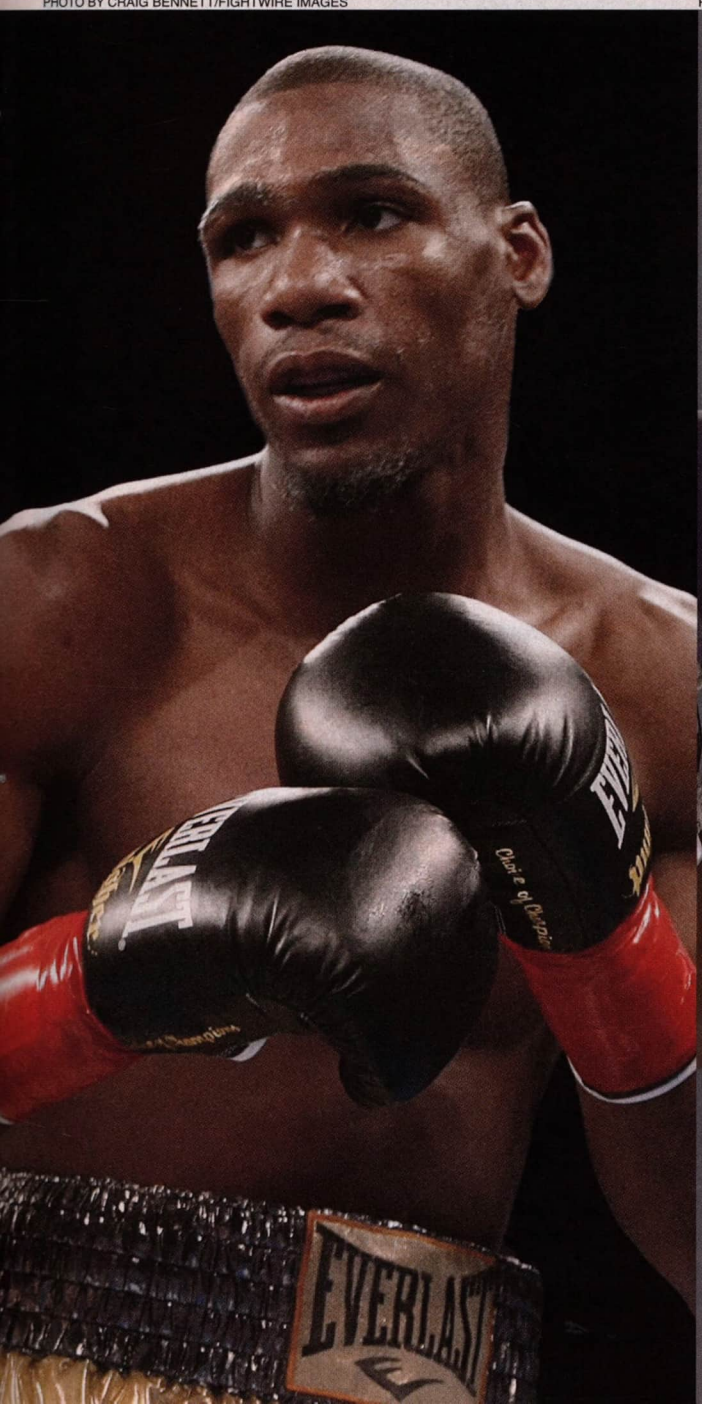
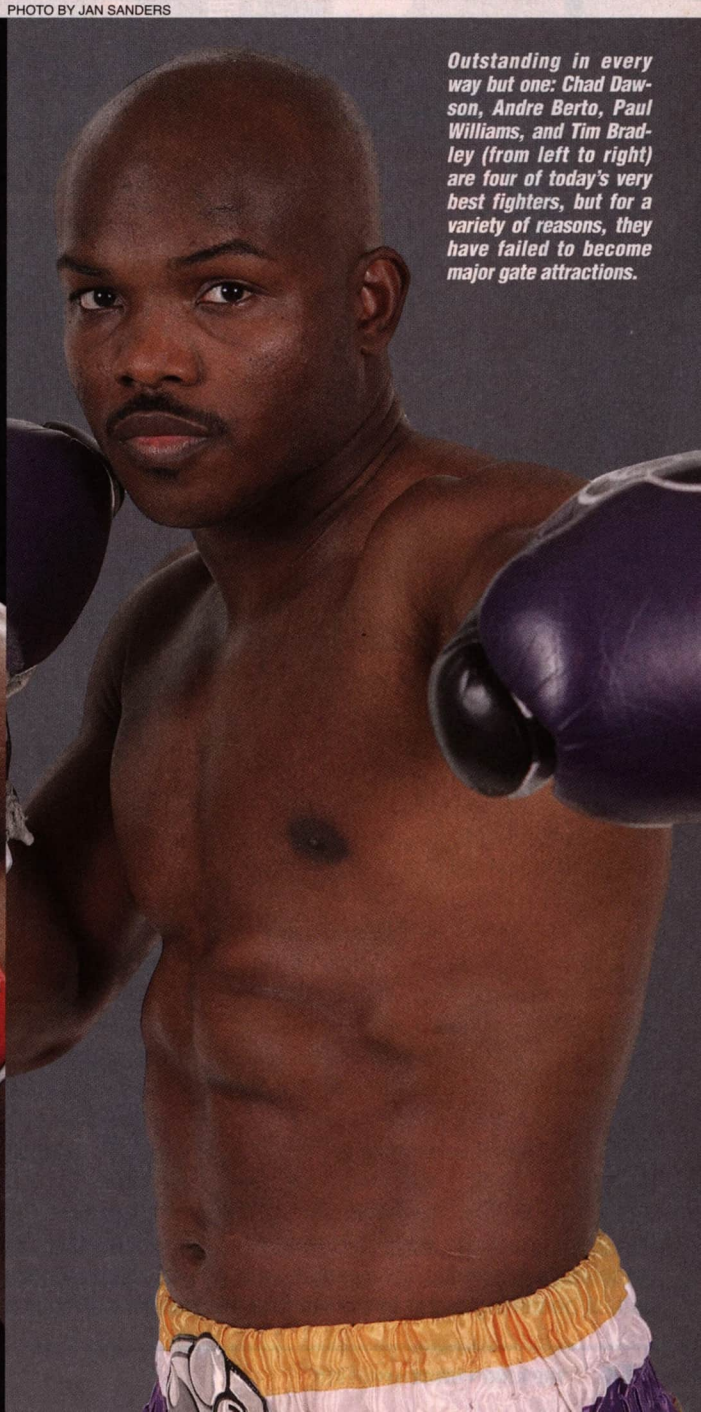


PHOTO BY JAN SANDERS



Outstanding in every way but one: Chad Dawson, Andre Berto, Paul Williams, and Tim Bradley (from left to right) are four of today's very best fighters, but for a variety of reasons, they have failed to become major gate attractions.

Nonito Donaire, pictured en route to a 12-round unanimous decision over Rafael Concepcion, is an excellent fighter with an exciting style but struggles to fill a casino ballroom for his fights.

PHOTO BY MARY ANN OWEN

Paul Williams could sell out entire stadiums if you could charge his fans extra seats for their dedication to him but, as it is now, couldn't fill a phone booth if you spotted him Gabourey Sidibe. According to THE RING, Williams is the seventh best fighter in the world, pound-for-pound.

The undefeated Chad Dawson, whom THE RING ranks first at light heavyweight and sixth pound-for-pound, isn't much better than Williams when it comes to putting butts in seats. If Mike Tyson was right when he said he could sell out Madison Square Garden masturbating, something like the opposite is probably true about Dawson: He couldn't sell out his linen closet fighting a lion.

There are others in similar boats: the excellent, undefeated Tim Bradley, who is fast becoming a star in the sport but sells tickets like Wladimir Klitschko takes chances; Nonito Donaire, one of the best little men on the planet, who would draw more live spectators as a horse jockey than a fighter; Andre Berto, maybe the best young 147-pounder in the game, who couldn't wrangle even the Haitian disaster into a higher profile, though not for lack of trying; and top-ranked cruiserweight Steve Cunningham, who said to hell with it and took his business to Europe, thank you very much.

Some of this has to do with fighting style. Most of these guys are boxers or boxer-punchers. And we all know who the sport's biggest ticket sellers always have been. Think Dempsey. Think Louis and Marciano. Think Tyson. Scientists are anathema to the masses. Veterans recall that legendary matchmaker Teddy Brenner was once asked why he wouldn't put the highly cerebral light heavyweight champion Harold Johnson on television.

Brenner is purported to have responded, "Harold Johnson represents perfection in the art of boxing, and there is no room in this world for perfection."

Few would call any of today's fighters perfect, but certainly they don't have the style most fans find most appealing.

"People want to see knockouts, beat-'em-down boxers, like my guy Alfredo Angulo," Mike Criscio, who manages Dawson and Angulo, told THE RING. "Alfredo can sell 10 times as many tickets as Chad can because he goes out there and tries to take somebody's head off, whereas Chad is more of a boxer than a big puncher."

Fair enough. But Floyd Mayweather, whose style is so measured he makes most other fighters look like Luis Firpo

in comparison, is, along with Manny Pacquiao, the biggest pay-per-view star in the business. Criscio said it's because of how hard Mayweather has worked to make himself a star.

"Floyd Mayweather has a name. He built his name. He goes everywhere, where Chad, for instance, is more humble and he doesn't like to show up at a lot of things. He's more laid back where Floyd is more in your face," Criscio said. "And I think Floyd's doing it right. I think the more people that know you, the more tickets you're going to sell. The more people know who you are, the better it is. It's like pulling teeth sometimes with Chad to get him to go places."

Criscio said all these guys who are good fighters have one thing in common: relatively passive personalities. And that hurts them.

"It's a lot to do with being in your face. Berto is not in your face. Paul Williams is not in your face. Cunningham is *definitely* not in your face," Criscio said. "They're all laid back and have passive attitudes, where again, Mayweather is in your face."

It's no secret that Mayweather likes the camera more than all the Kardashian sisters combined, and his willingness to be in front of them, even when he's playing the villain, takes him a long way. But there was a time when he sold tickets no better than Williams or Berto. What changed?

"Mayweather is a good ticket seller, but look at the opponents: Oscar De La Hoya, Ricky Hatton, Juan Manuel Marquez," said legendary West coast promoter Don Chargin. "A real drawing card is one that can fight anyone and do it. That's why when I look at the figures on Oscar, my God. But Mayweather needs the right opponent."

Chargin said that, generally, trying to pin down what makes one fighter a big box office attraction and another a box office dud is one of the more perplexing things about this business. And it rarely has much to do with the quality of the fighter.

"This is something that's an amazing thing in boxing," he said. "Sometimes you go to a fight and there will be some preliminary kid who looks fairly good, but all of the sudden, you see people getting excited. [Berto, Williams, and Bradley] are all good fighters, but don't have that charisma.

"Years ago we had this kid in my hometown, Santa Fe [California], named Eddie Chavez. He turned into a tremendous drawing card for the times. And from the day he had his first fight, I used to look around and people would be standing and cheering. And it carried through his whole career," Chargin said.

"Why? That's the thing that nobody could answer. Why do certain people have that? Look at De La Hoya when he started. From an amateur, he got people excited. And look at Bernard Hopkins. Good fighter. But he doesn't sell."

Longtime manager Bob Spagnola moved Orlando Canizales in the 1980s and '90s and was Joe Mesi's agent and adviser. Today, he handles Chris Henry and prospect Austin Trout. He told THE RING that it's about more than random luck and charisma. Whether or not a fighter can sell tickets depends largely on how he's handled by his management team.

"When I found out Joe Mesi was half Polish and half Sicilian, I knew that he was related to about 40 percent of the people in the greater metropolitan Buffalo area," Spagnola said. "And they had great history up there. Obviously you have to work it, but look at Dawson. Jimmy Burchfield had him. Jimmy Burchfield has had guys like [Vinny] Pazienza, who drew big crowds up there in New England, but Dawson flew the coop and got with another promoter who has had him all over the place.

PHOTO BY BORIS STREUNEL/BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

Steve Cunningham (left) regained the IBF cruiserweight belt with a fifth-round TKO of Troy Ross in Neubrandenburg, Germany, on June 6, 2010. Frustrated by his inability to attract attention in the USA, Cunningham has recently signed a contract with German promoter Wilfried Sauerland.

"You have to develop a market; you have to work a market. You can't just show up," said Spagnola. "I have my own little axiom: If you don't mean anything in your own hometown, you don't mean anything anywhere. Some of these guys don't mean anything in their hometowns. Just because you can jump to the front of the line and be on HBO—listen, this is really an indictment on them because they've got all these stars that no one wants to see."

This is an important point. HBO has gotten heat over the last several years for its reliance on Al Haymon, who guides the fortunes of Williams, Berto, and others. Critics say Haymon's relationship with HBO creates favoritism and impedes the progress of other fighters who might be more deserving of HBO's air.

"This is who we are being told [by HBO] is the future of boxing," Spagnola said. "That's who we pay our subscription premiums to, right? If that's it, we're kind of not interested. Listen, they're making money on the bigger fights, but it's killing us. And it's going to kill us. It's always been about building heroes.

"Some of this, I don't know who's making these decisions, but you look at guys with no history in boxing at all and all of the sudden they're running s___," Spagnola said. "And I know they went to Harvard and to Dartmouth, but that doesn't necessarily prepare you for this job."

Something else Berto, Williams, Bradley, and Dawson have in common: They're all African-American. There is a sentiment in boxing that blacks in America have left the sport in droves and that Latin Americans are the dominant ethnic group watching the sport. Don Elbaum, the veteran matchmaker and promoter, told THE RING that when he does shows at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia, there are more white fans in the crowd than black. And that was never the case in the past.

Promoter Mike Acri, who shrewdly guided the last useful years of Robert to Duran and Hector Camacho and promotes shows throughout the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, area, said it's simple economics: Because African-Americans generally are lower on the socio-economic scale, they have less money to spend on going to the fights. But that's no reason these guys can't sell tickets.

"Williams and Berto are good, but they haven't put on really exciting fights yet, except for Williams and [Sergio] Martinez," Acri said. "Bradley might be the best guy in the division, but you need a big fight to make you. You have to have someone to dance with. For Bradley, there's no one to dance with on a major level. He needs a defining fight and a dance partner."

And Cunningham?

"He's in a division where no one gives a damn," Acri said. "He had a great fight with [Tomasz] Adamek, but who saw it? He could be in 10 fights with Adamek, and no one would know him. And that's the promoter's fault. But even if he did

Manager Mike Criscio, who handled both Dawson and Alfredo Angulo, pictured knocking out Harry Joe Yorgey, says that Angulo can sell 10 times as many tickets to his fights due to the fact he's an all-action slugger who tries to tear his opponents' heads off.

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

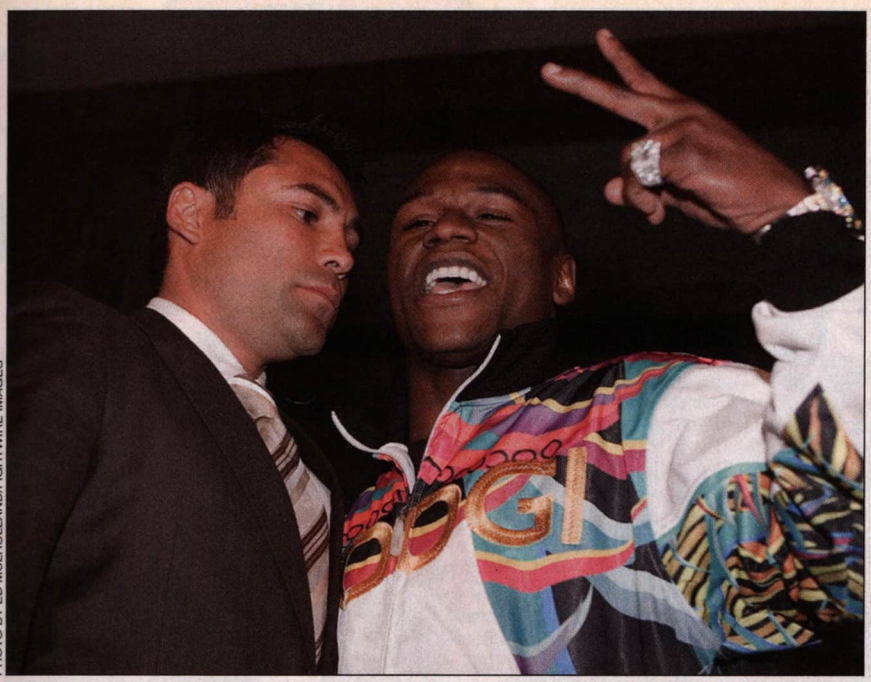


PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Despite his defensive style and often boring fights, Floyd Mayweather is one of boxing's top attractions. Part of that is because he's worked hard to develop a riveting public persona, but he still needs another ticket-seller, such as Oscar De La Hoya, to pull in large crowds.

get exposure, it doesn't mean he can draw. Mayweather couldn't draw s___ until he got into big fights. Cunningham and Bradley need defining fights."

Chargin believes the right African-American fighter will draw everybody, not just blacks.

"That's the thing. Latinos are going to draw the Mexicans, and that's it. Same with Puerto Ricans. But a good black fighter, if he does that crossover thing, everyone will want to see him. Tyson had a black following, a white following. Everybody wanted to see him fight. [Muhammad] Ali was the last guy who really drew black fans. When he fought, it was an event."

Spagnola sees the problem as the larger issue of the American boxing bosses not doing enough to build young fighters into stars and building ethnic rivalries. He's appalled at the current state of the game.

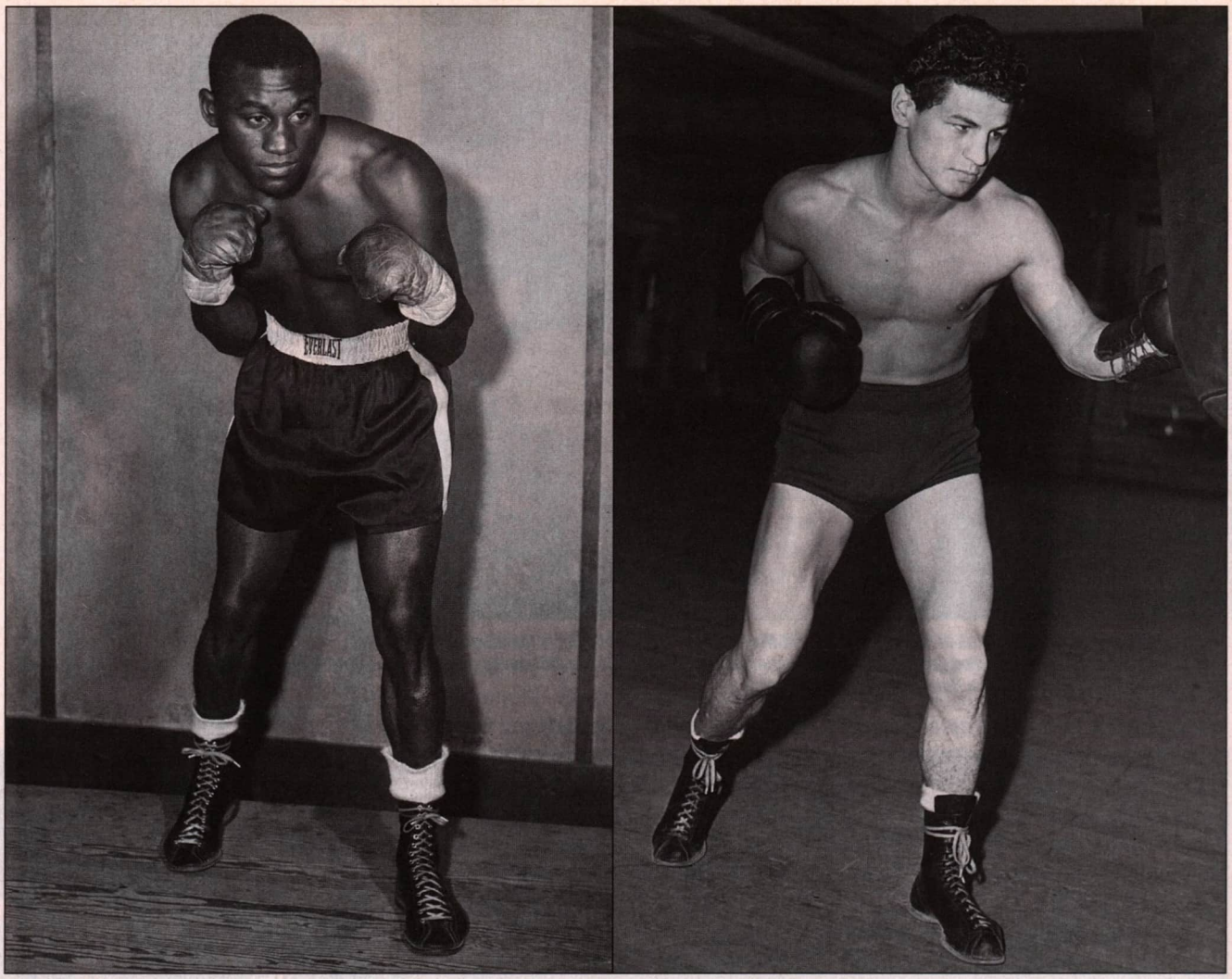
"Our business has always been pitting groups on the lower socioeconomic tiers against each other. At one time, there were Jews and Irish, then Italians worked their way in, then African-Americans, and it was always pitting them against each other and the fans supporting their own," he said.

"Listen, you're watching American television, but what kids do you see that are American? If somebody had told me 30 years ago that there was going to be a brown-haired, blue-eyed heavyweight champion of the world who was 6'4", 230 pounds, and he was going to fight out in Vegas and no one was going to come and no one was going to care, I would have told them they were crazy. His name was [Oleg] Maskaev."

Spagnola recalled watching the British recover from a similar state a couple decades ago.

"In England, about 25 years ago, they held the WBC convention in London. The British didn't have a good enough guy to be champion of the world, so they were hurting. They really didn't have anybody. Their amateurs were a mess, kind of like ours are now, and they just had nothing," Spagnola recalled.

"So listen to what they did: They stopped giving all their money to the WBC, and they branched out to two fledgling organizations and they started building local kids. They didn't go to Russia to get their fighters. They stayed at home. And they developed kids, because the British love boxing, they sponsor it, and the TV pays for it. They developed these great kids and these great rivalries and these great fights, and everybody made great amounts of money. That's the way boxing has always been: build up the



A familiar story: As is the case today, there have always been terrific fighters who did not draw big crowds. Former lightweight champion and Hall of Famer Jimmy Carter (left) had that problem when he was on top in the 1950s. On the other hand, Art Aragon was a good but not great fighter who was a huge West Coast attraction around the same time. Aragon's big mouth and Hollywood-type personality helped him fill seats.

young on the past generations. But we're not doing any of that."

Still, some guys make it work. Miguel Cotto is as dependable a draw as you could want. Adamek too. And Mayweather and Pacquiao. And young Fernando Guerrero. Arturo Gatti filled the Atlantic City Convention Center for years. Kelly Pavlik does all right too.

In other countries, heroes abound. Lucian Bute, not even a Canadian, sells out stadiums in Montreal. Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. has been headlining his own pay-per-view cards for years now. The Klitschko brothers can do 60,000 in a stadium in Germany.

If it's any consolation to today's good American fighters that can't put butts in seats, they're not alone. Elbaum said a couple fighters from the past stand out in that regard.

"Some have it, some don't. Jimmy Carter was a great lightweight. No one gave a s___ about Carter, but, my God, this guy could fight. Joe Brown, the same situation. Brown and Carter would easily go through 95 percent of the guys today in their weight class, and they were lousy draws. The only time they were draws was when they fought somebody who had appeal."

Elbaum said Larry Holmes suffered the same malady, as did Joey Maxim. Holmes needed Gerry Cooney to sell a lot of tickets, and Maxim needed Archie Moore or Ray Robinson. But other guys were naturals.

"Then you take a guy like Art Aragon. He made it because of his mouth, his style, his cockiness," Elbaum said. "He had a Hollywood-type personality, and everyone loved him. He was good, but he wasn't great. There's something that catches on, a personality or a kid's hometown.

"Dicky Ryan, a very ordinary heavyweight out of Omaha, used to draw 8, 9, 10,000 people, every show, every time he fought. It was his hometown and people knew him, and it became like, hey, this is our guy, this is our heavyweight who may make it," Elbaum said.

Williams, Berto, Bradley, Dawson, and others like them should take some comfort in the knowledge that their inability to put butts in seats isn't an indictment on their talent or even necessarily on their ability to get rich. But it can't feel good to look out over that top rope and see 11 guys in the crowd, four of whom are relatives. Fighters are performers more than anything, and if there's no one watching, what's the point? ■

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ANDRE WARD

How Good Is He? How Great Can He Become?

By Don Stradley

It's a good thing that Oakland's Andre Ward is a level-headed young man. If he were the type to believe everything he reads or hears on television, especially after his recent route of Allan Green that moved him into the semifinals of Showtime's "Super Six World Boxing Classic," he'd change his nickname from "Son Of God" to "Son of Sugar." With a surprising amount of aplomb, more than one boxing pundit has drawn comparisons lately between Ward and Sugar Ray Leonard. Granted, some are taking a wait-and-see attitude, but those who have branded Ward as boxing's next superstar have done so with unbridled gusto.

And it's no surprise that Showtime is leading the charge. Hey, we get it. The Super Six is all about creating a new star for Showtime, and since everyone else in the tourney has been spotty, Ward must look like the hope of the future. The Ward-Green bout, though, was the first time since the tourney's inception that the Super Six seemed like a mere backdrop for one of the fighters. The broadcast team was firing on all cylinders, comparing Ward not only to Leonard, but also to Roy Jones. There also were constant references to Ward's 2004 Olympic gold medal win and how he was carrying on the tradition

PHOTO BY HOWARD SCHATZ/SHOWTIME

of the great gold-medal winners of the past. It's not clear whether this was just salesmanship or simply a night where the commentators were carried away by the moment. Either way, it was as if Ward had somehow, overnight, become bigger than the tournament.

"It won't surprise me at all if Ward first becomes the face of the Super Six Tournament and then becomes the face of American boxing," Showtime *ShoBox* analyst Steve Farhood told THE RING.

"He's a very unique fighter," said Showtime's Al Bernstein. "Furthermore, our fighters' meeting with Andre and [trainer] Virgil Hunter are the most interesting I've had in 30 years of doing this. There's no pontificating; they approach everything in a very cerebral manner. I have to say, I'm very impressed with their whole operation."

In a way, the accolades aren't entirely without merit. Ward has already won the WBA super middleweight title, doing so against a very fine fighter in Mikkel Kessler, and the Showtime team is probably smart to remind viewers that Ward won gold at the 2004 Athens Olympics, since he won it with minimal fanfare. Maybe Showtime is just playing a little catch-up with a fighter they feel can be a breakout star. Still, comparisons to Leonard are not only unnecessary; they do a disservice to a fighter who is just now garnering attention.

"His best is yet to come, both in terms of how good he can be and how good his opponents will be," said Farhood. "And that's fitting because Ward has never been in a hurry. He's moved to his own rhythm, and who's going to question him now?"

Ward is certainly the only Super Six combatant whose stock has gone up since the tournament started last year. Carl Froch, Arthur Abraham, Andre Dirrell, and Kessler have all showed the chinks in their style that make them seem beatable. The upcoming Froch-Abraham bout will probably muddy the waters further—would we be chastised for predicting a draw? As for Green, well, the less said the better. Ward, though, was dominant in winning a technical decision over Kessler, and against Green, he inspired judges Marty Sammon, Glenn Feldman, and Alfredo Polanco to turn in identical tallies of 120-108, a rare perfect score in boxing.

Still, Ward's performance didn't seem enough to warrant the plug that appeared in a recent Yahoo.com story by Kevin Iole, who predicted that Ward would, by next year, be "the top dog in boxing" or the bravado of Ward's promoter, Dan Goossen, who has predicted Ward will be boxing's next major attraction. Goossen told the *Oakland Tribune*, "Look at Pacquiao and Mayweather and how long it took them to get where they are today. Andre Ward is ahead of the curve."

"Some of the comments do seem excessive," said Bernstein, "but let's say

PHOTO BY TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME

Ward cuts loose with a big left hook en route to a shutout decision over Green. Back-to-back impressive showings in Showtime's "Super Six" tournament have boosted Ward's stock and put him on the cusp of superstardom, but his lack of knockout power could hold him back.

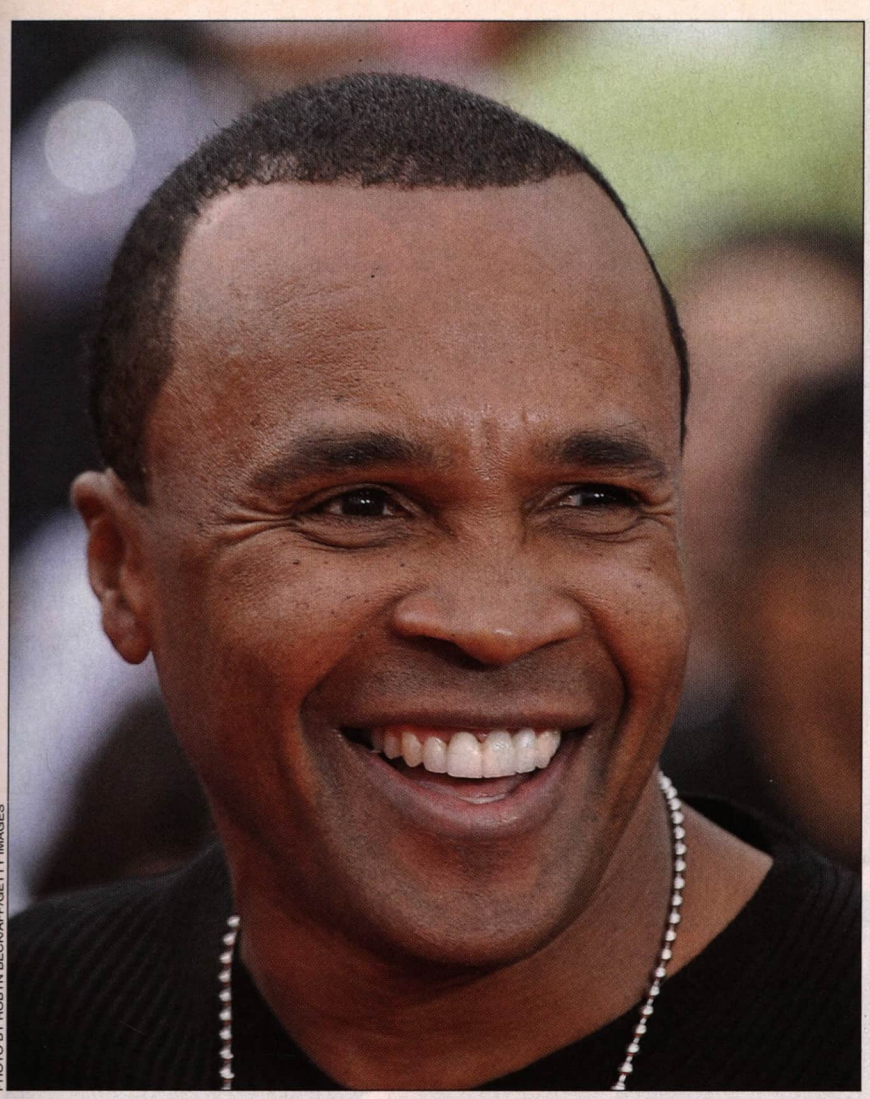


PHOTO BY ROBYN BECK/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Let's not get carried away. Although Ward is coming on strong, some in the media are already comparing him to the great Sugar Ray Leonard, which is stupidly premature and a bit of an insult to Hall of Famer Leonard.

he goes on to win the tournament; that means he'll have beaten four, maybe five top fighters in a row. It's been a while since any fighter has done that, with no easy opponents in between."

Via e-mail, Farhood told THE RING: "The three things I like best about Ward: 1) He can fight—and win—in a variety of ways, or as he's put it, 'I have no style.' 2) His focus is fantastic. 3) His character is of the highest level, and when you're talking about a fighter who has the potential to be transcendent, that's important."

What's fascinating about Ward's sudden rise is that, prior to fighting Kessler, he was considered little more than a competent but soft-hitting boxer. There was nothing about him that was particularly memorable. The Kessler fight was an eye opener, the equivalent of a sudden teenage growth spurt, and against Green, he showed a flair for infighting that was impressive. Jamming his head into Green's chest, Ward pinioned him against the ropes time and again, landing good, sharp blows that left Green sapless.

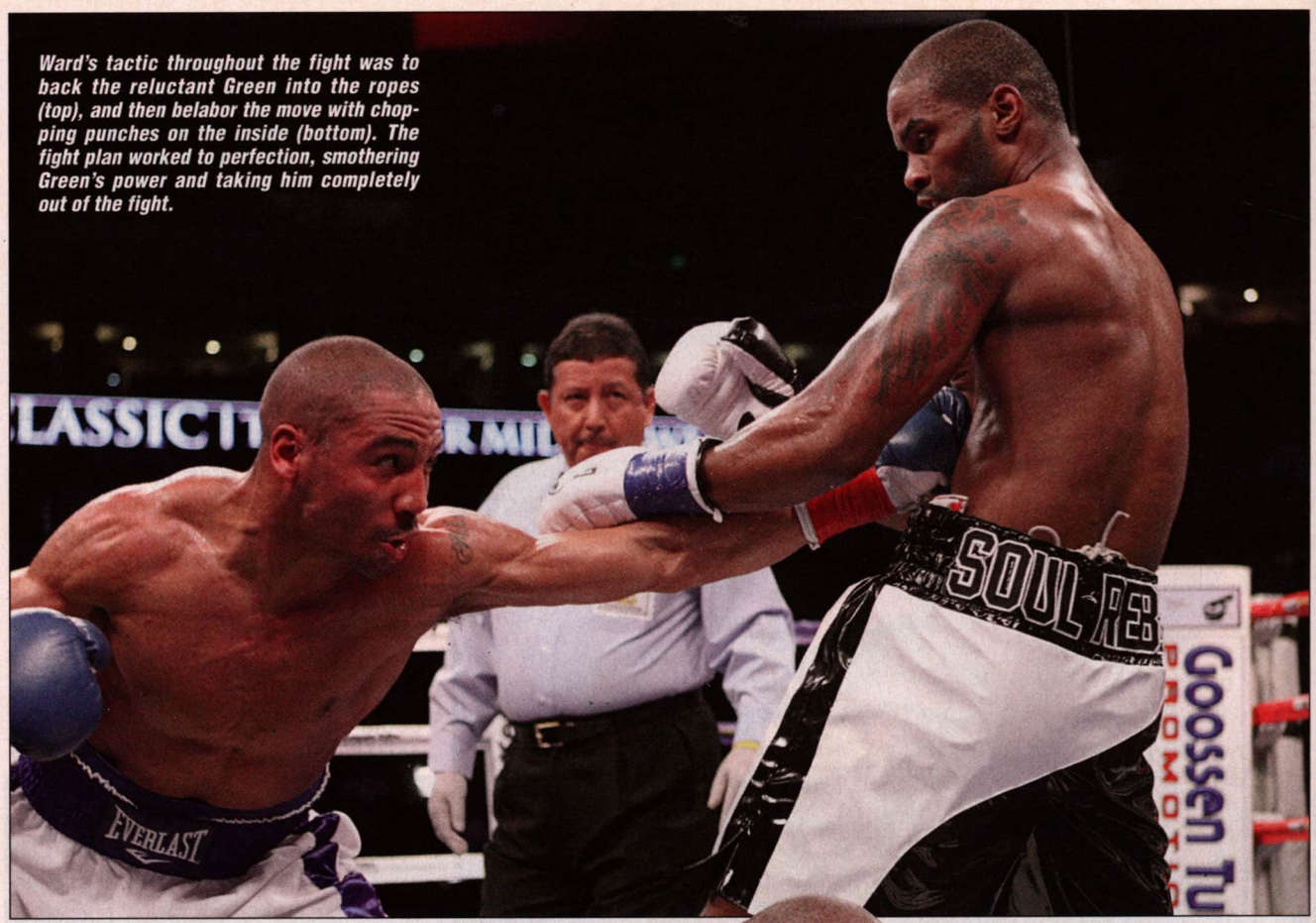
The challenge for Ward, 167¾, was to avoid the bludgeoning left hook that helped Green, 166, create a number of highlight reel knockouts, including his violent stoppage of Jaidon Codrington in 2005 that was chosen as THE RING's Knockout of the Year. Showtime brought Green into the tournament to replace the oft-kayoed Jermain Taylor, and he was ballyhooed as a scowling, bad ass. Green certainly looks the part, his face stuck in a perpetual "something smells bad" sneer. But by the end of the third round, Green looked decidedly less fearsome. His advantages in height and reach and power were nullified, as Ward, 22-0 (13), smothered him along the ropes and pummeled him. Green, 29-2 (20), would later claim to be flat after too many training camps, but at some point, Green should've just reared back and let one of those mad hooks fly. Then again, maybe Ward really is that good. Like a smart pitcher changing the speed of his pitches, Ward varied the intensity of his punches, sometimes thumping Green, sometimes lashing at him with real venom. Like Kessler before him, Green had no answers.

"For whatever reason, Ward is very difficult to hit," said Bernstein. "Kessler and Green, two top fighters, couldn't do anything against him."

Bernstein credits the scalpel-like precision of Hunter's strategizing, and Ward's execution, with causing opponents to falter before Ward. But it also could be something less scientific, namely that Ward leads with his head. The aspect of a butt can be intimidating. No one wants a butt in the mouth or on the eye, so it's natural to give some ground, which allows Ward just enough time to get inside and do his business. Stand still, and you end up like Kessler, busted open. Move back, and you end up like Green, trapped on the ropes and beaten like a rug.

Still, can anyone imagine Ray Leonard allowing such a tepid character as Green to survive for 12 rounds? While Ward may have buzzed Green once or twice, he never came close to putting him down, never mind scoring a knockout. "It's hard to knock a guy out who has made up his mind that he's not going to get knocked out," Ward told The Associated Press after the bout. "That's what kind of happened tonight."

Ward expressed disappointment at not stopping Green, not only to impress fans but to gain three points in the tourney standings. But he also failed to knock out Edison Miranda last year, and at this point, Miranda is practically an expert on the texture of canvases. Ward is not a knockout artist. While many fighters have forged solid careers without having heavy hands, it's doubtful that Ward, as Goossen believes, can become a major pay-per-view star without putting some opponents on their backs.



Ward's tactic throughout the fight was to back the reluctant Green into the ropes (top), and then belabor the move with chopping punches on the inside (bottom). The fight plan worked to perfection, smothering Green's power and taking him completely out of the fight.

PHOTOS BY TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME

If his punching power is modest, his personality is also on the quiet side. Since personality is more important than ever in building a fighter, it's hard to imagine Ward developing any sort of crossover appeal. That will take more than his faith in God and a talent for infighting. He's aware of this, though, and when his bout with Kessler drew 10,227 to Oakland, California's Oracle Arena, Ward told the *Oakland Tribune*, "They told me we couldn't put anyone in the arena because I wasn't controversial enough, and we showed them that we can. I don't mind going against the grain, showing people that you don't have to act like an idiot."

Well played, Son of God. But the Oakland faithful didn't come out in the same numbers for Ward-Green. Only 8,797 customers arrived for Ward's first defense of the WBA title, far short of the 18,000 Goossen is predicting for the Ward-Dirrell bout next winter, which Goossen is hoping to bring to Oakland,

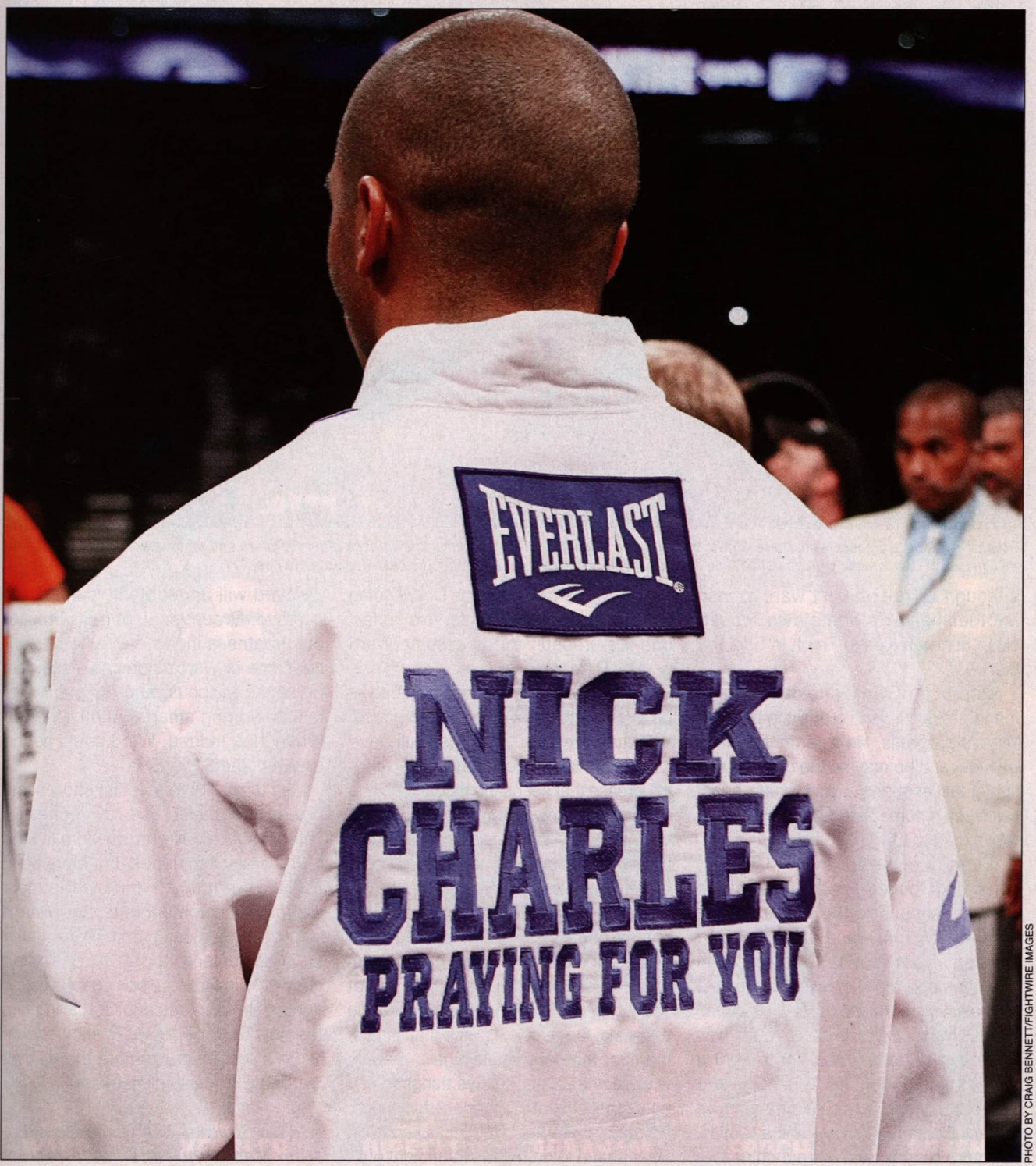


PHOTO BY CRAIG BENNETT/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Classy move: The message on the back of Ward's robe expressed the sentiment of virtually everybody in boxing.

PHOTO BY TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME

Friendly rivals: Ward poses with Andre Dirrell following the Green fight. The two have known each other for years and enjoy a great relationship, but we can expect that friendship to be put on temporary hold when they face each other in the next stage of the Super Six.

although Dirrell doesn't want to visit another fighter's hometown after a close decision loss to Froch in England last year.

Dirrell, an Olympic teammate and friend of Ward's, is in a position to upset Ward's progress. He's certainly skillful enough, and he may be the only tourney fighter fast enough to avoid Ward's head. But there's something about Dirrell that reeks of hard luck.

Even against Abraham in March, when he'd looked fine for most of the bout, he slipped to the canvas in the 11th, another instance of his ongoing problems with footing, and Abraham took the opportunity to swing at him like he was using a machete. Hit while down, Dirrell won by disqualification, but it was unsatisfying. Dirrell has yet to fight a perfect fight during the Super Six, and in order to beat Ward, he'll have to be perfect. No more stumbles to the canvas. No more running without punching. No more lapses in concentration or balance. And since we can't imagine Dirrell going from being an uneven fighter to a perfect one, it's probably fair to assume Ward gets by Dirrell too.

And if he does, you can bet there will be another round of over-the-top praise, or maybe by then, the press will have soured on Ward. Fickleness, after all, is the grease that keeps the media machine running smoothly. But we do know Ward will take it all in stride, for that's what he's done so far. Prior to fighting, Green he let his feelings about the hoopla be known.

"To quote [late UCLA basketball coach] John Wooden, you know, I don't let the praises of the people or the criticism get to me because it's a weakness to get caught up in either one. I appreciate the praises of the people. I honor that. I thank them for that. And those who … people who have a lot of negative things to say about me, even my opponent, his coach, his team, that's fine. But I'm locked in on what I have to do. Fight in and fight out," said Ward.

Ward will undoubtedly continue to improve. Green may not have brought out greatness in Ward, but he brought out some of Ward's admirable qualities: his tenacity, focus, and his good, old-fashioned ring smarts. And he helped prove that, indeed, Ward could be the cream of the Super Six.

We'd still like to see him show some power and maybe use his forehead a little less. We'd like to see him live up to the crazy accolades that have been spilling out lately. Fittingly, the most reasonable comment regarding Ward's win over Green came from Ward's trainer, Virgil Hunter, who said only, "It was a good fight in the development of a young fighter." It wasn't as cool as calling him the new Sugar Ray, but it showed that Ward's team is navigating the river of hype with a sensible set of oars. ■

Don Stradley is a freelance writer from Massachusetts and a regular contributor to THE RING.

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EXPOSURE EXPLOSION!

New Trends Fuel Broadcast Growth

The only way American fans could watch Wladimir Klitschko's heavyweight championship defense against Eddie Chambers live was via Klitschko.com (right). Whereas, mainstream sponsors have kept Fight Night Club alive, which provides a showcase for up-and-comers such as Ronnie Rios, pictured knocking out Manuel Sarabia (opposite page).

PHOTO BY GENE BLEVINS/HOGANPHOTOS/GBP

PHOTO BY LARS BARON/BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

By Tim Starks

It was around the end of 2008 when the number of boxing broadcasts in the United States took a dire turn for the worse. By the time 2009 concluded, the outlook had nosedived from worse to downright bleak. *Wednesday Night Fights* on ESPN2 died in 2008 and so did TeleFutura's *Solo Boxeo*.

For a while, it looked like Versus might fill the void left by some of the missing programming, but it never did. In fact, it aired less boxing in 2009 than it had in the days of its universally loathed deal with Top Rank. Moreover, Azteca's America programming never really grew the way anyone hoped.

But the forecast is decidedly sunnier for boxing viewers in 2010, thanks in part to the shine of the golden arches and the soft glow of the computer screen.

Fast food giant McDonald's, a powerful symbol of capitalism, became the sponsor of

a boxing program. And a fight for the heavyweight championship, once the most coveted prize in the sports world, was broadcast in the United States exclusively via the Internet.

Those specific cases—McDonald's lending its logo to the *Fight Night Club* series and Wladimir Klitschko defending his heavyweight throne against Eddie Chambers on Klitschko.com—represent trends that have helped boxing broadcasts rebound from its nadir.

There isn't any single reason that in one year boxing viewers went from pass me the hemlock to pass me the remote control.

The backing of big sponsors aided the resurrection of *Solo Boxeo*. Fox Sports Net and Fox Sports en Espanol became major players in the sport after dabbling for years. By mere scheduling coincidence, Integrated Sports is airing more pay-per-view boxing cards; it was busy last year airing soccer matches in the lead-up to the World Cup.

Meanwhile, more promoters, publications, overseas television networks and even the WBC—yes, that WBC—have turned to the web to stream live cards.

Here's how significantly the situation has reversed itself: In all of 2009, 121 boxing shows aired, down sharply from 183 in 2008. By the midway point of 2010, 91 live boxing programs will have aired on television, putting the year on a pace as if 2009 never happened.

Furthermore, by the middle of 2010 there will have been at least 50 boxing webcasts. Some of those webcast outlets, such as GoFightLive.tv, existed in 2009, and a handful aired simultaneously on TV. But many others debuted in 2010, including nine shows on WBCBoxing.tv and Top Rank's TRLiveStream. At times, there are almost too many options. One weekend in February, there were 10 different boxing broadcasts.

And more doesn't always equal better, as Chris Arreola's midsection proves. Some of the new programming relies on exclusive deals between promoters and networks, an age-old recipe for terrible fights. And some of boxing's powers-that-be have discovered that webcasting is more trouble than it's worth due to technical difficulties and lackluster viewership.

Even so, the present circumstances are still, on the whole, considerably more encouraging in 2010 than in 2009. Some of the networks that have added boxing programming already are vowing to continue into 2011, and some in the industry view Internet broadcasts of fights as a phenomenon that will only grow.

No examination of televised boxing can exclude HBO, Showtime, and ESPN2. They are the mainstays of the sport, but they aren't a big part of the 2010 broadcast resurgence. Since ESPN2 ditched *Wednesday Night Fights* in 2008 due to budget cuts and HBO reduced the number of pay-per-views in 2009 to shift all but mega-events to subscribers, the three networks have settled into a pattern for their number of shows.

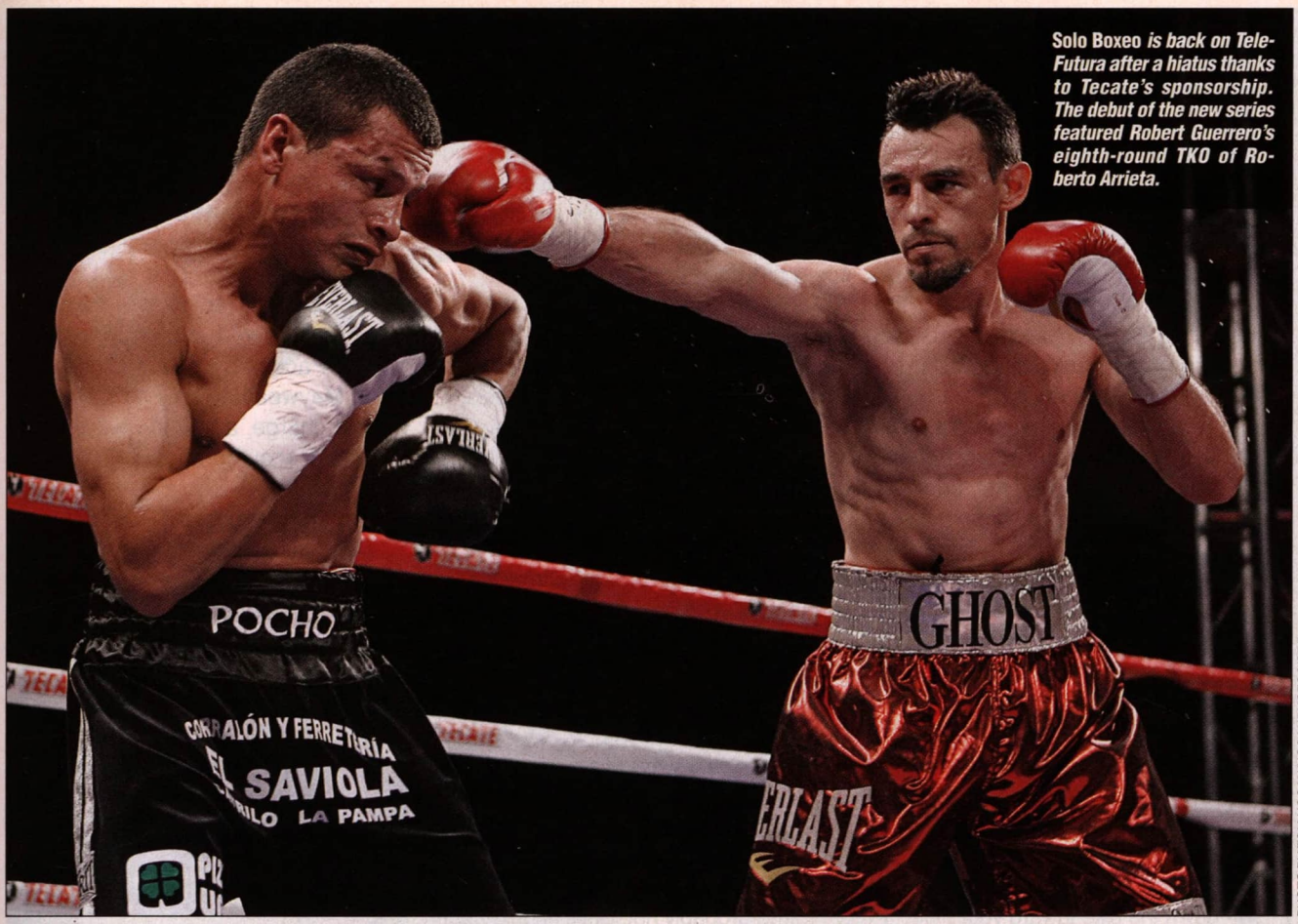
Despite persistent reports of budget cuts at HBO, the richest of the boxing broadcasters consistently airs 10 to 11 *World Championship Boxing* shows and nine to 10 *Boxing After Dark* shows a year according Kery Davis, senior vice president for sports programming at HBO. "It's part of the fabric of our programming," Davis said. "I don't think the outlook in our building on boxing has changed."

Davis wouldn't discuss HBO's budget in detail, but said, "We spend the most money in boxing, and we feel we have enough money to buy the fights we want."

At Showtime, the annual formula calls for about 10 to 12 *Showtime Cham-*

Top Rank has rebounded from its horrendous series on Versus with better quality fights on* Top Rank Live, *such as Vanes Martirosyan's demanding bout with Kassim Ouma in which house-fighter Martirosyan was lucky to escape with the decision.

PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES



Solo Boxeo *is back on TeleFutura after a hiatus thanks to Tecate's sponsorship. The debut of the new series featured Robert Guerrero's eighth-round TKO of Roberto Arrieta.*

PHOTO BY TOM HOGAN/HOGANPHOTOS/GBP

pionship Boxing cards and 15 to 16 *ShoBox* cards. ESPN2 aired 29 *Friday Night Fights* programs in 2009 and will air 29 events in 2010.

It is new programming on other networks that is driving the growth in the amount of televised boxing. And with two of the programs, the explanation bucks conventional wisdom.

UFC boss Dana White has been selling mixed martial arts as the sport for young fans, labeling boxing as the stodgy old sport that will die as soon as its decrepit fans do. Many in the media have bought White's sales pitch.

Someone forgot to tell TeleFutura and the sponsors of *Solo Boxeo* and *Fight Night Club*.

Budget cuts at TeleFutura killed *Solo Boxeo* said Bert Medina, senior vice president and operating manager for the network. Among the chief reasons for its revival: TeleFutura's pursuit of young, male viewers in the Spanish language television market.

Golden Boy Promotions CEO Richard Schaefer said his company's Hispanic fighters suffered when *Solo Boxeo* was canceled in 2008.

"The day after it was announced, we were starting to work on ways to get *Solo Boxeo* back on the air," Schaefer said. "How did we do that? The single most important factor is the sponsors."

For *Solo Boxeo*, beer company Tecate is the headlining sponsor. For Golden Boy's nine 2010 installments *Fight Night Club*—an attempt to create "something young, hip and sexy"—Schaefer said major brands such as McDonald's and Coca-Cola liked the ability to target youthful audiences via Fox Sports Net's lineup of regional channels.

But *Fight Night Club*, which briefly aired on Versus, is not Fox Sports Net's only new program. Fox Sports Net and Fox Sports en Espanol teamed up on *Top Rank Live*, the series that together with *Solo Boxeo* is the major reason there is so much more boxing on TV this year.

Joshua Glassel, vice president of acquisitions and programming for Fox Sports en Espanol, said the network had a regular slot open on Saturday nights it wanted to fill. With soccer airing earlier in the day, live boxing, which rivals soccer among Hispanic sports fans, made "all the sense in the world," Glassel said. David Sussin, Fox Sports Regional Netanaworks' vice president of programming, said boxing provides live entertainment in regions where no professional teams from the MLB or NBA are playing that night. Alas, that also means *Top Rank Live* sometimes gets booted from the schedule in some markets, to the frustration of boxing fans.

Combined, Fox Sports Net and Fox Sports en Espanol reach 100 million homes and will air 36 *Top Rank Live* shows in 2010 under a two-year deal with Top Rank Promotions. The networks are already interested in continuing into 2012. TeleFutura reaches 61 million households and, under its deal with Golden Boy, will air 42 live *Solo Boxeo* programs over a one-year period, 12 of which will be HBO Plus simulcasts.

Although none of the companies involved like discussing specifics of the

arrangements, one aspect of the new programming that makes it more feasible is that promoters are shouldering more of the expenses under exclusive deals.

Usually after networks make exclusive deals with promoters, shoddy matchmaking follows. No amount of honest effort from big stiff Tye Fields could keep him from becoming a symbol of Versus' deal with Top Rank from 2006 to 2008; the more he fought on the network, the clearer it became that Top Rank was exploiting its air time to bamboozle viewers.

Top Rank's Bob Arum offered a mea culpa about his Versus days before signing up for *Top Rank Live*, and the matches have generally been more competitive. Kassim Ouma gave Top Rank prospect Vanes Martirosyan a fright in the season opener, and the show has also featured Odlanier Solis, Jorge Arce, and others in meaningful bouts.

As this issue of THE RING went to print, it was too early to judge the caliber of the TeleFutura shows, but the inaugural card of *Solo Boxeo* did feature Robert Guerrero, who has appeared on HBO. Executives with TeleFutura, Fox Sports Net and Fox Sports en Espanol all said they were happy so far with ratings for the new programs and claim the involvement of the two top promotional outfits actually convinced them to air the shows.

What boxing events fans can't get through their satellite dish or cable wire, they often can via Wi-Fi. The Internet, it turns out, is good for more than videos of adorable puppies and pornography; it's also a growing vessel for legal streams of fisticuffs.

Sometimes, a fight will appear simultaneously on television screens and computer screens. When Polish heavyweight Tomasz Adamek fought Jason Estrada in February, the bout aired on Comcast SportsNet in Chicago, where there's a huge Polish population, and on GoFightLive.tv for $9.99.

Fight Night Club appears on Fox Sports Net, RingTV.com, and Yahoo.com all at once. Schaefer said the Internet offers a good alternative for when Fox Sports Net pre-empts the show in a local market.

The universal availability of the Internet means that boxing fans can watch many fights they once might have to travel to see. So far in 2010, Yahoo has aired untelevised undercards for the Manny Pacquiao-Joshua Clottey and Floyd Mayweather-Shane Mosley cars without charge, a feature that debuted with the Pacquiao-Miguel Cotto show in 2009.

Top Rank launched TRLiveStream in 2010 and began airing untelevised undercards. Thanks to TRLivestream, boxing fans got to see prospect Mike Jones demolish Hector Munoz on the Sergio Martinez-Kelly Pavlik undercard.

In 2010, the Internet has also hosted fights from Britain via Brandhatton.com,

A Look Into The Future

Ever wonder what it would feel like to see a David Haye right cross coming straight down the pike toward your unlucky face? Okay, probably not. But it might happen to you sooner than you think.

Golden Boy chief executive Richard Schaefer said his promotional company was working hard on a project to bring boxing in the ring to 3-D life on screen. And he said it's months, not years, away from happening.

"I think there's a lot of technology still emerging. We try to be on the forefront," Schaefer said. "We've heavily spent time on bringing 3-D to boxing. That's going to be the next wave."

Last year, *Avatar* revitalized 3-D movies in the theaters with a swish of the tail and a swoop of the dragon. In turn, the 3-D movie boom fueled a rush to sell $2,000 3-D televisions to homes. So far, however, sales of the new gadgets haven't taken off. Analysts blame expensive sets, the need for pricey glasses that don't work with other brands and the lack of viewing choices.

But if any sport was made for three dimensions, it's boxing. The spraying sweat. The dripping blood. The flying fists. The strutting ring card girls. The fluttering flaps of an Israel Vazquez cut. The catapulting Kermit Cintron. The jiggling flesh of an American heavyweight …

Schaefer said Golden Boy was working with an LA-based provider on its 3-D boxing project. And he hopes to convince HBO to embrace it as well.

Kery Davis, senior vice president of sports programming at HBO, said the promise of 3-D boxing warranted study.

"Whether it be high-def or on demand, innovation is great for the sport," he said. "I know that 3-D television is certainly around the corner. We'll continue to look into it. We're early in the process right now."

Davis might not want to look too closely at that 3-D cotton swab exploring Vitali Klitschko's gorge, though. He might decide some innovations are better left alone.

—T.S.

PHOTO BY HOGANPHOTOS/GBP

Schaefer sees potential in 3-D boxing

Tomasz Adamek punished Jason Estrada en route to a unanimous 12-round decision in February 2010. The fight aired on Comcast SportsNet in Chicago, where there's a huge Polish population, but the rest of the country had to watch it on GoFightLive.tv for $9.99.

PHOTO BY EMILY HARNEY/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

from Germany via Klitschko.com, from Ireland via RTE.ie, and from Canada via SecondsOutTV.com.

The problem with the next big thing in the technology world is that sometimes it's not ready for today. Some fans reported technical difficulties when viewing Klitschko-Chambers in cyberspace, prompting a retreat back to terrestrial television via Integrated Sports for Vitali Klitschko's subsequent fight against Albert Sosnowski.

GoFightLive.tv is the outlet that hosts more boxing webcasts than any other outlet—15 shows through the middle of 2010.

"When promoters decide to go that route themselves, they very quickly decide that it may not have been the best alternative," said CEO Dave Klarman, who's watched part-time Internet broadcasters struggle to even get their events live.

Webcasting is costly Klarman said, and, between securing bandwidth, collaborating with content delivery providers, and offering customer service, difficult. Nor is it a path to millions of dollars, he said. Even for a free boxing show, audiences have been small. Even so, it gives promoters a way to expose young fighters to new audiences that otherwise wouldn't see them as often, such as Shawn Porter, a regular on the website.

Naturally, Don King has grand ambitions for making money from Internet boxing. In 2008, he became a web pioneer among big-name promoters by broadcasting Cory Spinks-Verno Phillips via DonKingTV.com. The site has aired a total of four live boxing events, and he had planned to air Spinks-Cornelius Bundrage there before postponing the June show.

The model King has in mind would draw investors who subsidize not just boxing but other programming. But he said his main motive is to free himself from the hold of networks, which he thinks have too much control over boxing.

King is undaunted by the technical difficulties he encountered early on with one of his webcasts: "Those are growing pains," he said. "Nobody is born talking, running, walking, singing out of the womb."

Klarman said the television industry feels threatened by webcasting, even though it shouldn't be, as no one will watch a webcast on their computer when they can watch it on a 50-inch plasma TV. But with iPads and smart phones catching on, and with Internet Protocol TV representing a growing part of GoFightLive.tv's customer base, the threat may one day become authentic.

For now, though, televised boxing and webcast boxing coexist in a way that results in much more boxing at fans' fingertips. ■

Tim Starks is a freelancer writer and the creator of queensberryrules.com

Chris Arreola

"Boxing Was Always My Gang"

Chris "The Nightmare" Arreola was the great American and Mexican-American heavyweight hope until September 2009 in Los Angeles when he ran into too many Vitali Klitschko right hands. But though his corner surrendered at the end of 10 rounds, Arreola, 28-2 (25), may actually have gained more fans that night. Round after round, he backed up his bigger opponent, making him throw more punches than he wanted to. Arreola never for one minute stopped trying to win, and after this, his first loss, he cried like a baby. He'd have been the first heavyweight of Mexican heritage to hold a major title, a circumstance that placed him under more than the usual pressure.

Though "Dr. Ironfist" had Arreola's number, he's had every opponent's number since 2003, when he was stopped on cuts after six rounds by then-world champion Lennox Lewis. These days it seems there are two heavyweight divisions—one made up of the methodical but predictably efficient Klitschko brothers—Vitali and THE RING champion Wladimir—and a second consisting of everyone else. In his contest against Vitali, Arreola showed he belonged somewhere near the top of that second division. A pressure fighter, he throws short, hard punches and varied combinations, packs power in both hands, and snaps out a surprisingly sharp, nasty jab. He can take a good punch and is probably too impatient, always looking to do serious business in there.

Arreola's most pressing problem is well known: his weight. He came in at 239 pounds against Chazz Witherspoon in June 2008 and never made it below 250 since. He packed a jiggly 263 pounds on his 6' 4" frame against Brian Minto in December 2009, a dubious Arreola record.

THE RING's "Digging Deep" columnist and West Coast correspondent Ivan Goldman interviewed Arreola a few weeks after his second loss, by unanimous decision, to Tomasz Adamek. The excellent match-up spawned one of the better heavyweight fights of the last few years.

Goldman reports: "I've been to quite a few of Chris' fights, which is why I never doubted him when he said after his loss to Adamek that he'd badly injured his left hand around the fifth round and then his right hand sometime later. I doubt he'd even know how to lie. We met at his promoter Dan Goossen's office in Los Angeles. I showed up early, and Chris was already waiting for me, so was THE RING photographer Jan Sanders. Jan's a friend of Chris who'd driven in with Chris' sister Andrea, a neighbor of Jan's in Tijuana [Mexico]. Andrea, whose personality is similar to her brother's, joined in for part of the interview. Most fighters are pretty nice guys, but few are as open and unassuming as Chris Arreola. He knows how to laugh at himself and does so, often."

The Ring: We hear often that heavyweights today just don't match up to previous eras. What's your take on this?

Chris Arreola: I think it isn't true. For a long time, I thought Lennox Lewis was a horrible fighter. But now, he's a legend and deserves to be. Later on, when this generation is over, they'll say the Klitschkos were great fighters, and they are. They will fight anybody. You've got to respect that about them. You could put them in any era, and they'd do just as good. I'd do just as good too. People ask some of these fighters, "You think you can beat this other guy?" And sometimes they'll actually say "no." I think you have to believe in yourself or else why get in the ring? You should always believe in yourself. The one thing I like most about Floyd Mayweather: He says what he feels. He says if you don't believe you're the best fighter in the ring, what are you even doing in there? I believe in that 100 percent. But a lot of times it takes a while before people appreciate fighters for what they were.

The Ring: You don't know what you've got till it's gone.

CA: Exactly.

The Ring: In the July issue of The Ring, Wladimir Klitschko, not normally a trash talker, calls David Haye a pussy. Did you read the interview?

CA: I did. He calls him a bitch. Here's the thing about David Haye. I believe he earned his stripes when he beat John Ruiz, but I still don't care much for him because of the way he went about getting his title.

The Ring: Taking fights against both Klitschkos and then ducking out of them so he could get an easier title off Nicolay Valuev?

PHOTO BY JAN SANDERS

CA: Yeah. He makes a big hoopla, big show about wanting to get at the Klitschkos, but there's nothing going on at his end to make the fight. Basically, he's trying to sell himself, trying to make himself worth more than the Klitschko brothers. But they don't need him. They sell out soccer stadiums in Germany with or without Haye.

The Ring: Haye is probably in your future, don't you think?

CA: I'd love to fight David Haye. Of course I would. Once again though, I've got to earn my stripes. My last loss doesn't help me out. I've got to earn my title. I owe boxing fans a lot and the sport a lot because I came into these fights not in the greatest of shape.

PHOTO BY JAN SANDERS

"[David Haye] makes a big hoopla, big show about wanting to get at the Klitschkos, but there's nothing going on at his end to make the fight. Basically, he's trying to sell himself, trying to make himself worth more than the Klitschko brothers. But they don't need him. They sell out soccer stadiums in Germany with or without Haye."

The Ring: Since you bring it up, what you're doing is like going in there with a 20- or 30-pound pack on your back. It does you no good at all.

CA: I agree. I should come in at 235. What happens is midnight comes, or maybe when 10 o'clock comes, and I get hungry and I eat. Around midday, I get hungry too. I wake up in the morning and I work out right away, so I don't want to eat before I work out. Afterward, I eat maybe a chicken sandwich. Then I go to the boxing gym at six in the evening. Afterward, I'm hungry. It's just the way I am.

The Ring: Losing weight is hard, but I'd guess that for a million dollars, most of our readers would lose the weight or bust a gut trying.

CA: That's true, and they have a right to say that. I let down Dan [Goossen] and [trainer] Henry [Ramirez], my fans, everybody.

The Ring: You're tough. You can be tough against Oreo cookies.

CA: Sometimes it grabs you. Food is my crack *(laughs)*.

The Ring: Mexicans are considered tough but not big. You're tough and big. How did this affect you when you were growing up?

CA: It really didn't. I've been boxing since I was seven years old. My dad told me, "Never fight in the street." I've been in two street fights in my whole life. You could almost say only one because one just wasn't very serious.

The Ring: What were they about?

CA: The first one was something really dumb. I was peeing and afterward when I flushed the toilet, I got water on some kid's shoes. I mean I was sorry, but he wanted to fight and I had to fight. The next one was really nuts. I was at a Hooters with some friends, and some guy I didn't know wanted me to pay his tab. We were just sitting there minding our own business, and when I refused to pay for him, he called me outside. Unbelievable.

The Ring: He doesn't sound terribly smart.

CA: A real nut, like I said. The thing is, I'm not an aggressive person. When I'm in the ring, I'm a totally different person than when I'm walking the streets. Just

this weekend, I was at a pool party, and I was talking to a guy there who said after a while, "Hey, you're a nice guy. I thought you'd be a jerk." I guess I look a little scary to some people, but that's not the way I am. I'm mellow.

The Ring: Valuev says the same thing. People look at him and they think: monster. But you're not always looking at what you might think you're looking at. He listens to classical music. But as for staying away from trouble, one way you did that was staying out of the gang life. Or am I wrong about that?

CA: No, you're right. I was lucky to have a strong father in my life. There's nothing like saying, "I'm gonna tell your dad." Nothing will ever compare to that to keep you straight. I still remember this one day I came home, around the third grade. There were a lot of gangs around then. I told my dad, "Hey I'm from Florence now." You know, a big LA street gang. I'm really proud. My dad smacked me around and beat the crap out of me. Then he said, "Get your s___. We're going to the gym." Boxing was always my gang. My dad kept me away from all that. I was really fortunate to have that in my life. Kids do what they can get away with. It's up to the parents.

The Ring: Where did you grow up?

CA: East LA.

The Ring: And when did you move to Riverside? [50 miles to the east]

CA: When I was 16. I had one month left in my sophomore year. That's when I stopped boxing for a while. I played on the basketball and football teams in my junior and senior years.

The Ring: What position?

CA: I was a power forward in basketball, a small power forward, real grimy, like Dennis Rodman or James McDaniels. I liked to hustle. That's me. The thing about it is, I was always constantly playing basketball. Just loved it. When I went to RCC [Riverside Community College] I tried out, and I wasn't good enough to make the squad. I was good in basketball. I used to dunk. But I was nowhere near as good as I am in boxing.

The Ring: And in football?

CA: Defensive end and tight end. I hated playing tight end. I hate blocking.

PHOTO BY JAN SANDERS

"I'm not an aggressive person. When I'm in the ring I'm a totally different person than when I'm walking the streets. Just this weekend, I was at a pool party, and I was talking to a guy there who said after a while, "Hey, you're a nice guy. I thought you'd be a jerk." I guess I look a little scary to some people, but that's not the way I am."

I'd rather be the one hitting than the one getting hit.

The Ring: A lot of players would agree with you. When did you get back into boxing?

CA: I got back into the amateurs at the end of 2000 [age 19]. After three months of training, I won the [middleweight] National Golden Gloves title.

The Ring: Did being a Golden Gloves champion help you out with girls?

CA: No one ever really knew I was a boxer. I always kept it hush-hush. They never knew until finally they saw me on TV. I'm not a guy that boasts or anything like that. I don't big shot somebody. I go to eat at regular places. I'm not too big to take a bus either.

DON'T MISS WILLIAM DETTLOFF

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Always insightful and often provocative, William Dettloff, The Ring's senior writer, is the thinking-fans' columnist, a writer who never settles for the same old stale commentary you've already read a dozen times. For example, here's Dettloff's take on a handful of hot topics:

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The Ring: Do you have any brothers or sisters besides Andrea?

CA: I have three sisters and two brothers. My older brother is 39 years old. He didn't live with us. He was adopted by a family when he was a kid.

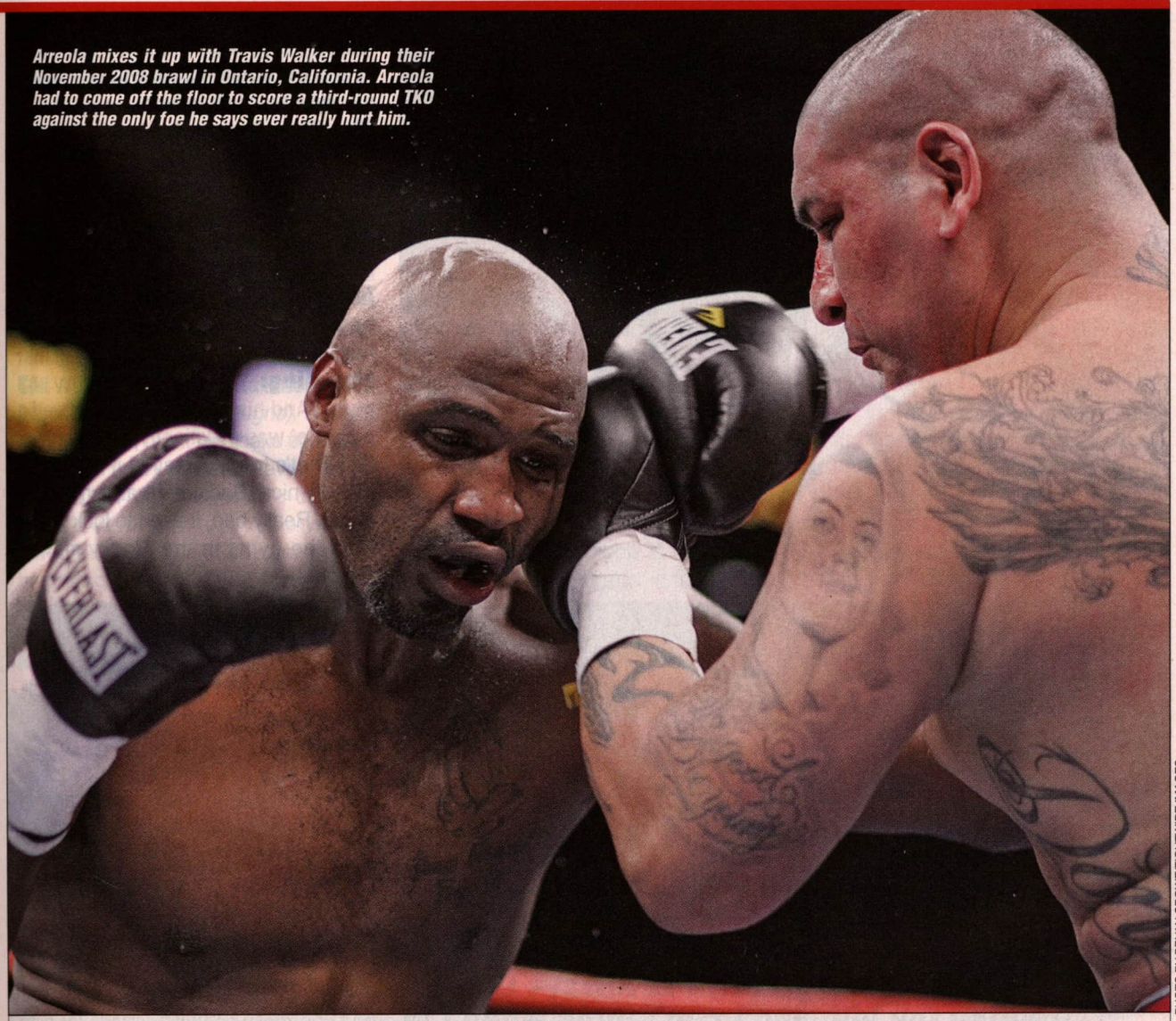
The Ring: What did your parents do for a living?

CA: My dad worked construction. He was a finish carpenter, cabinets, and all sorts of work like that. My mom worked in a metal factory. I'm not sure exactly what she did there.

The Ring: We don't hear too much about your personal life. Do you have any children?

PHOTO BY JAN SANDERS

"I was a power forward in basketball, a small power forward, real grimy, like Dennis Rodman or James McDaniels. I liked to hustle. That's me. The thing about it is, I was always constantly playing basketball. Just loved it ... but I was nowhere near as good as I am in boxing."



Arreola mixes it up with Travis Walker during their November 2008 brawl in Ontario, California. Arreola had to come off the floor to score a third-round TKO against the only foe he says ever really hurt him.

PHOTO BY BRYAN CROWE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

CA: I have a daughter eight years old. She's a softball player.

The Ring: Your parents are alive?

CA: Very much so. I see my mom three times a week and my dad at least once a month. They got divorced when I was 12 years old. That's when I first moved to Riverside with my mom. Then six months later, my dad had an accident on the job. It almost severed his whole left arm. I had to come out and help him, so I moved back to LA for a while.

The Ring: How's his arm now?

CA: It's just there. It doesn't work anymore. But he's still training kids. He runs a boxing gym in Compton for the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department. He and my original trainer, Hector "Sharky" Rodriguez, are both still training fighters. Hector's in his 80s now. He was an assistant coach at the '84 Olympics. I used to train at the Resurrection Gym [in East Los Angeles] when Oscar [De La Hoya] was there.

The Ring: You probably have a little more money in your pockets now than you did in those days.

CA: A lot more. The only thing it goes to is my daughter and my shoes. I don't live in a palace or anything like that. I'm in a humble house. I was watching a show about the last 48 hours of Kurt Cobain's life. These big-time rock 'n' roll guys, when they make it, they buy a big mansion. After the first year, they stay in one room plus the kitchen and bathroom. That's it. You don't need all those rooms. My house is a three-bedroom place. I live there with my daughter and my older brother.

The Ring: Have people been hitting you up for money since you made a name for yourself?

CA: I'm an a-hole when it comes to that. I tell them to go f___ themselves. It's very rare when they do ask me for money, but they do sometimes. Whenever we go out, I'm always the one fronting the bill, and I don't mind when I'm with my friends. But sometimes I go to a club, and next thing you know, five other guys I don't even know are sitting at my table drinking, and they become my responsibility. At the same time, I hate feeling I'm being a dick, so it puts me in a spot. I think about Julio Cesar Chavez, one of my favorite boxers ever. The reason I love him is not just because he was a great fighter in the ring, which he was, but also because of the person he was

PHOTO BY JAN SANDERS

"Whenever we go out, I'm always the one fronting the bill, and I don't mind when I'm with my friends. But sometimes I go to a club, and next thing you know, five other guys I don't even know are sitting at my table drinking, and they become my responsibility. At the same time, I hate feeling I'm being a dick, so it puts me in a spot."

outside the ring. He'd always sign autographs, take pictures with people. He's another reason I am the way I am when fans ask me for something like that. Now you take Oscar, I think he's a great fighter and he's been great for the community, but I remember when he came back from the [1992] Olympics to the Resurrection Gym [now the Oscar De La Hoya Youth Center], a bunch of us kids wanted his autograph, and kids were looking at his medal because he had it with him. One kid was kind of touching it with his fingers. I remember him yanking it away from us. I don't remember what he said, exactly, but I remember thinking, *this is a f___ing douche-bag.* I look back on it, and I can only imagine how it was for him. But I remember it rubbed me the wrong way. The thing is, I used to see him at the gym all the time. So it was kind of discouraging, the way he treated us. We weren't strangers.

The Ring: Fernando Vargas would agree. He made a career out of calling Oscar a douche-bag until Oscar knocked him out.

CA: Don't get me wrong. Oscar's done a lot for the sport.

Andrea: The Resurrection Gym used to be free. Then he bought it, and now you have to pay.

The Ring: You don't have to pay much. And his story is that he saved a gym that was practically falling down.

CA: That's true. He saved it and made it really nice. Because that gym was a dump. Really bad. It used to look worse than the gyms in the *Rocky* movies *(laughs)*.

The Ring: You live with your older brother now, but you didn't grow up with him?

CA: That's right. I had to hire an investigator to find him.

The Ring: There must be a story in that.

CA: My mom was 14 when she came to the US from Mexico. She used to clean houses, go house to house. One day she got raped. She got pregnant and she went back to Mexico for a while. And when she came back, it was with my brother. She'd have a couple babysit him while she worked. But she was young and she really couldn't provide for him, so he was adopted by another family.

The Ring: What's his name?

CA: Carlos McHenry.

The Ring: Change of subject. How are your hands?

CA: Better, but not there yet *(clenches fists, spreads fingers)*. My right was swollen really, really bad [after the Adamek fight]. It happens. It was the left that got hurt earlier, in the fifth round. We're looking to fight again in August.

The Ring: Maybe you need to change the way your hands are wrapped.

CA: My cutman is William Schunke and he does the wrapping. He learned everything he knows from Joe Chavez.

The Ring: When it comes to expert hand wrappers, Joe Chavez is the one you always hear about on the West Coast.

CA: Yeah. I've known Joe Chavez since I was nine years old. William is going to talk to Joe about it and see what he thinks, if there's anything else we need to do.

The Ring: Speaking of your corner, are you getting a little tired of critics taking shots at Henry Ramirez? They're all over him because he's not much older than you are, and they never heard of him before they saw him in your corner.

CA: Well, I'd rather they talk about him than about my weight *(laughs)*. Henry's a good trainer, man. He soaks up knowledge from every trainer he ever met.

The Ring: Whenever the camera goes to your corner to see what's going on there, he always seems to be giving you solid instructions.

CA: He does. Right now, Henry's going to share some of his duties with Eduardo Garcia [best known for training Fernando Vargas]. We bring in other people to see what they can add.

The Ring: You think a lot of the Klitschkos. How did Vitali's punches compare to punches you've taken from other fighters?

CA: I was never hurt in that fight. The only time I've been hurt was when I fought Travis Walker.

The Ring: And you went down.

CA: Yeah. It was a really strong thudding punch.

The Ring: And you got up and stopped him in what round?

CA: The third. Klitschko, what he's got going for him in his fights is his boxing skills, the way he adapts. In the eighth round, I faked him out, and I was getting to him. It looked like the fight could turn around. But when he came out in the ninth round, he completely switched up on me. He was able to adjust just like that. People say he's too tall, too rangy. Yeah. But he knew how to use it. I've fought really tall guys before. That's no big deal. It's not that he's tall. That's not what does it for him. He's a technician, a perfect technician.

The Ring: People tend to talk about your power punching, probably because of all your knockouts. But in the first few rounds against Adamek, for instance, you were beating him with the jab. You could see it was something he didn't expect.

CA: Yeah, I was really sticking him with the jab. I almost dropped him with a jab.

PHOTO BY CRAIG BENNETT/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Although he was stopped in the 11th round, Arreola never stopped moving forward in his September 2009 bout with Vitali Klitschko. "I've fought really tall guys before," said Arreola. "That's no big deal. It's not that he's tall. That's not what does it for him. He's a technician, a perfect technician."

But after I hurt my hand, I was just flicking it, not throwing it with authority. But injuries, they're something that just comes with boxing. They're a part of the sport. I should have showed up in better shape. I believe I honestly could have stopped him. I also believe he knew my hand was hurt. So in the later rounds, he was able to come in. He could throw his combination and run. In the early rounds, he wasn't getting away with that because of my jab. One thing we always say, we call the jab *la clave*, the key. It opens up doors. You start snapping a guy's head back with a jab, and it opens doors to all kinds of scenarios.

The Ring: You know, when we print this interview, people will have a hard time believing your language was this clean. Not after seeing you interviewed after one of your fights on HBO.

CA: When I do those interviews, there's no one else I can be but myself. And right after a fight, the emotion and everything just comes out. I don't curse to be malicious. It's just the way I talk sometimes. You know the WBC suspended me from its rankings for six months.

The Ring: For swearing.

CA: Yeah, it was after the Klitschko fight.

The Ring: Let's not even discuss the WBC rankings. No sense getting you in trouble again. Do you have any regrets?

CA: A couple. First, not getting a strength conditioning coach a lot sooner. We got Darryl Hudson two or three fights before the Klitschko fight. If we'd done that sooner, I believe the fight would have been a different story. That fight, I was fighting myself and my weight to get ready. The whole time I was just worried about cutting weight. It took up all my attention. It was always the big topic instead of how to fight the fight. There was a better way to handle it.

The Ring: I understand you only started doing roadwork recently.

CA: It's true. All my conditioning I got out of sparring.

The Ring: James Toney was the same way. He loved to spar, hated to train.

CA: I sparred with James Toney.

The Ring: A great talent.

CA: He was.

The Ring: Too bad he didn't train more seriously. He'd have done even bigger things. There's a lesson there.

CA: I know.

The Ring: Now you probably have to pay your sparring partners.

CA: I do sometimes. Isn't that something?

The Ring: Be happy you've had that much success.

CA: That's true.

The Ring: So what are you doing now about conditioning?

PHOTO BY JAN SANDERS

Arreola poses with his sister, Andrea, and The Ring's Ivan Goldman following the interview conducted at promoter Dan Goossen's office. "Most fighters are pretty nice guys," said Goldman, "but few are as open and unassuming as Chris Arreola."

CA: I still hate to run. Just putting on headphones and running, I can't do that. It's too boring. So we mix it up—basketball, wind sprints, different movements, different stuff all the time. Fast drills, running all out, then walking, and then a sprint. Now next thing you know, I've run six miles. Darryl puts it together for me.

The Ring: You said you had two regrets.

CA: The second has to do with my last fight, against Adamek. I was my own worst enemy. My team does its job—Al [Haymon, advisor and de facto manager], Marylyn [Aceves, publicist], Dan, they all do their job. And I didn't do my part for that fight. Even if I would have won, I'd still kick myself in the ass for not coming in in good enough shape. I make my life chaos. What can I say?

The Ring: One of your tattoos is related to a serious tragedy that came later in your life. Can you tell us a little about it?

CA: The tattoo is a picture of Alex Carranza, a dead buddy of mine.

The Ring: Is it okay to talk about it?

CA: *(nods)* We had a Halloween party, it's going to be three years this Halloween. 2007. And everything was going good, you know? Strictly friends. It was nice. But you know how those things go. Word gets around and other people show up. Alex, he was smoking a cigarette outside with a girl. I go to get some beer, I come back and there are police cars and everything. First thing I hear is Alex got shot. This one guy had been out in front of the house and he started shooting at another guy, and the guy he was shooting at tried to pull his gun out of his pocket and shoot back while he's falling back *(demonstrates)*. He managed to get off one shot and it hit Alex. It bounced around inside him and finally hit his heart.

The Ring: What happened to the guy who shot him?

CA: I don't know. Nothing's going to bring Alex back. So I just forgot about all the rest. I don't concern myself with that. I canceled a fight in the Cayman Islands afterwards. This guy was like my brother. We did everything together. Whenever anybody would see one of us, they'd ask about the other. That's how we were. But he was just in the wrong place at the wrong time, and there was nothing you could do. This guy was 6'5", 240 pounds, another big Mexican. He was ... When he died it was really hard for me. When we moved to Riverside, he was one of the first guys I met. We just clicked together right away. Underneath his picture on my left arm, it says, "the good die young." Alex never asked anything of me. He used to drive me around when I didn't have money for a car. He'd drive me anywhere, to LA, anything to help me. I was always broke, and he'd just pay. He said, "One day, you have to bring me in the ring with you before a fight." That was all he asked. He didn't want anything else.

The Ring: Did he ever make it into the ring?

CA: No.

Jan Sanders: Yes he did. Now he goes in the ring with you every time. ■

PHOTO BY JAN SANDERS

"When I do those interviews, there's no one else I can be but myself. And right after a fight, the emotion and everything just comes out. I don't curse to be malicious. It's just the way I talk sometimes."

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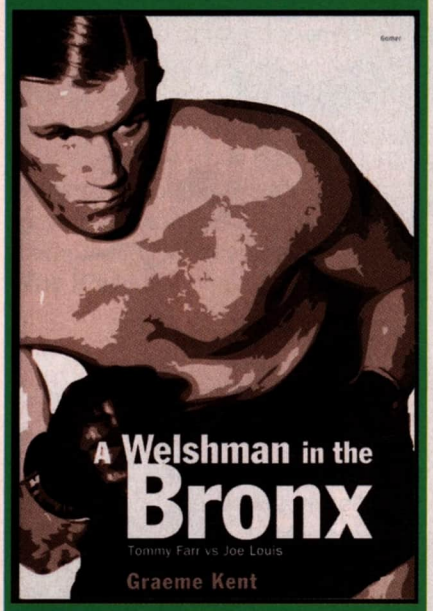


***Editor's note:** On August 30, 1937, heavyweight champion Joe Louis made his first defense of the title he'd won from Jim Braddock slightly more than two months prior. His challenger was light-punching Welshman Tommy Farr, who was assumed to be a relatively easy foe. But Farr, despite an ongoing feud with manager Ted Broadribb hanging over his head, put up a tremendous struggle and when the 15-round decision in Louis' favor was announced, many of the almost 37,000 fans at Yankee Stadium booed. Farr's brave stand made him a hero on both sides of the Atlantic. The following chapter from **A Welshman In The Bronx** explores the aftermath of the Louis fight in what turned out to be the highlight of "The Tonypandy Terror's" career.*

A WELSHMAN IN THE BRONX:

TOMMY FARR VS. JOE LOUIS

By Graeme Kent

From being the recipient of the sportswriter's cruel jokes, Tommy Farr's press reception reflected the gallantry of his effort against Joe Louis. The morning after the fight one headline ran "Another Kicking For the Experts." Another said "Farr Loses Fight But Gains Friends." Farr was suddenly the man of the hour. Most of the sportswriters were quick to make amends for their previous criticisms, describing Farr as "doughty," "gutsy," and "a revelation." Even referee Arthur Donovan grudgingly admitted that the Welsh boxer had displayed "the toughest jaw and the gamest spirit I ever saw in any fighter." On September 1, *The Winnipeg Free Press* summed up the feelings of many in their account of the match:

"Every man with British blood in his veins tingled with pride Monday night as round after round went by and the gallant Welshman stayed in there, giving as good as he received in a battle with the ring's hardest hitter."

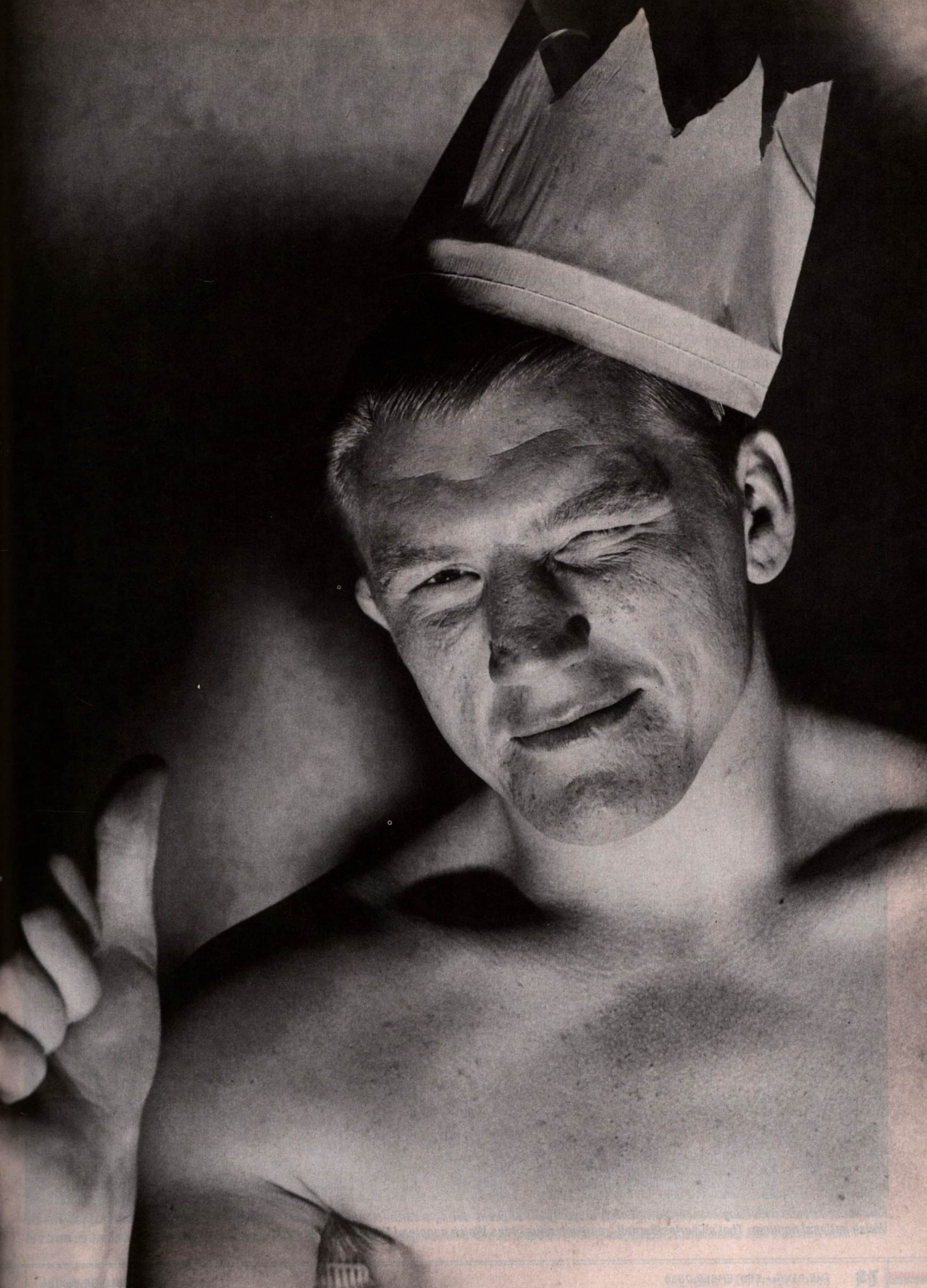
Impartially, the *London Times* correspondent congratulated both contestants, saying that the bout had been one of the few really clever heavyweight bouts seen in recent years. Some of the American writers were not so even-handed in their judgments. Having been proved entirely wrong in their predictions about Farr's inability to survive against Louis, many of them sought fresh scapegoats to pillory. In the first instance they picked on Donovan and the radio commentator Clem McCarthy. Donovan's action in giving 13 of the rounds to Louis came in for particular criticism. The day after the championship bout, Donovan presented himself at promoter Mike Jacobs' office to pick up his $250 fee.

The waiting writers surrounded him like ravenous wolves. The referee was emphatically of the opinion that his scoring had been spot on. "Louis won in a breeze—a walk," he declared. "He never took a deep breath from start to finish. Farr won just one round in that fight and I'll stake my reputation as a referee on it."

McCarthy was criticized for giving a lopsided commentary, making the result sound much closer than it really had been. *The Afro American* newspaper said, "Either McCarthy was broadcasting one of the preliminary fights by mistake or he doesn't like Joe Louis." *The Lowell Sun* concurred: "The famous Clem McCarthy who dentally talks too fast gave the idea throughout that the Welchman (sic) had the fight in his pocket." Jacobs upbraided the commentator for criticizing his champion thus spoiling Louis as a box-office attraction.

Others tried to cover their errors of judgment by claiming that Louis had been overestimated. Harry Grayson of *Newspaper Enterprise Associates* wrote, "Louis, I fear, was a study in American mob psychology. The Alabama born darkie was rushed to the front when the field was unbelievably bad, even for heavyweights." In the *New York Sun*, Wilbur Woods wrote, "Farr presented what should be final proof that Louis is not a great fighter, by going the derby distance with him without a right-hand punch and with only cleverness, courage, and a fair sort of straight left." Rather prematurely, as it turned out, Jack Miley started a hunt for the next champion: "Since Joe has one foot in the bucket and another on a banana peel, we may soon have to pick another boy for his job." All the prophets of doom were to be proved wrong. Louis retained his title for well over a decade, defending it on another 24 occasions.

A gaggle of former champions, tired of playing golf and fronting bars, also tried to get in on the act. Jack Dempsey declared that now Farr had observed the



champion's weaknesses at close hand, the challenger would have no trouble in winning a return bout. Max Baer and James J. Braddock both claimed that they would have no trouble in defeating Louis on the form he had displayed against the Welshman.

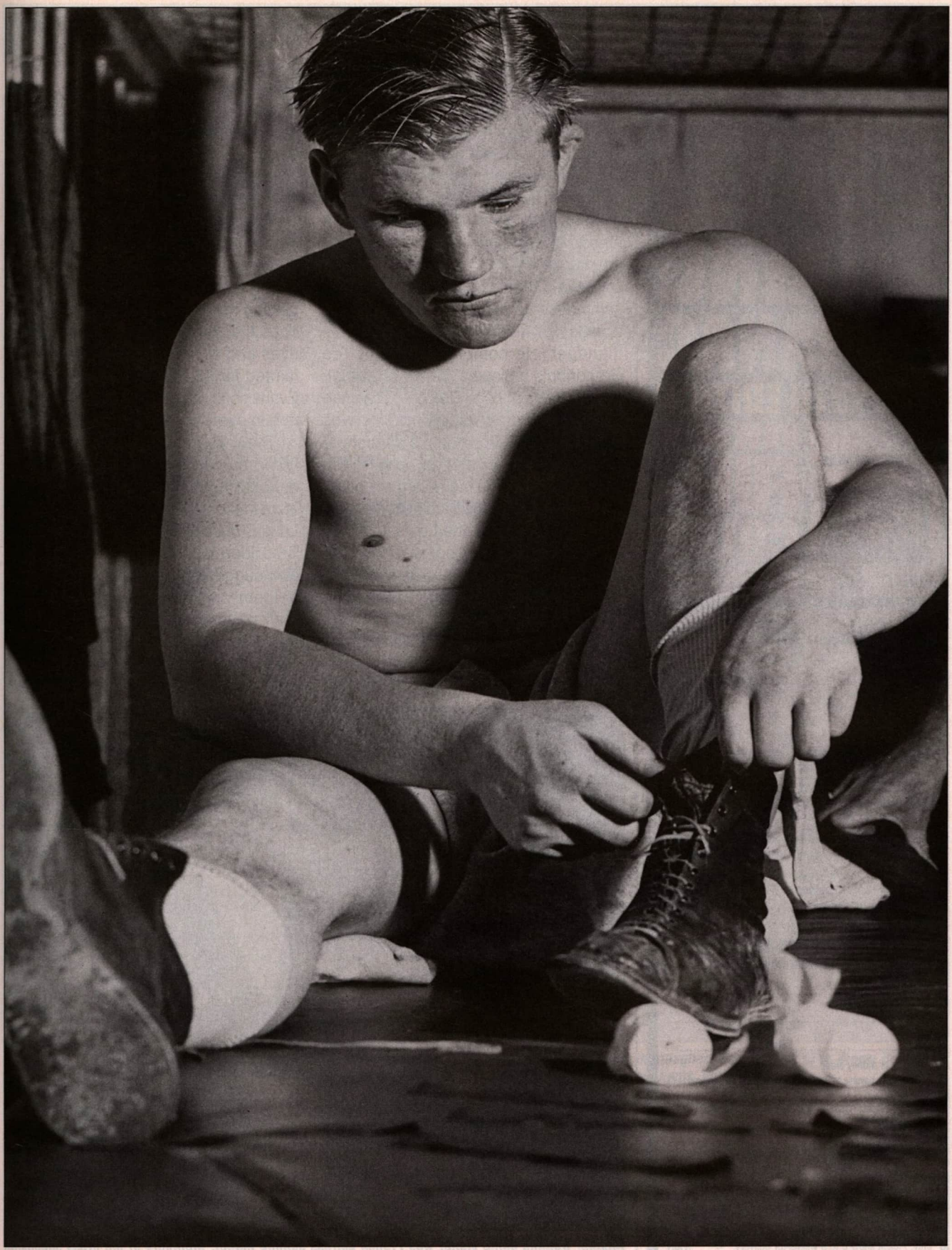
Even the high rollers among the gambling fraternity were relatively subdued, so lacking in enthusiasm had they been about the Welshman's chances of winning. Art Rooney, the owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, had once won $108,000 in a single day at the Saratoga racetrack, but even though he had had a hunch about Farr's durability, he had not been confident enough to bet the farm on it. He emerged rather sheepishly from the bookmaker's with only $400, so small had been his wager.

Back in Wales, there was unreserved admiration for their champion's progress. No matter what unpleasantness Farr was undergoing in the USA, in the United Kingdom he was being idolized. Around Tonypandy and other towns and villages in the Rhondda Valley, miners and their families catcalled and hissed when the decision in favor of Louis was announced. Technicians manning power stations reported that much more electricity was being used than normal. Just before dawn many of them climbed the mountainside at Trealaw to the huge bonfire they had laid with so much care in the days before the fight. If Farr had won the title they were going to ignite the beacon, so that everyone for miles around would witness the ex-miner's triumph. Tommy may have lost, but they lit the fire anyway because he had put up such a close scrap. They set off fireworks and sang traditional Welsh songs to the accompaniment of an accordion. All along the mountains the flames were seen and other bonfires were ignited, making those without access to radios believe that the Clydach Vale-born scrapper had indeed won. Then they went home for their breakfasts before the men changed back into their pit clothes and reported for the day shift. A reporter knocked on the door of Dick Farr and asked for his reaction to the decision.

"Tell Tommy we're proud of him," said Tommy's brother.

Within a week of the championship a heavily curtailed film of the fight was being distributed in cinemas around the United Kingdom by Gaumont British

Farr shakes hands with Long Branch, New Jersey, Mayor Alton V. Evans during a ceremony at which the boxer is presented a flag emblazoned with the Welsh national emblem. That's Charles Barnett, representative of the Welsh people of England, in the middle.



Farr laces up his boxing boots prior to a workout at his training camp in Long Branch where he prepared for his heavyweight championship fight with Joe Louis.

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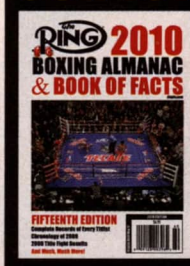

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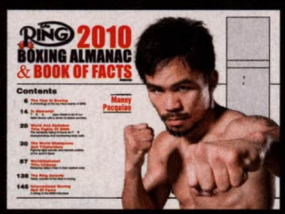

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News, "from the scene to the screen in a flash." The edited version made it look as if Farr had been on top throughout.

Meanwhile, Farr was lying exhausted in bed at Long Branch, New Jersey, so badly beaten that he was unable to leave the house for several days. He described his condition graphically: "My face looked like a dug-up road. It felt as though I'd been run over by a lorry. There wasn't a muscle in my body that didn't ache with the pain of it."

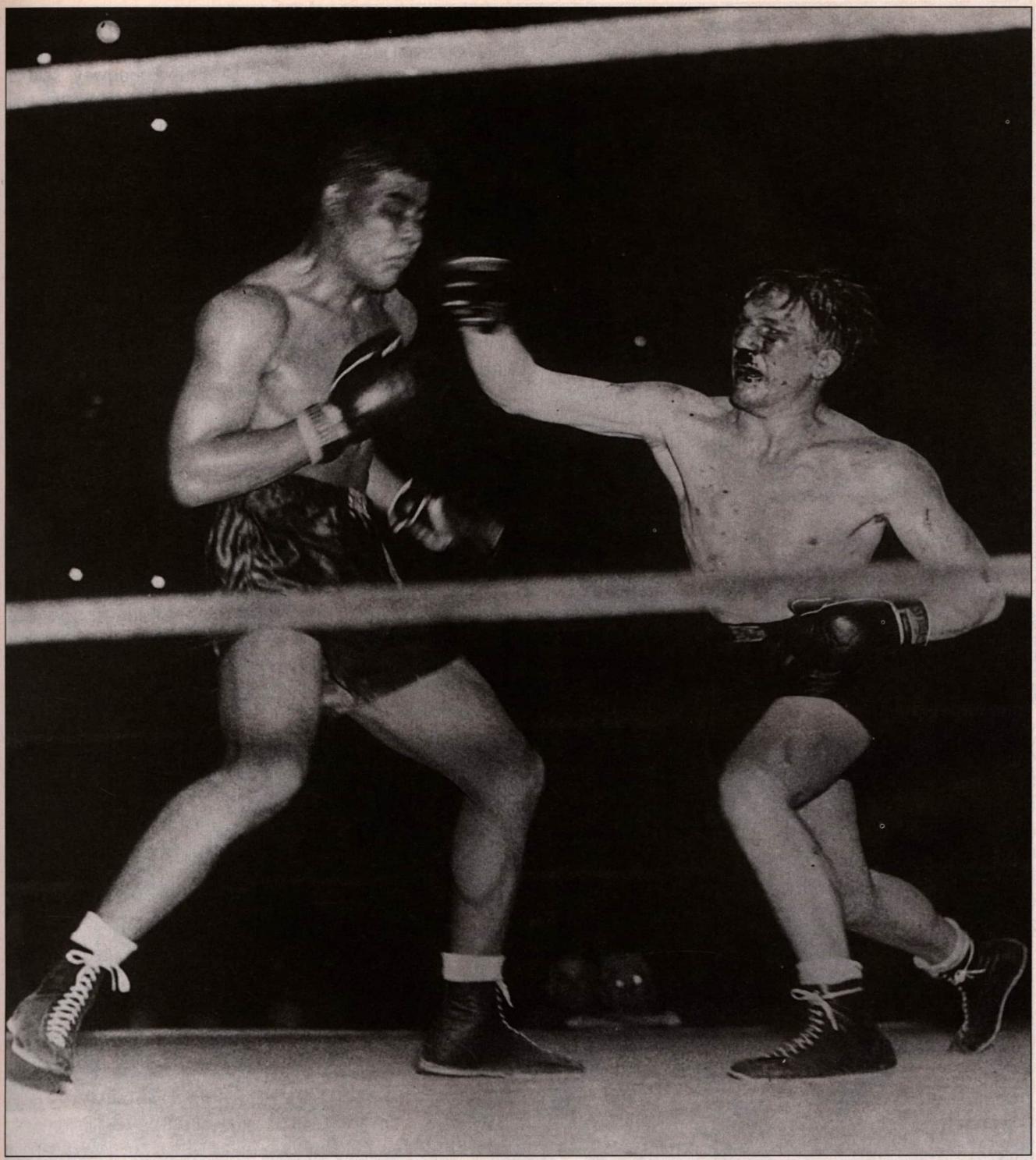
Instead of relaxing, the heavyweight summoned up enough energy to launch a volley of incriminations against his manager. He complained about Ted Broadribb's antisocial behavior at their rented house at Long Branch: "That man Broadribb nearly ruined me. He was running up and down stairs all night to keep me awake. When I got up to tell him to cut it out he gave me an argument."

Broadribb's alleged lack of efficiency in the corner during the Louis fight was also criticized. Farr complained that his manager had virtually blinded him for two rounds of the fight by rubbing a lotion that was much too strong into his eyes. The oddest accusation, however, concerned an incident soon after the fight was over. Farr alleged that it occurred while he was lying on his bed in his hotel room. In fact, most contemporary accounts state that the boxer had a quick meal back at his New York hotel and that he and the others were then given a police escort back to Long Branch. It could have been that Farr had retired to his hotel room for a rest before eating.

Wherever the incident occurred, the heavyweight was adamant about the details, saying: "I was lying there, my face feeling like somebody had been jabbing me with a meat hook. And what does that Broadribb do but douse me, eyes and all, with a bottle of alcohol. I fainted for 25 minutes." The loyal Tom Evans confirmed that Farr's account was true in every particular.

There was another spat between the boxer and his estranged manager the next morning. Broadribb and his wife were in the process of moving out of the Long Branch house to a hotel in Newark. Broadribb visited Farr in his bedroom and suggested hopefully that the pair of them visit Mike Jacobs and pick up their paychecks. Farr was still hardly able to move, but he summoned up all his strength to pick up a hefty New York telephone directory lying by his bed and

Another training camp visitor was French actress Jeanne Manet. Members of the press suggested she was "Tommy's inspiration," but both the boxer and beauty denied that they were engaged.



Underdog Farr rips into Louis during their 15-rounder at Yankee Stadium in 1937. It was arguably the toughest title fight of "The Brown Bomber's" prime and won the Welshman new fans in both the USA and the UK. Farr returned to the US for four more bouts, but lost them all.

hurl it across the room at the other man. Broadribb scuttled out. It was now only a matter of time and solicitors before divorce proceedings between the two men got under way.

By now the first few of what were to become 400 admiring letters a week were beginning to flood into the Long Branch house. Charles Barnett was given the job of replying to them, signing Farr's name to these letters and the accompanying photographs sent out. Eventually Farr was able to get up and pay a visit on Jacobs. The promoter was fervent in his protestations of undying affection and loyalty to the Welshman, but was vague about the details of a return match with Louis or an engagement with any other leading American heavyweight. Farr was unaware of the fact, but all of the promoter's energies currently were concentrated on arranging the Louis-Max Schmeling return fight. However, he was happy to provide the heavyweight with

a copy of the balance sheet of his bout with Louis:

Total attendance:
36,903
Paid attendance:
33,469
Gross receipts:
$265,753.11
Federal tax:
$28,409.29
State tax:
$14,880.02
Net receipts:
$222,463.80
Radio and movie rights:
$60,000.00
Total income:
$282,463.80
Louis' share (40% of total):
$112,987.52
Farr's share (guarantee):
$60,000.00
Stadium rental (10% of net receipts):
$22,246.38
Milk fund (10% of gate receipts):
$22,246.38
Promoter's share:
$64,983.52

Farr also won another £3,000 in bets that he would last the full distance with Louis.

To take the Welshman's mind off the future, Jacobs arranged a whirlwind tour of the sights of New York for him, with the ubiquitous and extremely tough Jerry Casale acting as his minder. Farr proved to be a cautious tourist. When he had worked out that the doctor who had treated his injured finger after his title challenge had charged him the equivalent of £10, he eschewed further medical treatment on the grounds that he was not about to put the medico's son through college single-handedly.

The boxer was similarly careful with his dollar when he surveyed Manhattan. Buses, the subway, and ferry boats were his preferred methods of transport. He did not like New York, considering it was overcrowded with its 7,000,000 people and 300,000 visitors a day. Passenger trains arrived every 50 seconds at the city's railway terminals and 50,000 vessels a year docked at the harbor.

Farr visited the observatories at the Empire State Building and Radio City with their panoramic views of New York, took a ferry from the Battery out to the Statue of Liberty and around Manhattan Island, walked up Broadway, said to be the longest street in the world, and visited the attractions at Luna Park on Coney Island. He was more at home at Jack Dempsey's Restaurant, across from Madison Square Garden. The eatery had been opened the previous year by the former heavyweight champion, who was in attendance most nights to greet guests and sign autographs. It was rivaled only by the bar run by ex-middleweight champion Mickey Walker on Eighth Avenue. These were the high spots in what the Welshman took to be rather an anticlimactic week.

Even an invitation to Jacobs' palatial Fair Haven, New Jersey, estate to meet some of the British sportswriters who had covered the big fight did not pan out as well as had been hoped. The promoter was particularly proud of the thousands of American Beauty roses grown in his gardens. He was extolling their virtues to Farr, Broadribb, and Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING magazine, when a neighbor's bulldog chased a cat across the flower beds, leaving a scene of carnage and

Farr's cornermen try to patch him up between rounds of the Louis fight. That's Farr's manger, Ted Broadribb, in the striped shirt, with whom the fighter had a very acrimonious relationship. Broadribb was also criticized for not doing a better job stopping his fighter's cuts.

Phyllis Evans, Farr's elder sister (far left) listens to her brother's fight with Louis on the radio, surrounded by other anxious family members.

PHOTO BY REG SPENCER/FOX PHOTOS/GETTY IMAGES

desolation where, a few seconds before, there had been a horticultural nirvana. Jacobs was inconsolable, tears of rage and frustration coursing down his cheeks. The visit was curtailed.

Instead, Jacobs suggested that Farr cash in on his newfound fame with a series of exhibition matches and personal appearances. This was not a bad idea, but Farr did not want Broadribb involved in any of his activities. Broadribb solved the problem by announcing that he was handing over, which meant selling his American rights in Farr, to Babe Culnan. Negotiations continued between the two men for some time, because Broadribb was not going to loosen his hold on such a lucrative contract easily. It was agreed that Broadribb would continue to receive 50 percent of the manager's cut for any engagements that he had helped to arrange.

One of the reasons for Broadribb divesting himself of most of his managerial responsibilities was because, a week after the championship bout, he still had not received his cut of Farr's purse. Farr had refused to sign over the manager's percentage because he was disputing Broadribb's bill for $3,000 as training camp expenses. Broadribb claimed that Farr had threatened to punch him on the nose and that he was now so broke that he was about to borrow $200 from Mike Jacobs. He also threatened to approach the New York Athletic Commission to ask them to intervene on his behalf.

The problem was resolved by Culnan agreeing to receive, as part of his new contract, power of attorney to collect any money owed to Broadribb from the championship receipts. Wasting no time, Farr's new manager announced that the heavyweight would embark that Friday on a tour of the Middle West and Canada. Before he left, the heavyweight appeared as a last minute addition to crooner Rudy Vallee's popular NBC radio show, answering questions about his championship bid.

One of the more perceptive post-championship fight headlines had been *The Daily New Standard*'s "Farr in Fine Spot To Cash In." Back in the USA, Farr embarked on his tour of the hinterland to show himself and to begin to reap the rewards of his efforts. Accompanied by Babe Culnan, Jerry Casale, and Tom Evans, he started by boxing gentle exhibitions before good crowds paying a dollar a head, with Farr on a percentage.

Back in New York, Broadribb, still on a cut of the gate receipts, kept detailed records of his share of the money still due for each night's work by the heavyweight on his tour:

Steels Picture Theatre, Atlantic City:
$189.45
Cleveland September 10th and 11th:
$210
Montreal September 16th:
$242.00
Toronto September 20th:
$208
Boston (undated):
$177.82

At least Farr had some claims to being an entertainer when he visited theaters, halls, and radio studios. How to sell a lumbering heavyweight prizefighter as a theatrical attraction had always puzzled promoters and

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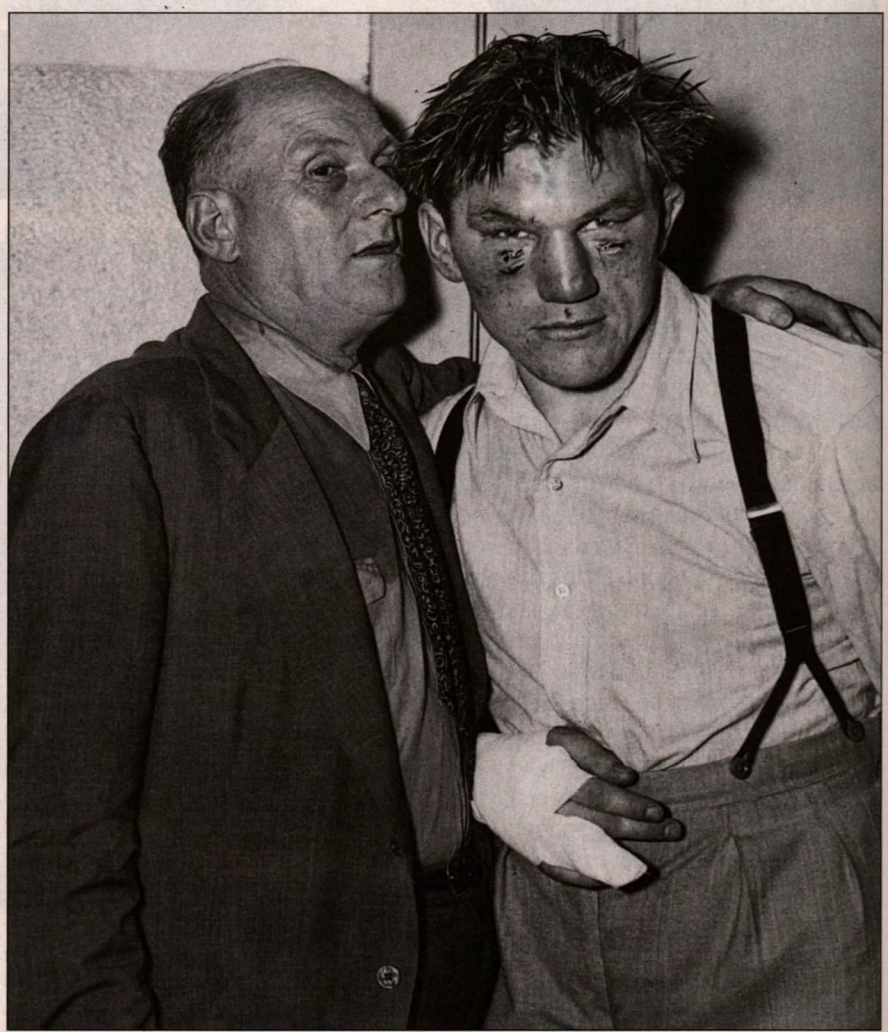
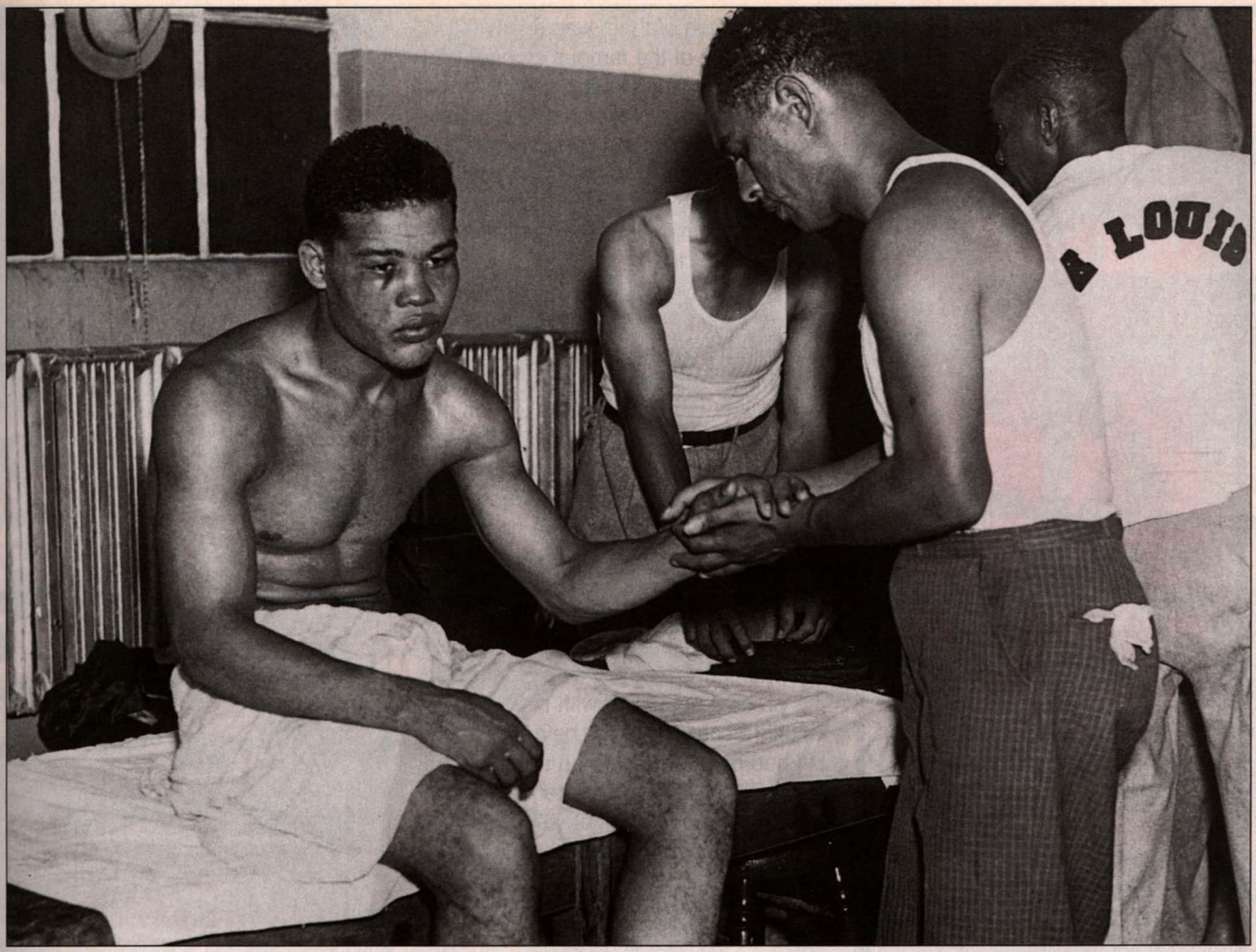
producers over the years, especially if the fighter's talents were mainly confined to an ability to hit someone. John L. Sullivan had toured with a production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* until he accused the actor playing the gentle Uncle Tom of upstaging him and had driven him off the stage with a whip. Bob Fitzsimmons, a former blacksmith, had concluded his act with making a horseshoe on the stage. However, his practice of handing out red-hot horseshoes on the end of tongs to unsuspecting members of the audience had diminished the champion's drawing power. Jack Johnson had displayed slightly more theatrical talent. His routine consisted of playing the bass viol while he sang "Baby's Sock Is A Bluebag Now." Accompanied by his current wife, Jack Dempsey had appeared in a drama that culminated in a simulated boxing match. One night Dempsey had hit his opponent so hard that the actor had been concussed but had remained on his feet, fighting on automatically. The fight had been scheduled to end in a couple of rounds, but to Dempsey's perplexity his opponent refused to go down, until the champion had delivered a genuine knockout.

Farr was proud of his singing voice and seldom needed to be urged in order to display what one lukewarm newspaper reviewer called "a not too bad tenor." His act consisted of crooning two popular songs of the day, "Do You Remember?" and "I'm Out In The Cold Again." He usually went over quite well with the less than critical audiences who had come mainly to see the guy who had gone the distance with Joe Louis. After one radio broadcast, *The Moberly Monitor Index* even headlined encouragingly, "Farr Is A Riot On Radio."



Promoter Mike Jacobs whispers in Farr's ear shortly after the Louis fight. Naturally, Farr wanted a rematch, but Jacobs was much more interested in obtaining a rematch between Louis and Max Schmeling.



Champion Louis looks none too happy in his dressing room following the demanding fight with Farr. Rather than admit they were wrong, many of the critics who had underestimated Farr going in belittled Louis instead, only to be proven wrong yet again.

His show-business career began with what was supposed to be a two-day sojourn at Atlantic City to appear at the Steel Pier, so called because of its metal underpinnings. It was not a bad gig with which to make a first solo appearance. The first personality to appear there had been the celebrated sharpshooter Annie Oakley in 1898. Since then such major stars as Eddie Cantor, Nelson Eddy, and Burns and Allen had strutted their stuff there. Only two years earlier the crosstalk act of Amos 'n Andy had drawn a record crowd of 39,000 people to the pier.

Farr did not do quite as well as that, but he completed the engagement unscathed and prepared to return to Long Branch. On the return journey, in a state of near panic, driver Casale called state policemen to the White Horse Pike Restaurant at Egg Harbor, New Jersey. He complained that a car with Pennsylvania license plates with several rough-looking men inside had followed them for 10 miles and had even tried to force him off the road at one point. He and Farr had the takings from that evening's exhibition on board and he was worried in case there was going to be an attempt to steal them. The police searched the area but found no sign of the menacing car.

Farr did not find the tour an unadulterated pleasure and in the *Toronto Globe And Mail* he was forced to deny accusations that he had said that he was "blooming well fed up with the United States." This story probably originated in an account in *The Dunkirk Evening Observer* of September 7, which reported that Farr was fed up with the United States and its chiselers.

Culnan did his best to keep his protégé in the public eye, issuing a series of press releases from Long Branch and on the road. Some of them tended to the fanciful, like the one stating that Edward, the Prince of Wales, had sent Farr a telegram of congratulation. To keep Jacobs on his toes, Culnan also hinted that his heavyweight might work for other promoters. There were rumors of a bout against Max Baer in Los Angeles and Jimmy Adamick in Detroit.

There were still occasional examples of knocking copy. As early as September 4, when Farr was too exhausted to stand, let alone go shopping, *The Oakland Tribune* reported:

"The Welsh rarebit is a renowned nickel-nurser. The other day he walked into a famous Broadway haberdasher and offered in payment for six-dozen shirts, three-dozen ties, and several other odds and ends nothing but an autographed photograph of himself. When the proprietor refused the offer, Tommy stalked out pompously."

There were occasional highlights of the cross-country tour by car and

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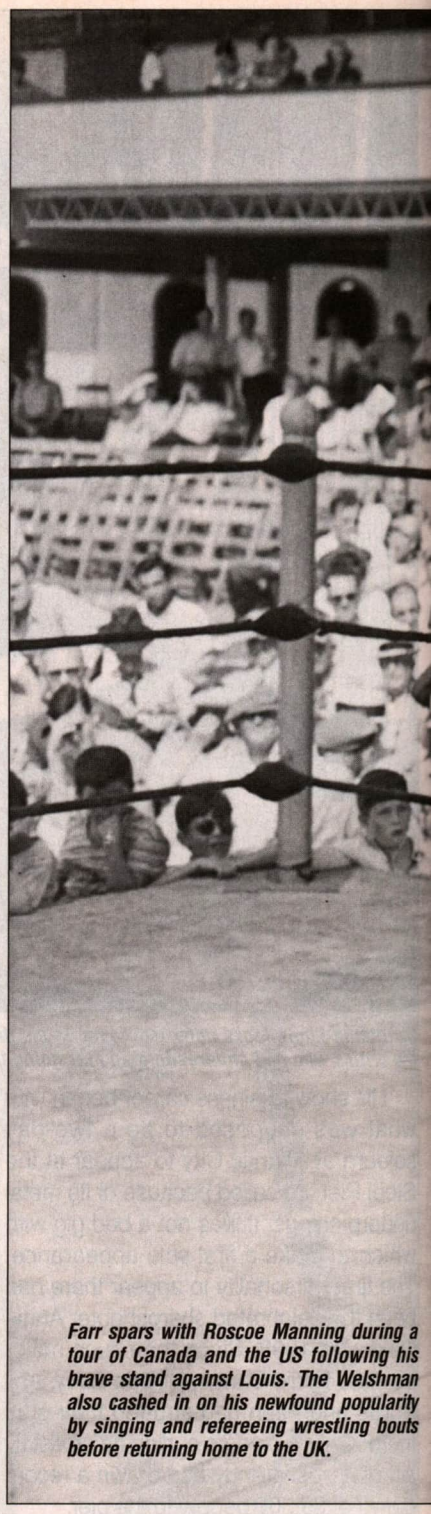
airplane. One of them was an invitation to the home of the famous crooner and screen actor Bing Crosby. It was such a busy year for the singer that he probably hardly remembered his encounter with the Welsh heavyweight. In 1937, Crosby had a weekly radio show and had made two movies, *Double Or Nothing* and *Waikiki Wedding*. He had also issued a number of records, including his first million-seller, "Sweet Leilani." Just to keep busy he had become a partner in the new California Del Marr racecourse. As a publicity gimmick he had collected tickets on the opening day. Nevertheless, Bing found time to host a party for the boxer and had even sung a few impromptu duets with him, after first persuading a none-too-reluctant Farr to give his solo version of "Land of My Fathers."

Farr was appearing to full houses wherever he appeared. In his more reflective moments, he must have contrasted his present popularity with his obscurity of only a couple of years before. In 1935, he had been reviled when appearing at the Granby Halls in Leicester, normally a solid fight town. His contest with former amateur star George Brennan had drawn the lowest gate ever known at the venue. Even the trade newspaper *Boxing*, famed for its meticulous reporting and knowledge of the fight scene, when it published its national light heavyweight ratings had referred to the fifth-placed Welshman as "Johnny Farr."

Toward the end of September, Farr and Culnan arrived in Boston, where the boxer was scheduled to referee a wrestling match. The visit matched the pattern of most stops on the tour. First, Farr was interviewed by reporters from local newspapers and radio stations about the Louis fight. He did not impress Austen Lake, a writer for the *Boston American*, "He sat smoking cigarettes, 'fags' and 'gaspers' he calls them," he wrote, "holding the paper capsules awkwardly and stretching out his vacuum cleaner lips, as a jungle ape might suck eggs." As usual Farr took every opportunity to denigrate Broadribb and the madhouse that had been his Long Branch training camp. The next time he fought in America, he said, he would select a much more isolated spot for his preparation, far from tourists and hangers-on.



Farr spars with Roscoe Manning during a tour of Canada and the US following his brave stand against Louis. The Welshman also cashed in on his newfound popularity by singing and refereeing wrestling bouts before returning home to the UK.

He paid perfunctory lip service to the wrestling match at which he had been hired to officiate, but it was plain that he knew little of what was expected of him. The *Boston Post* of September 22, beneath an unexpectedly perceptive headline accompanying a photograph of Farr saying "Faces Trouble Tonight," said of the proposed bout, "Tommy Farr,

the popular English (sic) heavyweight, is going to have his hands full refereeing the free-for-all Battle Royal at the Boston Arena tonight with such notable bad actors as Killer Murdock, Buck Jones, Ted Germaine, and Tony Papalino in the ranks, so that anything may happen."

The proposed match was to be one of hundreds of prearranged, heavily rehearsed contests that took place all over the country every night in 1937. This midweek bout was promoted by the local Mr. Big, Paul Browser. Unfortunately, the promoter was coming to the end of his reign. Earlier in the season, he had been puffing on a cigar contentedly in a ringside seat at one of his Arena bills, when a heavyweight grappler had been thrown over the ropes and had landed on top of Browser. The promoter had suffered injuries to his ribs and internal organs and was not a well man. The program that evening was being organized by his deputy, Charlie Gordon.

The evening performance started at 8 p.m. The entrance fee was 35 cents and there were 5,000 people in

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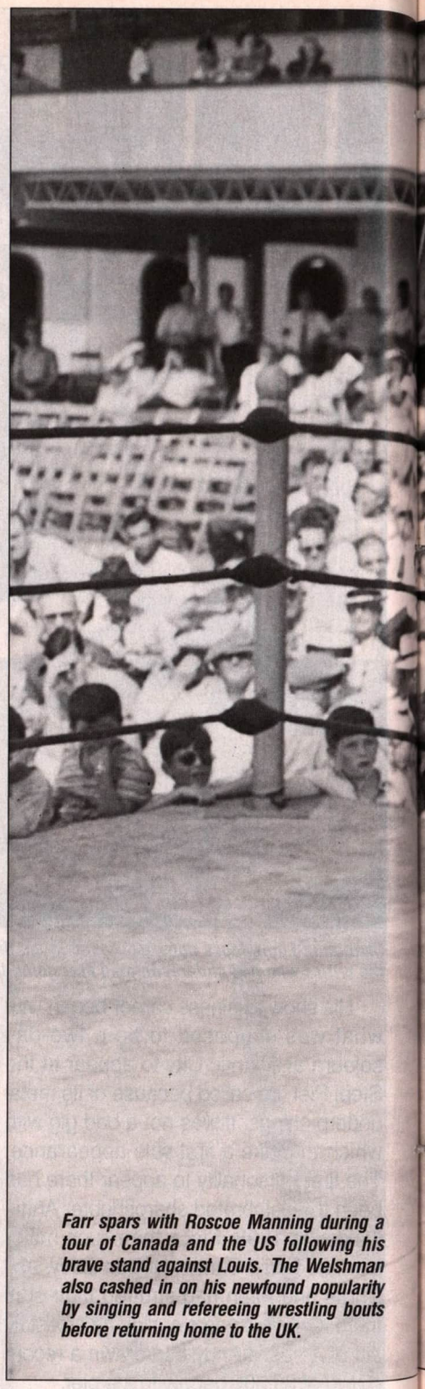

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The evening performance started at 8 p.m. The entrance fee was 35 cents and there were 5,000 people in

attendance. The master of ceremonies, Harry "Whitey" Kaunfer, tried to warm up the crowd with his customary greeting of "Hello! Hello! Hello!" The response was muted. Farr was scheduled to officiate at the main event, a five-man battle royal. This was a wild scramble in which all the contestants took potshots at one another, until only the winner was left standing in the ring. The favorite for the event was the local hero, a middleweight called Ted Germaine.

For the delectation of wrestling fans, contestants were divided into two main categories. These were "baby-faces," clean-living, heroic types, and "heels," the lowest of the low, capable of stooping, or more frequently diving, to great depths to overcome their baby-faced adversaries. Occasionally, however, in the curious world of professional wrestling, heels could be so demonically bad that they could, by some strange process of circumlocution, become heroes, adored by the home crowds for their shameless villainy.

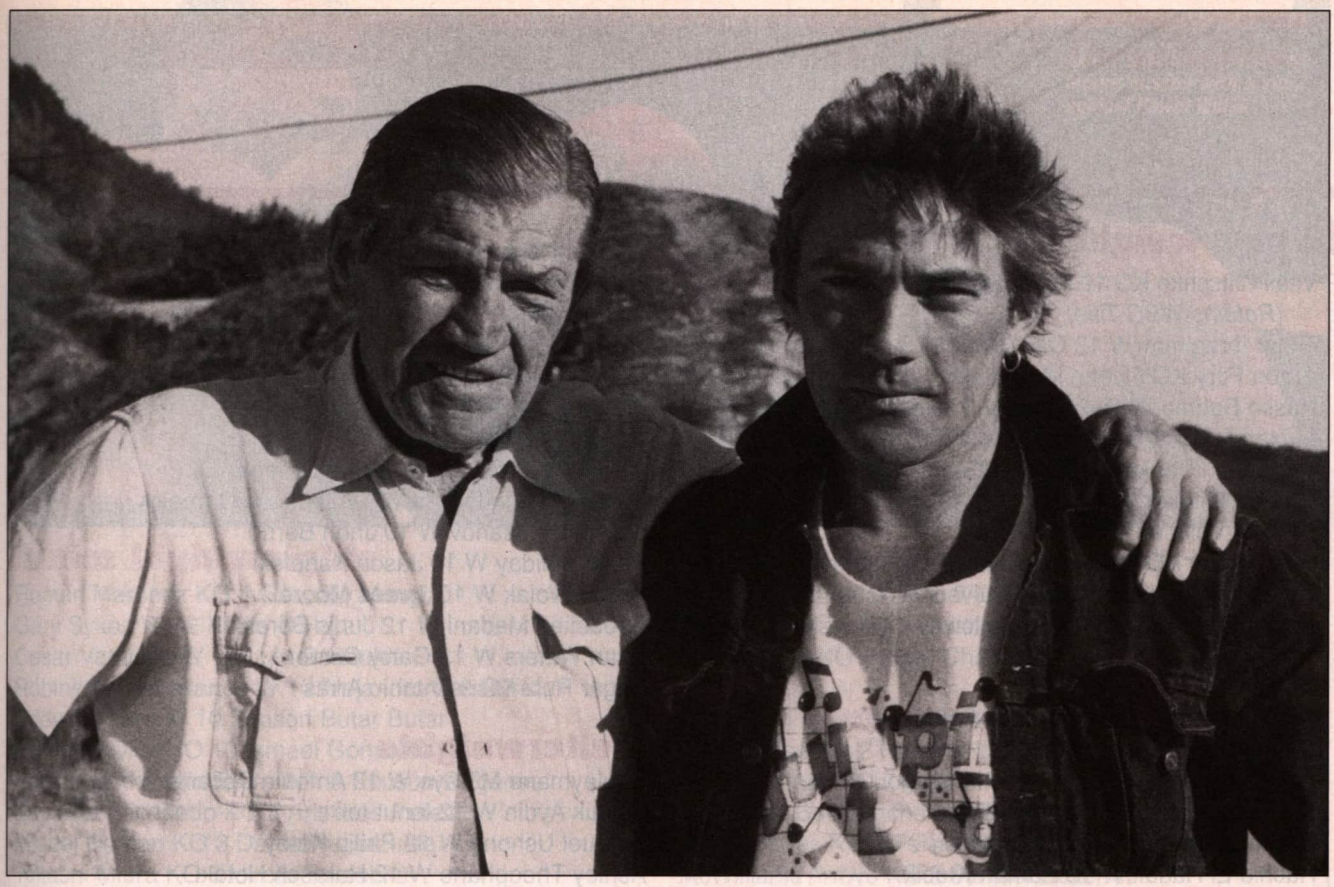
Germaine had revealed much ersatz savagery in his bouts with such opponents as Prince Mihalik and Honey Hackney. To add spice to the headliner, Farr had been scripted to punch the recalcitrant heel-cum-baby-face. Germaine would then take a well-rehearsed tumble.

It was a common ploy for well-known boxers to pick up pocket money by refereeing wrestling matches. Former world heavyweight champions Dempsey and Jess Willard had been doing it for years. The grapplers had been through the same moves so many times in bouts around the country that they could practice them in their sleep. Unfortunately, Farr, who had been brought up on a diet of kosher bouts, could not pull his punches, which was to have its repercussions that evening in the Boston Arena.

The battle royal was a brawl from the opening bell, with Farr doing his best to keep an eye on the contestants as they threw themselves about the ring. At one juncture, Farr edged forward and reprimanded Germaine for a supposed infraction of the rules. As had been arranged, Germaine rushed wildly at the boxer, swinging his arms. Keeping to the script, Farr punched the wrestler in the face. According to the *Boston Globe*, the blow was delivered with the Welshman's left hand. Although to the *Boston Daily Record* reporter the punch was "a mighty right." Whatever the truth of the matter, the impact on the wrestler was so severe that Germaine hurled himself on Farr, took him to the canvas, and secured him there with a body-scissors hold. Germaine, who was said to be white with fury, then put his hands around the boxer's throat and started strangling him. As Farr struggled to extricate himself, two of the remaining battle royal contestants, Tony Papalino and Pat Schaeffer, piled on top of Germaine and dragged him away. Farr got to his feet and, after Germaine had retired from the contest with a cut mouth, refereed the rest of the match, which was won after 17 minutes by Schaeffer.

In the dressing room afterward, Germaine was unrepentant. "Had the other wrestlers left me alone I would have had him saying uncle," he declared. "I could whip him in a rough-and-tumble, also perhaps with the gloves. But I won't get the chance, so why talk about it?" Farr was unavailable for comment. He had left hurriedly with Culnan to the Black

After spending 77 days in the United States, Farr went back to England with approximately $36,000 in his pocket, where he's pictured enjoying a cup of tea with family members. Farr originally retired in 1940, but made an ill-advised comeback in 1950, finally hanging up his gloves for good in 1953.



Farr with his son, Gary, a few years before Tommy died in 1986.

Bay station to catch a train to New York to witness a boxing match that night.

For the best part of a month, Farr toured the USA and Canada, singing, refereeing, making personal appearances, and boxing gentle exhibitions with local fighters. Occasionally he found the peripatetic life galling and would complain to local newspaper reporters: "I have saved enough money in the last seven years to live in luxury the rest of my life, if I never fight again. And I may not! I'm sick and tired of the whole mess, especially the way the boxing game is being run today."

Only in one particular did he never alter a syllable. That was his aversion towards his manager Broadribb, whom he accused of mishandling his whole American tour, "as a result of which I cannot bear him in my presence."

Nevertheless, Broadribb kept a careful eye on his cut of gate receipts. He told a reporter from the *Toronto Daily Star*, "Mike Jacobs has guaranteed us $6,000 for six nights in six Canadian cities and is also providing transportation for four. We will show at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, and Vancouver." He mentioned that Mushky Jackson would referee the exhibition bouts, while the Scot Bob Scally would be the chief sparring partner.

By this time, Joby Churchill, a former bare-knuckle fighter and Farr's mentor, was on his way home. He stopped off to visit some old friends from Wales who had made their home in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania. He stayed for a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James John at 123 South Walnut Street, whom he had not seen since they had emigrated a few years earlier. Churchill told a reporter from the *Wilkes-Barre Times Leader* that Farr had not been at his best on the night that he fought Louis. If a bout could be arranged, the heavyweight intended to come back the next year for a return fight with Louis. Churchill was returning home to Wales to attend to his business interests, which included a farm at St Athan.

On October 6, Farr embarked on the Queen Mary to sail back to the United Kingdom. He told reporters that he was taking $36,000 home with him as a result of his trip to the USA. He was optimistic about his future, saying that he hoped to earn over half a million dollars over the next few years. He added, "I think more in dollars than in pounds because there are more of them." He was particularly enthusiastic about plans to earn $6,000 a week by touring with a baseball team, "just for fielding." Among the people seeing him off were four Welsh girls living in Pennsylvania. Although they had never seen Farr before, they had hired a car and driven the 250 miles to New York "just to say goodbye to our Tommy."

On October 14, the British Boxing Board of Control suspended Farr's license for failing to pay a fine of $3,750 to promoter Sydney Hulls for breaking his contract in September 1937. It was a galling welcome home. Farr had been in North America for 77 days. He did not know it at the time, but they were to be the most eventful and successful days of his life. ■

Extracted from* A Welshman In the Bronx *by Graeme Kent, Gomer Press, Llandysul, Ceredigion, Wales

[Summary]

Heavyweights

Vitali Klitschko KO 10 Albert Sosnowski
(Retains WBC Title)
Timur Ibragimov W 12 Oliver McCall
Tyson Fury KO 9 John McDermott
Hasim Rahman KO 4 Shannon Miller
Alexander Ustinov W 12 Paolo Vidoz
Johnathon Banks D 12 Jason Gavern
Lance Whitaker W 12 Andrey Fedosov
Damian Wills W 10 Lionel Butler
Oleg Platov KO 6 Gbenga Oloukun
Timo Hoffmann KO 2 Harry Duiven Jr.
Shannon Briggs KO 1 Rob Calloway

Cruiserweights

Steve Cunningham KO 5 Troy Ross
(Regains Vacant IBF Title)
Pawel Kolodziej KO 12 Parfait Amougou
Nuri Seferi W 12 Sandro Siproshvili
Goran Delic W 12 Alex Mogylewski
Rachid El Hadak W 12 Roman Kracik
Moyoyo Mensah W 12 Oscar Siale
Montell Griffin D 10 Ross Thompson

Light Heavyweights

Rashad Karimov W 12 Michal Bilak
Soulan Pownceby W 12 Joel Casey
Alfonso Lopez W 10 Rubin Williams
Omar Sheika KO 3 Jim Strohl

Super Middleweights

Andre Ward W 12 Allan Green
(Retains WBA Title)
Librado Andrade KO 8 Eric Lucas
Daniel Geale KO 11 Kariz Kariuki
Isaac Chilemba W 12 Michael Bolling
Nikola Sjekloca W 12 Roman Shkarupa
Maxim Vlasov KO 3 Jerson Ravelo
Noe Gonzalez Alcoba KO 6 Michi Munoz
Aaron Pryor Jr. KO 6 Willis Lockett

Middleweights

Sebastian Sylvester D 12 Roman Karmazin
(Retains IBF Title)
Julio Cesar Chavez Jr. W 12 John Duddy
David Lemieux KO 1 Elvin Ayala
Hamid Rahimi KO 11 Andy Thiele
Lajuan Simon W 10 Jose Rodriguez
Caleb Truax W 10 Antwun Echols
Marco Antonio Rubio W 12 Samuel Miller
Marcos Reyes KO 11 Jose Luis Zertuche
Hector Camacho Jr. W 12 Denny Dalton
Yves Studer D 12 Shalva Jomardashvili

Junior Middleweights

Miguel Cotto KO 9 Yuri Foreman
(Wins WBA Title)
Vanes Martirosyan W 10 Joe Greene
Salvatore Annunziata W 12 Joaquim Carneiro
Sherzod Husanov W 10 Jhon Berrio
Philip Holiday W 10 Jason Kanofski
Pawel Wolak W 10 James Moore
Sebastien Madani W 12 Jurijs Boreiko
Ryan Waters W 12 Garry Comer
Edgar Ruiz KO 9 Antonio Arras

Welterweights

Souleymane M'Baye W 12 Antonin Decarie
Selcuk Aydin W 12 Ionut Ion
Bethuel Ushona W 12 Philip Kotey
Ashley Theophane W 12 Harasch Hotaki
Ivan Pereyra W 10 Andres Rey
Sebastian Lujan KO 5 Jailer Berrio
Frankie Gomez KO 1 Jaime Orrantia

Junior Welterweights

Marco Antonio Barrera W 10 Adilton De Jesus
Yvan Mendy W 12 Peter McDonagh
Paul McCloskey KO 11 Giuseppe Lauri
Pablo Cesar Cano W 10 Oscar Leon
Abraham Barrera KO 3 Jose Mendoza
Javier Gallegos KO 3 Alex Luevanos
Jose Benavidez KO 1 Josh Beeman

Lightweights

Miguel Acosta KO 6 Paulus Moses
Sergio Rivera W 12 Cesar Soto
Josafat Perez D 12 Ivan Valle
Ivan Perez W 10 Jose Rodriguez
Guillaume Salingue W 10 Pierre Bonicel
Marcelino Lopez W 10 Alberto Santillan
Jose Perea KO 8 Edgar Barcenas
Ricardo Mijares KO 7 Adrian Hernandez
Adrien Broner KO 7 Carlos Claudio
Perpetual Mkandawire KO 6 Marshall Ali
Juan Witt KO 6 Diego Perez
Juan Carlos Salgado KO 4 Guadalupe Rosales
Daniel Estrada Tech. Draw 4 Reyes Velasquez
Jason Bedeman KO 3 Bongani Dlamini
Omar Figueroa W Disq. 2 Julian Rodriguez

Junior middleweight James Moore misses with a right against Pawel Wolak

PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

Junior Lightweights

Roman Martinez KO 4 Gonzalo Mungia
Gary Sykes W 12 Kevin O'Hara
Cesar Vazquez W 12 Luis Gonzalez
Robinson Castellanos W 10 Alejandro Sanabria
Eddy Comaro W 10 Simson Butar Butar
Gamaliel Diaz KO 10 Ismael Gonzalez
Fahsai Sakkreerin Tech. Win 6 Ericson Origenes
Eduardo Escobedo KO 5 Aristides Perez
Miguel Roman KO 3 Daniel Valenzuela
Takashi Miura KO 3 Hiroto Takeshita
Miguel Piedras W 10 Fernando Beltran
Benoit Gaudet KO 8 Pipino Cuevas Jr.
Arturo Gomez KO 1 Jose Navarrete
Tomas Villa W 8 Salvador Sanchez

Featherweights

Ryol Li Lee W 10 Hisashi Amagasa
Edgar Riovalle W 12 Luis Cid Pacheco
Juan Burgos KO 11 Ricardo Castillo
Eduardo Lazcano W 10 German Meraz
Suor Carryboy W 10 Kongsurin Sithsoei
Chris Male W 10 Liam Richards
Irving Berry W 10 Roinet Caballero
Christopher Perez KO 10 Jorge Pazos
Mike Oliver W Disq. 8 Mauricio Pastrana
Nery Saguilan KO 6 Luis Guzman
Jorge Diaz KO 6 Jae Sung Lee

Junior Featherweights

Wilfredo Vazquez Jr. KO 10 Zsolt Bedak
Jestoni Pepito KO 4 Aljun Salogaol
Scott Quigg KO 1 Andrey Kostin

Bantamweights

Nkqubela Gwazela W 12 Klaas Mboyane
Tomoki Kameda W 10 Javier Rodriguez
Elmar Francisco W 10 Prell Tupas
Jose Navarro W 6 Benji Garcia
Stuart Hall KO 8 Ian Napa
Benjamin Pitteloud KO 8 Bertrand Bossel
Shinsuke Yamanaka KO 7 Mikio Yasuda
Diego Santillan KO 5 Guillermo Soloppi
Israel Rojas KO 4 Juan Chabelas

Junior Bantamweights

Edgar Sosa KO 2 Roberto Leyva
Raul Martinez KO 7 Gabriel Elizondo
Mohamed Bouleghcha KO 7 Ariel Alassia
Tomas Rojas KO 6 Felipe Almanza
McWilliams Arroyo KO 2 Samuel Gutierrez
Marco Demecillo KO 1 Isidro Balabat
Nadia Hokmi W 10 Elena Reid

Flyweights

Denkaosan Kaovichit W 12 Anis Ceunfin
Juan Carlos Reveco KO 6 Luis Doria
Julio Cesar Miranda KO 5 Richie Mepranum
Dondon Jimenea D 10 Arden Diale
Denchailek Tithiphongsatorn W 10 Yuchi Eausampan
Rocky Fuentes KO 11 Shigetaka Ikehara
Felipe Rivas W 10 Julio Hernandez

Junior Flyweights

Ivan Calderon W12 Jesus Iribe
(Retains World Title)
Luis Alberto Lazarte W 12 Carlos Tamara
(Wins IBF Title)
Omar Nino W 12 Rodel Mayol
(Wins WBC Title)
Hekkie Budler W 12 Juanito Rubillar
Ganigan Lopez KO 11 Gerardo Pinon
Lolito Sonsona W 10 Pit Anacaya
Sonny Boy Jaro KO 6 Arman Dela Cruz

Strawweights

Gideon Buthelezi W 12 Ronelle Ferreras
Manuel Jimenez W 12 Yader Escobar
Walter Tello W 10 Jorle Estrada
Merlito Sabillo KO 4 Jonathan Ricablanca

Omar Nino W 12 Rodel Mayol

Queretaro, Mexico: Nino got off to a slow start and suffered some nasty cuts, but he finished strong down the stretch to take a unanimous decision from Mayol and win the WBC junior flyweight belt in the process.

The bout at San Juan Del Rio was Mayol's second defense of the strap he took from Edgar Sosa via controversial second-round kayo last November. It was also a rematch of a controversial bout that took place in Guadalajara, Mexico, last February. In the third round of their first encounter, Mayol was complaining of a low blow when Nino, taking a page from Jack Dempsey's 1927 win over Jack Sharkey at Yankee Stadium, knocked him cold with a left hook. Unlike Dempsey, Nino didn't get the credit for a knockout win. Instead, the bout was declared a technical draw.

The rematch also looked as if it might end in controversy. Nino, 29-3-2 (11), Jalisco, Mexico, suffered gashes over both eyes, a result of clashing heads with Mayol throughout the bout. The action was stopped several times so the ring doctor could examine Nino, 108. But each time he was allowed to fight on. Despite the blood, he was still able to outhustle Mayol, 108, during the late rounds.

Nino, 34, won by using the all-out, all-action style we've grown used to seeing from him. He doesn't possess a lot of power and he's not an especially classy fighter, but he's loaded with energy. Sometimes raw enthusiasm trumps skill, and Nino's career has been proof of that.

The 29-year-old Mayol, 26-5-2 (20), Los Angeles by way of Cebu, Philippines, boxed well early, but faded during the later rounds. He was also penalized a point by referee Hector Afu (Panama) during round two and again in round five under the WBC's questionable headbutt rule, which docks a point from the uncut fighter when a gash is caused by a clash of heads. Although the contest seemed close, the scorecards were quite wide in favor of Nino. Judge Samuel Conde Lopez (Puerto Rico) scored it 115-111, David Mendoza (USA) saw it 117-109, and Harold Laurens (Netherlands Antilles) scored it 115-112.

This is the second reign as WBC 108-pound beltholder for Nino, who originally won the trinket from Brian Viloria in 2006. After beating Viloria in a rematch, Nino lost the belt for failing the postfight drug test in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Television: **Fox Sports Net/Fox Sports en Espanol**
Promoter: **Promociones Zanfer**
(6-19-10)

Sebastian Sylvester D 12 Roman Karmazin

Neubrandenburg, Germany: In a dramatic and bloody encounter, the ebb and flow of which reflected the closeness of the contest throughout, Sylvester, 159½, Greifswald, Germany, survived a tempestuous challenge provided by veteran former junior middleweight beltholder Karmazin, 157¾, Los Angeles, California, via Kuznetsk, Russia, to retain the IBF middleweight trinket with a draw at Jahnsportforum. It was his second

Mayol (left) boxed well early, but faded late and lost the title

PHOTO BY JAIME LOPEZ/LATIN CONTENT/GETTY IMAGES

defense of the belt he claimed against Giovanni Lorenzo in September 2009.

The scoring of the bout was extraordinary. Matthew Podgorski (USA) favored Karmazin by a margin of 117-11, while John Lawson (USA) interpreted the same 12 rounds for Sylvester by 118-111. Pasquale Procopio (Canada) saw it 114-114, which was close to THE RING's score of 115-113 for Sylvester, who closed strongly.

"Sebastian really connected well later on, and the fight was close to being stopped in the 11th round," said Karsten Rower, Sylvester's trainer. "If Sebastian had landed one or two more punches, he could have stopped him. Karmazin was a tough opponent with a higher work rate, but Sebastian landed the better shots and also worked well to the body."

Sylvester's superior defense was crucial to his retention of the belt, for Karmazin's capacity to throw fast combinations threatened to overshadow the German's more steady and methodical approach. Single, solid jabs and constant but restrained pressure were hallmarks of Sylvester's work from the outset. He has been tough, hardworking, and unspectacular throughout his career and, at 29 years old, he was not about to deviate from tried and trusted methods. Karmazin, a more threatening puncher, tried to seize the initiative in the second with a series of combinations that left Sylvester's face reddened, but the unfazed beltholder continued to stick the jab in response.

A concentrated body attack by Karmazin forced Sylvester, 33-3-1 (16), to give ground in the third round, but he retaliated with interest in the fourth, bossing exchanges on the inside and finding the range with right hands over the top when some extra space materialized. Karmazin became busier in the sixth and seventh rounds, but was stunned again by several right hands in the eighth, while Sylvester's jab remained an almost incessant irritant.

Karmazin, 40-3-2 (26), came in for sustained abuse in the 10th and 11th rounds when he was rocked badly and displayed admirable powers of recovery. He also suffered a severe laceration around his left eye that spilled blood for the remainder. Admirably, Karmazin fought back strongly in the final round, but the 37-year-old Russian suspected it would not be enough and he raised Sylvester's hand when the bell rang. A skirmish broke out in the ring before the decision was announced, as some of Karmazin's camp attempted to debate with officials at ringside, having caught a glimpse of the scorecards.

"If you look into the two fighters' faces, you know who won—Sebastian is almost unmarked, while Karmazin's face is swollen," insisted promoter Kalle Sauerland. "It was an exciting fight on a

[THE RING Fighter of the Month]

Miguel Cotto

The love affair between Miguel Cotto and New York City continued when a majority of the 20,272 fans on hand at Yankee Stadium for his fight with Yuri Foreman were there to cheer on the Puerto Rican favorite to a much-needed victory.

While Foreman was defending the WBA 154-pound strap, there was even more on the line for Cotto, who was coming off a brutal loss to Manny Pacquiao last November. With that damage piled onto the punishment Cotto took in his July 2008 kayo loss to Antonio Margarito and his May 2009 win against Joshua Clottey, many wondered whether Cotto was a shot fighter at 29. The sudden death of Cotto's father in January and a jump to junior middleweight only added to the doubts surrounding the Puerto Rican star.

But in his first fight under new trainer Emanuel Steward, Cotto showed he has plenty left. He used his terrific jab and superior timing to dominate Foreman, a feather-fisted but technically skilled beltholder. Cotto was in control and possibly on his way to a kayo victory, even before Foreman slipped and injured his knee in the seventh.

It was a solid return for Cotto, who proved that he could be a factor in a deep division. As a result, the biggest winners might be the Cotto fans, who have plenty of tantalizing potential matchups to consider.

PHOTO BY AL BELO/GETTY IMAGES

very high level and congratulations to both men, but Sylvester deserved to retain the title."

The referee was Mufadel Elghazaoui (Netherlands).

Promoter: **Sauerland Promotions**

(6-05-10)

Brian Doogan

Ivan Calderon W 12 Jesus Iribe

New York, New York: "Iron Boy" Calderon, 106, Guaynabo, Puerto Rico, overcame a second-round knockdown to successfully defend THE RING's junior flyweight championship over Iribe, 106, Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

Calderon, one of the slipperiest southpaws working today, utilized every facet of his smooth, technical style to earn a unanimous decision, flummoxing Iribe with angles and controlling him with his right jab. Along with defending THE RING laurels, it was 35-year-old Calderon's sixth defense of the WBO junior flyweight strap. As of press time, he was scheduled to fight in August against undefeated Johnreil Casimero in Puerto Rico.

Defeating Iribe brought Calderon, 34-0-1 (6), his first distance win since April 2008, when he decisioned Nelson Dieppa. From there, he had been on a bizarre three-bout streak of fights ending early due to cuts. Each time, Calderon was the victim of accidental butts that ripped open his eyebrows. He'd remained undefeated, earning two technical decisions and a technical draw, but the monotony of these truncated bouts was chipping at the legacy Calderon has carved for himself during a nine-year career.

Beating Iribe so handily was a return to form for Calderon. Throughout the bout, Calderon circled the ring elegantly, scored with right jabs, and treated the game Mexican like a sparring partner. Iribe, 16-7-5 (10), occasionally used rough tactics on Calderon, but Calderon wasn't bothered.

Iribe's moment came midway through round two when he caught a backpedaling Calderon with a clean right hand that put the champion down for a quick count. From then on, Iribe gambled everything on his right, stalking Calderon and trying to duplicate his second-round success. Calderon, though, was too smart to fall for the same thing twice. Instead of backing up, he began to bend at the waist, allowing Iribe's right hand to sail over him.

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

Calderon boxes his way to a unanimous decision

By round seven, Calderon was playfully inviting Iribe to come forward, only to poke him with quick right jabs and spin out of the challenger's range. By the 12th round, Iribe's face was visibly swollen, a result of Calderon's steady jabbing.

The customers at The Theater at Madison Square Garden were not especially appreciative—the Fox Sports Net cameras occasionally caught ringsiders yawning—though during the bout's final moments, the fans began cheering as Calderon glided around the ring, frustrating Iribe with movement. The fans were suddenly vocal, partly because they were in a celebratory mood (the bout was on the eve of New York City's Puerto Rican Day Parade) and partly because they knew they'd witnessed a beautiful boxing exhibition.

Judges Carlos Ortiz, Jr. (USA) and Robert Taylor (USA) scored the bout 118-109, while John Stewart (USA) had it 116-111, all for Calderon. The referee was New York's Benjy Esteves Jr.

Television: **Fox Sports Net/Fox Sports en Espanol**

Promoter: **Top Rank**

(6-12-10)

Karmazin and Sylvester trade blows during hard-fought draw

PHOTO BY BORIS STREUBEL/BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

Roman Martinez KO 4 Gonzalo Munguia

Bayamon, Puerto Rico: As expected, "Rocky" Martinez put away rugged fringe contender Munguia at Ruben Rodriguez Coliseum, but he had to endure some rocky moments in what proved to be an exciting brawl.

Munguia, 17-7-3 (13), brought an ugly record and questionable credentials for a title challenger. He'd never been stopped, however, and four of his six losses were either by split or majority decision.

Martinez, 24-0-1 (15), who was making the second defense of the WBO junior lightweight trinket he took from Nicky Cook in March 2009, appeared to have the advantage in a relatively

calm opening round. Rocky controlled the action with smooth lateral movement and a strong jab, as Munguia, 129½, Leon, Nicaragua, moved forward stubbornly behind a high-handed guard. "The Destructor" loaded up on his shots, but Martinez, 130, Vega Baja, Puerto Rico, easily dodged the bombs with his slick head movement.

Munguia, 30, picked up the pace in the second, when he threw more combinations and seemed to take the round. The Nicaraguan found a home for his left uppercut, which irritated Martinez into abandoning his goal of boxing more and brawling less. The final 30 seconds saw several good exchanges. Martinez, 27, grinned after getting wobbled by a right hand at the bell.

The third round could be a dark-horse candidate for Round of the Year. After a tepid 90 seconds, Martinez connected with a flush counter right upstairs as Munguia threw a left uppercut. Sensing his opponent was hurt, Martinez unloaded in an attempt to finish it, but Munguia quickly recovered and began firing back. With neither fighter caring much for defense, the two took turns wobbling each other with hooks during a thrilling final minute and a half. A spent Munguia was nearly dropped just before the bell by a hook, but Martinez also looked winded as he returned to his corner.

Martinez regained his wind during the break and quickly jumped on Munguia at the start of the fourth. Munguia gamely stood his ground until midway through the round, when Martinez got through with a right uppercut to the chin, two body shots, a one-two upstairs, then a flurry topped off by another right uppercut that dropped Munguia in his corner.

Munguia lifted his back off the canvas and rested his elbows on the bottom rope. He seemed to be conversing with his corner as referee Roberto Ramirez Jr. (Puerto Rico) counted him out at the 1:48 mark of the round.

So much for Martinez being slicker. "I realized I was going to be able to dominate him with my own particular way of fighting, so I didn't have to change a whole lot," said THE RING's second-ranked junior lightweight. "I just had to be patient, and eventually it would be there for me."

Television: **Pay-Per-View**
Promoter: **P.R. Best Boxing**
(5-29-10)

Wilfredo Vazquez Jr. KO 10 Zsolt Bedak

Bayamon, Puerto Rico: Bedak's resume included a reported 232-bout amateur career, a spot in the 2004 Olympics, a win against Abner Mares at the Athens Games, an unbeaten pro record, and former lightweight titlist Artur Grigorian in his corner. It was a staggering contrast from Vazquez, who skipped the amateurs before turning pro.

Nonetheless, against Vazquez, the Hungarian didn't seem to have a jab or a bodyshot in his arsenal. The absence of those two key elements, along with the presence of Vazquez' right hand, proved to be the real difference at Ruben Rodriguez Coliseum.

Bedak, 121, Hamburg, Germany via Budapest, Hungary, moved forward throughout and gamely absorbed the best shots of Vazquez, 122, Bayamon, Puerto Rico. Bedak's combination punching and aggression seemed to give him the edge over the taller Vazquez in a feeling-out opening round.

Vazquez, who was making the first defense of the WBO junior featherweight belt, got his jab working in the second. He also landed a few hard right hands upstairs as Bedak struggled to get inside. "Mr. Left Hook" Bedak, 15-1 (5), came back with a flush left hook to the head midway through the third, but "Papito" barely flinched. Bedak finished the round by landing a three-punch combo, followed by a pair of uppercuts.

Vazquez, 19-0-1 (16), took command in the fourth. Moving forward behind an accurate right hand, he force-fed Bedak one-two combos to the face throughout the round. Bedak, whose right eye began swelling, continued to double down on his left hook, which he landed frequently but with little effect. He neglected to jab his way inside or throw the left hook downstairs.

"I started to go ahead and attack the body early, but I found out I couldn't find a home for any of my bodyshots, so eventually I just started going after the head," Vazquez told Pay-Per-View color analyst Benny Ricardo. "From the fourth round on, I found that right hand."

Vazquez nearly ended it with a huge right that badly staggered Bedak with 1:21 remaining in the fifth. Papito flurried in an attempt to finish off the Hungarian, but Bedak quickly recovered and connected with a few counter left hooks. Vazquez backed off the throttle in the sixth, which he controlled with his jab. Continuing to keep his opponent at the perfect range, Vazquez buckled Bedak's knees with hard right hands on two occasions in the seventh, but Bedak quickly fired back each time he was hurt.

Vazquez had Bedak, 26, ready to go again in the final minute of the eighth with a one-two, followed by a left to the body, but the 25-year-old didn't have enough in the tank to finish the job. He took the ninth off, which allowed Bedak to possibly steal a round solely on aggression and a few weak connects. Refreshed, Vazquez went back to work in the 10th, when he hurt Bedak with a series of lefts before finally putting him down with (what else?) a straight right to the jaw.

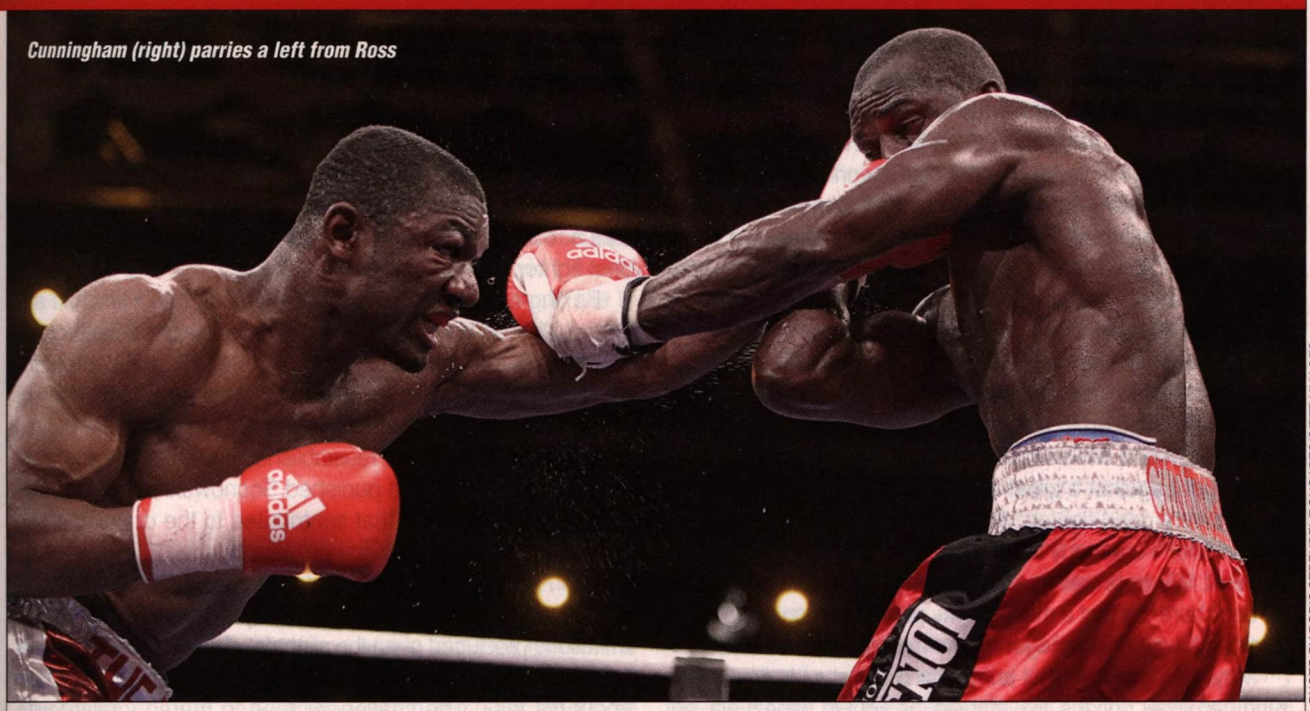
Bedak beat the count, but Grigorian threw in the towel, forcing referee Jose Rivera (Puerto Rico) to stop it at the 1:12 mark. Bedak appeared to be upset by his corner's decision.

"I just want to put bread on the table for my daughter," said Vazquez, who is ranked eighth by THE RING at junior featherweight. "I'm willing to take on all the 122-pounders in the world. I'm more than ready for all of them."

Television: **Pay-Per-View**
Promoter: **P.R. Best Boxing**
(5-29-10)

Steve Cunningham KO 5 Troy Ross

Neubrandenburg, Germany: Having done most things the hard way throughout his career so far, Cunningham, 193, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, safely negotiated another potentially problematic obstacle to regain the IBF cruiserweight belt



Cunningham (right) parries a left from Ross

PHOTO BY BORIS STREUBEL/BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

with a fifth-round TKO of Ross, 193¾, Toronto, Canada, via Guyana, at Jahnsportforum.

Despite enjoying a conspicuous advantage in height over his opponent, who officially stands at 5'11" but looks smaller, "USS" Cunningham had to steer an unsteady course through some choppy waters before the belt was his again. In fact, a knockdown he suffered in the fourth round emphasized the seriousness of Ross' intentions to torpedo Cunningham's efforts and, ultimately, it was a serious eye injury that proved the underdog's undoing.

Cunningham, ranked first by THE RING, came out aggressively in the first round to force the action, but Ross, ranked fifth coming in, thwarted these initial assaults well. Surprisingly, the American remained at close quarters for much of the second round as well. This was a tactic that appeared to play into the hands of Ross, who looked stronger on the inside, though he was also adept at utilizing lateral movement to frustrate Cunningham in the third. The southpaw also managed to spear several straight lefts through Cunningham's guard, rather ominously considering what was about to happen in the fourth.

Cunningham, 23-2 (12), began the round aggressively and landed several big shots, but Ross turned the tables with another straight left down the pipe that put the American on the seat of his pants. However, the most serious damage inflicted in this round came from a right hand by Cunningham that caught Ross, 23-2 (16), on his left eye. The damage was almost imperceptible immediately after the punch landed, but between rounds, the doctor noticed a nasty cut on Ross' lower eyelid, prompting American referee Bill Clancy to escort Ross to the ringside physician, who ruled that Ross was unable to continue because of the injury. It was a cruel way for Ross' spirited challenge to end. The official time was 0:01 of the fifth.

"It's great to win the title again," said Cunningham, who sympathized with his opponent's plight. "Troy's a great competitor and he came to win, for sure. I want to defend my title again soon. I feel that I'm a major force in the division and I want to unify the titles."

A possible rematch with WBO beltholder Marco Huck, whom Cunningham stopped in the final round in December 2007, could be next.

Promoter: **Sauerland Promotions**
(6-5-10)
Brian Doogan

Miguel Acosta KO 6 Paulus Moses

Windhoek, Namibia: In possibly the most significant bout ever staged in the 20-year-old southern African nation, the rising Acosta spoiled the show for the previously unbeaten Moses and his fans at the Kalahari Sands Hotel.

With the win, Acosta, 134¾, Caracas, Venezuela, seized the WBA "regular" lightweight belt. Acosta had won the organization's "interim" belt last July with a one-punch kayo of previously undefeated Urbano Antillon. For the record, the WBA also recognizes true lightweight champion Juan Manuel Marquez as its "super" champion.

"The Hitman" Moses, 132, Windhoek, Namibia, who was making his second defense, blamed the loss on a bad night. Acosta, 27-3-2 (21), was the much busier fighter from the opening round, while Moses, 25-1 (17), seemed frozen by his opponent's accurate jab and fluid combinations. Moses connected with a flush left hook in the second, but Acosta quickly shook it off and resumed pelting the hometown favorite with torrents of punches.

Responding to the crowd, which began chanting his name, the 32-year-old Moses picked up the pace in the third, though he still couldn't match the work rate of the 32-year-old Acosta. The fourth saw several exciting exchanges. Acosta sent Moses reeling into the ropes with a left hook early in the round, but

Moses recovered and began landing his jab with authority and then buzzed Acosta late with a combination.

Moses rocked Acosta with a left hook upstairs in the opening seconds of the fifth. Acosta recovered quickly and resumed using his volume punching to work his way inside. Moses was getting trapped against the ropes in the sixth, where he looked to counter his aggressive opponent. He never got much of a chance as Acosta connected with a big right hook to the chin that leveled Moses, who was counted out by referee Gustavo Padilla (Panama) at the 2:17 mark while sitting on the canvas.

It was the 18th straight win for Acosta, who hasn't lost since 2003. He moved up to third in THE RING lightweight rankings, up from seventh, while Moses remained in the sixth spot.

"I fought against a great warrior, and although he lost, he is still a very good fighter," Acosta said at the postfight press conference. "I am ready to give him a rematch because he deserves it. We were well treated in Namibia and I believe we will be back here. It's just a matter of my promoter (Don King) fixing a rematch with my manager for me to come back here."

Maybe Namibia will get another chance at a big fight. "Don King had other options, like staging the fight in Venezuela, but [Moses promoter] Nestor Tobias campaigned hard to stage this fight," Don King associate Teddy Singleton said at the postfight press conference.

Promoter: **Nestor Tobias**
(5-29-10)

Vitali Klitschko KO 10
Albert Sosnowski

Gelsenkirchen, Germany: Having recently turned down an opportunity presented by Ukraine's president, Viktor Yanukovych, to become mayor of the capital, Kiev, Klitschko, 247, Los Angeles, California, via Belovodskoye, Kyrgyzstan, struggled to resemble his old, imperious self against Sosnowski, 224½, Brentwood, England, via Warsaw, Poland, in front of approximately 50,000 fans at Veltins Arena. Sosnowski finished up at the feet of the reigning WBC heavyweight beltholder in the 10th round, but Klitschko was methodical at best and certainly not majestic.

The older of the two brothers who have dominated the division since the retirement of Lennox Lewis was never in danger of having the gaudy WBC crown knocked off his head. Sosnowski has never lacked for commitment, just ability. Victory by unanimous decision over Paolo Vidoz in his previous bout secured for him the European title, but only three fights earlier he dropped a decision over eight rounds to Zuri Lawrence, a journeyman heavyweight who has never stopped an opponent in 43 contests, 15 of which he has lost. It was never likely to be the most imposing test of a man who had won virtually every round of the four prior bouts he had contested since returning to the ring in 2008 with a disdainful dismissal of Samuel Peter, and nor did it turn out to be. But Klitschko, who turned 39 in July, betrayed conspicuous signs of his advancing years. Power without authority might be a harsh assessment of his current status, but Klitschko might concede that he is no longer the best fighter even in his own family.

Boxing cautiously behind his imposing jab, Klitschko engaged 31-year-old Sosnowski at long range in the first round, and this set the tone. Sosnowski, 45-3-1 (27), did not lack for courage, and he took the fight to Klitschko, 40-2 (38), in round three, landing some shots that annoyed the beltholder but did not trouble him. Klitschko reestablished his jab as the dominant theme in the fourth and punished Sosnowski in the fifth with a succession of blows that contributed to the draining of the Pole's commendable resistance.

At 6'7½", Klitschko towered over his 6'2½" opponent, but his work was increasingly ponderous and predictable. Sosnowski's limitations precluded even the slightest chance of a remarkable turnaround, yet Klitschko seemed content to go on laboriously about his task. The challenger tried to march forward with menace in the seventh and he landed a good right hand to Klitschko's chin in the eighth, but the overall effort was too much. By the 10th round, he was practically an unprotected target. Klitschko bullied him into his own corner and almost knocked him over with a solid right hand to the jaw. Sosnowski

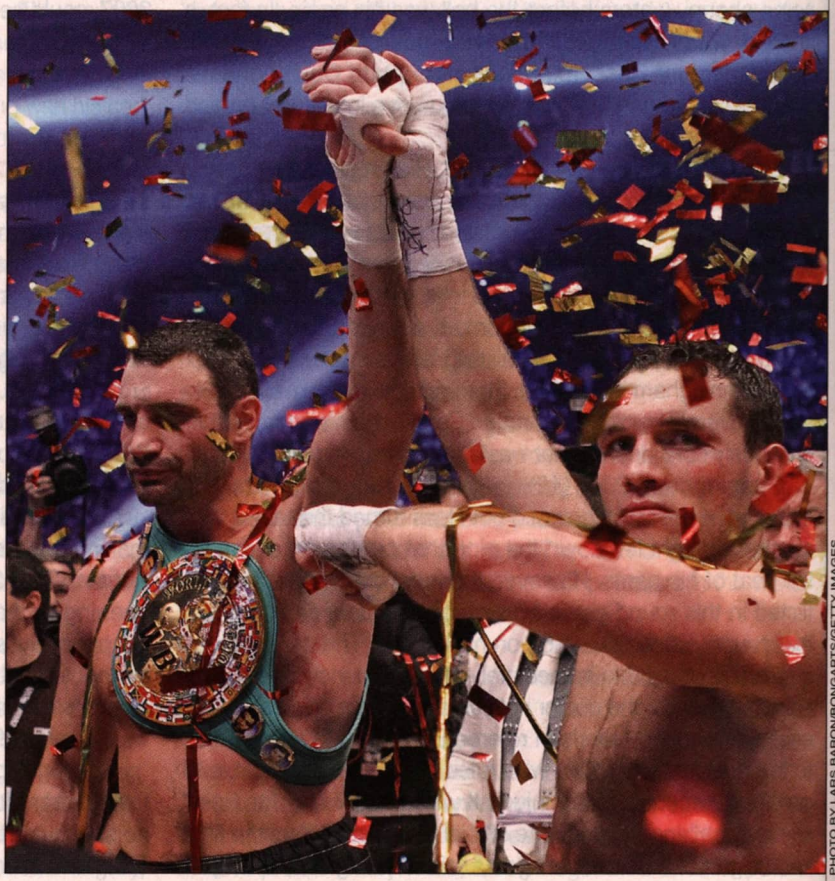


PHOTO BY LARS BARON/BONGARTS/GETTY IMAGES

Sosnowski acknowledges winner Klitschko as confetti rains down

managed to remain on his feet, but he need not have bothered, for another swinging right to the jaw sent him crashing to the floor before American referee Jay Nady waved it over at 2:20 of the 10th.

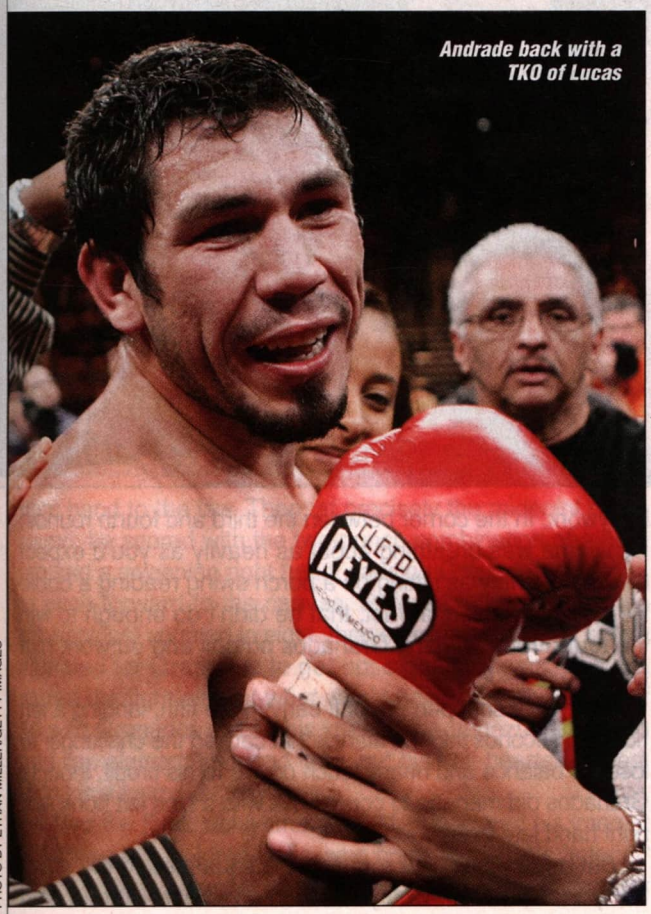
"I was in good form," Klitschko insisted. "Sosnowski is younger than me, but people saw that I did well against him. My experience got me through. I saw his mistakes and took advantage of them. I would either like to fight David Haye or the Russian Giant [Nicolay Valuev] next. I would really like to fight Haye because I want his WBA title. All he does is talk trash about other fighters. I would really like to get him in the ring to shut his big mouth."

Promoter: **K2 Promotions**
(5-29-10)
Brian Doogan

Librado Andrade KO 8 Eric Lucas

Quebec City, Canada: Lucas, who turned 39 the day after their bout, deserved full plaudits for taking on Andrade in only his second fight back after a nearly four-year retirement. A former WBC strap holder, Lucas returned to the ring last December against pedestrian Ramon Moyano, whom he stopped in four, in what was his first outing since being stopped in 10 rounds by Mikkel Kessler in January 2006.

Andrade, 169¼, ranked 10th at super middleweight by THE RING, was a different proposition altogether. Lucas himself admitted that taking on the world-ranked Mexican, who now resides in La Habra, California, was a reach, but he figured he would be catching Andrade on the rebound after last November's devastating fourth-round kayo loss to Lucian Bute.



Andrade back with a TKO of Lucas

PHOTO BY ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES

Clearly Lucas, 169, was the favorite son of the 8,138 Quebecois fans in attendance at the Colisee Pepsi, but Andrade was also a known quantity in Quebec, having fought his last four bouts there, including a stirring near-knockout of Bute in the final round of their first bout in October 2008, which helped to contribute to the healthy gate.

Lucas, Magog, Quebec, fought with customary courage, but age and a significant lack of firepower ultimately sealed his fate against the relentless Andrade. Andrade might possibly be the easiest-to-hit, world-class fighter in boxing today, but it did not diminish the fact that Lucas displayed a crisp jab and solid combination punching as the first few rounds unfolded. In typical fashion, Andrade chugged forward throwing with heavy hands, but Lucas showed some surprising spring in his legs as he changed up the distance and countered Andrade's rushes.

By round three, an unfazed Andrade was able to close the gap, belaboring Lucas along the ropes and trading evenly whenever the two were at center ring. A cut, opened above Lucas' right eye in the fourth, signaled a distinct shift in the fight's momentum. A clearly tiring Lucas went flatfooted and looked for clinches as Andrade went to work on the inside, hammering hooks to the body and firing uppercuts through Lucas' guard.

Lucas gamely fought back, landing several snapping combinations, but it was clear going into the fifth that he lacked the pop to deter Andrade's pressure. Strafing punches from Andrade began to exact a toll in the second half of the round as Lucas' nose began to bleed and a second cut was opened, this time over his left eye. Still, Lucas took round six with some flashy combinations that had Andrade's head spinning sideways as sweat sprayed into the air in what would ultimately prove to be his last winning round.

By round seven, a methodical Andrade stepped up his assault and started to land heavy combinations with much greater frequency as a weary looking Lucas walked unsteadily back to his corner at the round's end.

In round eight, Lucas gamely attempted to survive after a left hook opened a second nasty gash above his left eye, but Andrade battered him throughout the round. Referee, Michael Griffin (Canada) stopped the action late in the round as blood streamed down Lucas' face, allowing the ringside doctor to inspect the gaping wound. And while Lucas was allowed to continue, the bout was rightly halted at the end of the round with no protests from Lucas' corner.

"If I can't fight at a world level, I won't fight," said Lucas, who announced his retirement in the ring, ending with a 39-8-3 (15) record. "I don't want to be a journeyman for young fighters. I don't need it."

This is certainly the case for Lucas, who is co-owner of Interbox, which not only promoted his fight with Andrade but also holds exclusive promotional rights to Bute, who draws record crowds in Quebec.

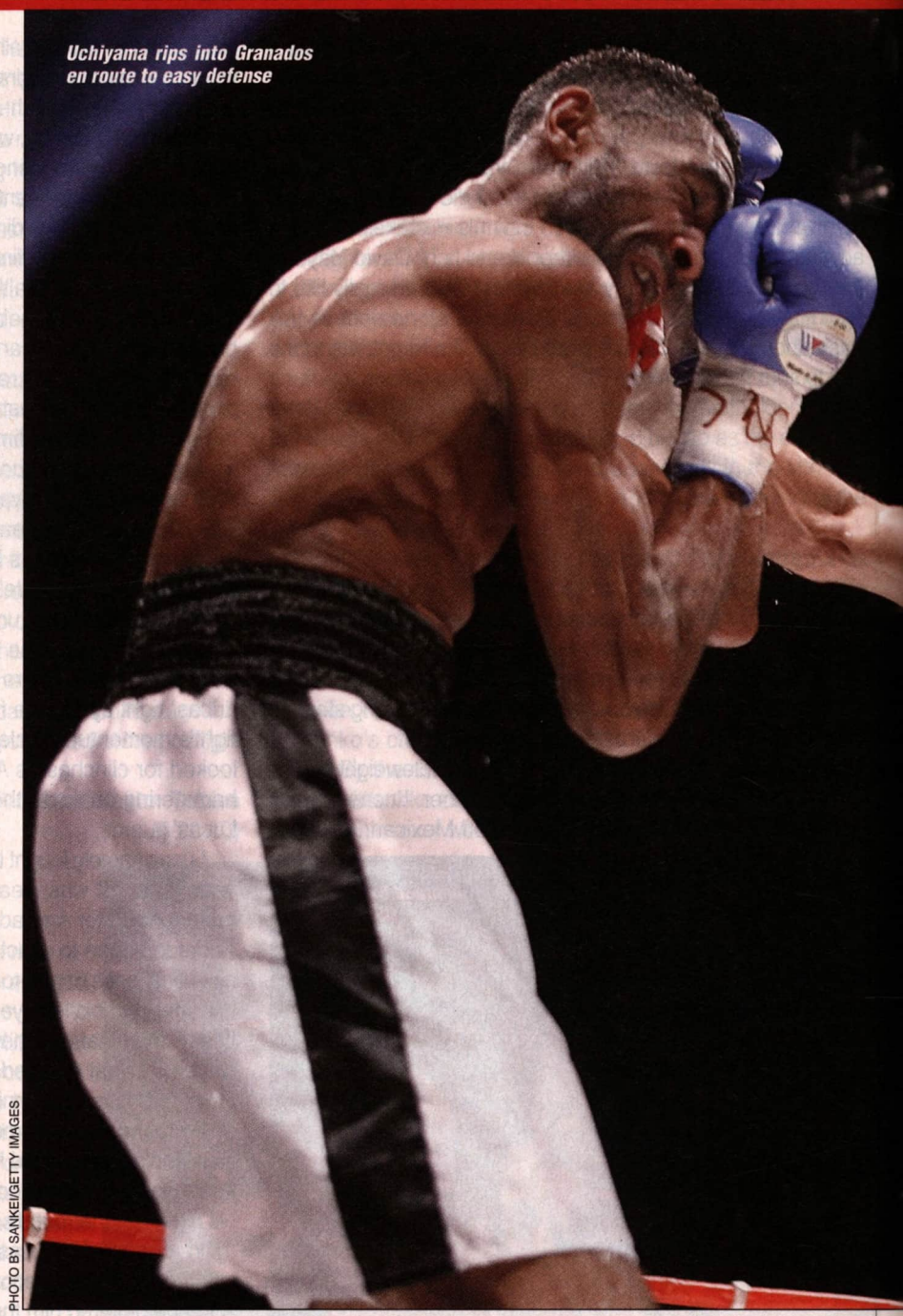
For Andrade, 29-3 (22), the win keeps him alive as a contender in a division that boasts perhaps the deepest talent pool. While his rematch with Bute ended too definitively to warrant a third fight, there are other intriguing matches looming for him against any one of the current "Super Six" participants.

Ever gracious, the 31-year-old Andrade showed fitting respect for Lucas in the aftermath of his victory. "I admire him for who he is outside the ring," Andrade said. "He is very successful financially. He doesn't need to do this. He had a great career, and his career has given him what he's got. And I respect him for it, and it's what I want to be."

Television: **ESPN2**
Promoter: **Interbox**
(05-28-10)

Takashi Uchiyama KO 6 Angel Granados

Saitama, Japan: The tried and true tradition of a "gimme" first defense for a new titleholder continued at the Super Arena, where Uchiyama took care of Venezuelan journeyman Granados in one-sided fashion in front of approximately 6,000 fans. After taking the boxing world by surprise with his "where did he come from?" alphabet title win over Juan Carlos Salgado in January, Uchiyama didn't allow for any surprises against Granados. The WBA junior lightweight titlist won nearly every round en route to producing a sudden and spectacular ending at 1:42 of the sixth with a perfectly delivered one-two combination.



Uchiyama rips into Granados en route to easy defense

PHOTO BY SANKEI/GETTY IMAGES

Uchiyama, 130, Tokyo, Japan, was the picture of relaxation from the opening bell, seemingly both confident and secure in the belief that the 35-year-old Granados, 129¼, Caracas, Venezuela, didn't pose a threat. Though outrageously tall for the weight at 6'1", Granados couldn't put his lankiness to good use, losing the early battle of the jabs against the well-schooled beltholder. Granados held his left hand low from the outset, and Uchiyama responded by landing a couple of right hands over the top. Granados was putting in an honest effort and trying to win, but it was clear early on that the slow-fisted South American was overmatched.

Uchiyama, 30, swept the first three rounds, making good use of his effective trip-hammer jab and occasional bodywork. In the corner between the third and fourth rounds, Uchiyama was breathing about as heavily as you'd expect him to be if he was sitting on a porch swing reading a book. He was so relaxed, in fact, that he didn't do enough to win the fourth round, letting Granados outbox and outwork him from the outside.

Uchiyama snapped out of it early in the fifth, landing a left hook 30 seconds into the stanza that caused the challenger to lose his balance and nearly touch down. To his credit, though, Granados did manage to come back with a nice left hook and right hand late in the round.

But any thoughts of a rally were squashed in the sixth. Early in the round, Uchiyama served notice with a clean

right hand to the jaw. Then, at precisely the midpoint of the round, he scored with the two-punch combination of a hard jab and a sweeping right hand, causing Granados, 18-9 (8), to pitch forward to the canvas. Referee Silvestre Abainza (Philippines) counted to eight, then somewhat inappropriately signaled for Granados to get up, signaled again, and declared the fight over at what would have been the count of 10 with Granados still on his knees. The Venezuelan got up and complained a second later, but his half-hearted protest didn't last long.

After the fight, Uchiyama, 15-0 (12), declared his interest in fighting either Jorge Solis, who holds the WBA's "interim" title, or Jorge Linares, who was considered the rising star of the division until his shocking one-round knockout loss to Salgado last year.

Promoters: **Watanabe Promotions, Teiken Promotions**
(5-17-10)

Orlando Salido W 12 Cristobal Cruz

Ciudad Obregon, Mexico: After three failed attempts, veteran featherweight Salido finally claimed an alphabet title belt as he got past rival Cruz via clear-cut unanimous decision at Tomas Oroz Gaytan Stadium.

It was the fourth defense of the IBF featherweight belt for Cruz, 125¾, Tijuana, Mexico, who picked up the vacant strap in October 2008 with a split decision against Salido, 125¾, Ciudad Obregon, Mexico. The close scores in the first bout were undoubtedly a major factor in the fight nearly being called off the day before over a dispute about the judges selected for the rematch. An agreement was reached and the fight proceeded as planned, though in the end, Cruz probably wished it had been scrapped.

Salido, 34-10-2 (22), left no doubts this time. Characteristically aggressive from the opening bell, he targeted the head and body and had Cruz, 39-12-2 (23), backing up early. Though taller by an inch, the 5'7" Cruz faced a four-inch reach deficit. Salido took advantage of it in the second when he found the perfect range to drop Cruz twice with right crosses. Cruz beat the count of referee Roberto Ramirez (Puerto Rico) on both occasions and somehow survived the round.

The 33-year-old Cruz, who has only been stopped twice in 54 fights, and not since 2002, got through the third round, and then began to assert himself in the fourth. He performed adequately in the middle rounds, when his higher punch volume enabled him to gain some points on the cards. The 29-year-old Salido picked up the pace late to regain control, however, starting with a ninth round in which he landed several bombs, including his right uppercut. Battered throughout the late rounds, Cruz was holding on the 12th and barely made it to the bell.

Alfredo Polanco (Mexico) and Luis Rivera (USA) each scored it 117-109, while Larry Hazzard (USA) scored it 116-110, all for Salido, who battled through a nasty cut above his left eye. With the win, he jumps into the third spot in THE RING ratings, bumping the previously third-ranked Cruz to fourth. In his previous attempts at belts, Salido dropped a decision to Juan Manuel Marquez in 2004, lost the split verdict to Cruz, and in November 2006 had a decision win against Robert Guerrero nullified for failing a postfight steroid test.

Salido was scheduled to meet fellow featherweight beltholder Yuriorkis Gamboa in a July 24 unification bout, but the fight was pushed back to the fall due to the cut suffered by Salido. "Having come off a very physical battle, the last thing Salido or Top Rank wanted for the fans and HBO is a cut opening up immediately and having an impact on the potential result," Top Rank vice president Carl Moretti told ESPN.com. "By pushing the fight back, it ensures the quality of the unification match."

Promoter: **Venganza y Gloria**
(5-15-10)

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Promoter: **Venganza y Gloria**
(5-15-10)

David Lemieux KO 1 Elvin Ayala

Montreal, Canada: This was the quintessential statement fight for Lemieux, 159, who started professionally at 18 and, just three years later, saw his career take a huge leap toward a top-10 middleweight ranking with his single-round blitzkrieg of New Haven, Connecticut's Ayala, 160¼.

As with every Lemieux fight, it seems, there was a danger the fight would end before we really learned anything new about the young bomber from Montreal, Quebec. Lemieux did show exemplary charisma and poise in headlining the major card held at Montreal's Uniprix Stadium while emphatically introducing himself to a US audience via ESPN2.

Still the quick kayo for Lemieux, his eighth in the first round, proved anticlimactic, if only because the battle-tested Ayala, 29, was supposed to provide more resistance. He did, after all, hold then-undefeated Sergio Mora to a stalemate in 2007 and extend Arthur Abraham to 12 rounds before succumbing to the Armenian's bludgeoning fists in March 2008. If not actually pulling off an upset, Ayala was still expected to go rounds and, more importantly, expose weaknesses.

But what makes Lemieux, 23-0 (22), a little more special than the typical knockout puncher is the quickness and sharpness with which he is able to attack and get off his punches. Lemieux doesn't necessarily wear down opponents; he stuns and concusses them with single shots. Every punch is a potential fight-ender. Against Ayala, 20-4 (9), who actually possessed the slower hands, it didn't take long for the explosive Lemieux to close the distance and scramble Ayala with short, precise punches.

To his credit, Ayala opened the round clearly determined to test his younger adversary. He came out aggressively in the first minute and managed to reach Lemieux with several blows, including a crisp right lead that caught his opponent backing up.

Not one for head movement, Lemieux went into a defensive shell, with his elbows tucked in and gloves high on either side of his face as he blocked Ayala's early punches. Soon, however, Lemieux sat down and began trading, hammering Ayala to the head and body as he backed him to the ropes. A crisp overhand right rattled Ayala, weakening his legs and leaving him sprawled over the second strand of ropes for what referee Gerry Bolen (Canada) would call the first knockdown of the fight.

Bolen administered an eight count, but Ayala's legs were still quivering as he went at Lemieux with wide, desperate shots. A cool Lemieux continued his attack, wading in with combinations to Ayala's head and body that had him staggering helplessly before a straight left-right combination dropped him for a second time. Again Ayala rose to his feet, but looked in desperate trouble despite only 28 seconds left to survive the round. Lemieux landed a short overhand right, followed by a sharp left hook that detonated perfectly on Ayala's chin and left him sprawled unconscious on the canvas, prompting Bolen to instantly call a halt at the 2:44 mark.

Despite the brevity of the fight, the nearly 5,000 fans at Uniprix Stadium were elated with the outcome. Lemieux becomes the latest title prospect and potential breakout star to be incubated from Montreal's heated boxing scene.

Television: **ESPN2**
Promoter: **GYM**
(06-11-10)

Vic Darchinyan W 12 Eric Barcelona

Parramatta, Sydney: A dominating force at junior bantamweight, Darchinyan made an unsuccessful move up to bantamweight in July 2009 when he dropped a 12-round points decision to Joseph Agbeko. The Armenian-born Australian citizen tried again and this time succeeded with a unanimous points win over Barcelona at the Parramatta Leagues Club.

The 34-year-old Darchinyan, 35-2-1 (27), 117¾, who held the WBC/WBA junior bantamweight belts going into the match and is rated first at 115 by THE RING, was pushed all the way by Barcelona, who has never been stopped in 73 professional matches.

Certainly, no one asked Barcelona, 117½, to check his toughness in at customs upon entering the country. The 28-year-old southpaw from Valencia City, Philippines, never gave up despite being hammered with many vicious punches by the "Raging Bull."

In his third attempt at a title belt, the well-organized Barcelona, 51-18-4 (19), looked tidy in the opening round, and with Darchinyan carrying a broken left hand into the match, it was unclear whether the local favorite had full use of his best weapon. In contrast, the wildly swinging Barcelona was confident to let his hands go in round two.

Darchinyan was putting his combinations together and not looking for a single-punch knockout, as is often the case. Caught by a straight left in round three, Darchinyan dug to the body in reply, realizing that Barcelona possessed a sturdy chin and had come to win.

Barcelona went down to the canvas in round five from a clubbing punch. Down on one knee, he protested to referee Gary Dean (Australia), claiming he had been pushed. But if there was any doubt about that knockdown, there was none shortly after when Darchinyan landed a sweet right uppercut that knocked Barcelona backwards into the ropes and down onto the canvas.

Deducted a point by the referee in round six for a low blow, Barcelona looked close to being stopped but came back strongly in round seven. The rounds were give-and-take at this time and Darchinyan, while ahead on the official cards, was threatened in round 11 when he was buzzed via head clash. This enraged Darchinyan, who put Barcelona down for the third time in the fight courtesy of a left uppercut. Back on his feet, Barcelona was hanging on for survival and lost another point in round 12 for a low blow. The fight ended appropriately with a toe-to-toe exchange that thrilled the crowd.

Darchinyan won on the scorecards of Bruce McTavish (New Zealand) 120-103, Steve Marshall (Australia) 118-105,

Martirosyan breezed to a decision over Greene in lackluster bout

PHOTO BY AL BELO/GETTY IMAGES

and Phil Edwards (England) 116-108. THE RING agreed with Marshall's score.

Promoter: **Angelo Hyder**
(5-20-10)
Paul Upham

Vanes Martirosyan W 10 Joe Greene

***New York, New York*:** It was a matchup that certainly looked attractive enough on paper. But as they say, paper can't fight, because if it could, two sheets of paper might have put on a better display than these two did.

It was a lost opportunity for the two junior middleweight prospects, who competed as the televised co-feature to the Miguel Cotto-Yuri Foreman main event at Yankee Stadium. They had a chance to put on a real show before a crowd of more than 20,000. They didn't.

Martirosyan, 24, Glendale, California, did improve his record to 28-0 (17) with the unanimous decision victory. Greene, 24, Queens, New York, on the other hand, saw his stock plummet precipitously after showing that "Mean Joe" wasn't that mean after all.

After losing the first two rounds, Martirosyan, 153¾, changed the course of the fight in the third. His plan was simple: work the body and wear down the smaller Greene, 151½. By the seventh round, Martirosyan was well in control. He had opened a cut over Green's right eye in the eighth round. In the 10th, Martirosyan dumped Greene with what appeared to be a push, but referee Steve Smoger (USA) called it a knockdown.

"I thought he would press me more than he did," Martirosyan said. "I thought he would come forward and he didn't. It didn't seem like he wanted to fight. I'm still improving and getting better all the time."

One of the few people pleased with Martirosyan's effort was trainer Freddie Roach, who said, "I thought [Martirosyan] won every round. He showed nice movement and good power."

Greene, 22-1 (14), started well, attacking and landing his jab. In the second round, he connected with what turned out to be his best punch of the night, a left that caught the attention of Martirosyan and drove him back. That was basically it for Greene, who seemed to be affected by Martirosyan's body shots. "I didn't have it tonight," Greene admitted. "I wasn't busy enough, and he was getting in the first shot."

The fight, competitive for two rounds, became rather easy to score from then on. Bill Costello (USA) and Tom Schreck (USA) had it much closer than it appeared, each giving it to Martirosyan by 96-93 scores. Julie Lederman (USA) had it 98-91, which was much closer to THE RING's 97-92 tally.

Television: **HBO**
Promoter: **Top Rank**
(6-12-10)
Joseph Santoliquito ■

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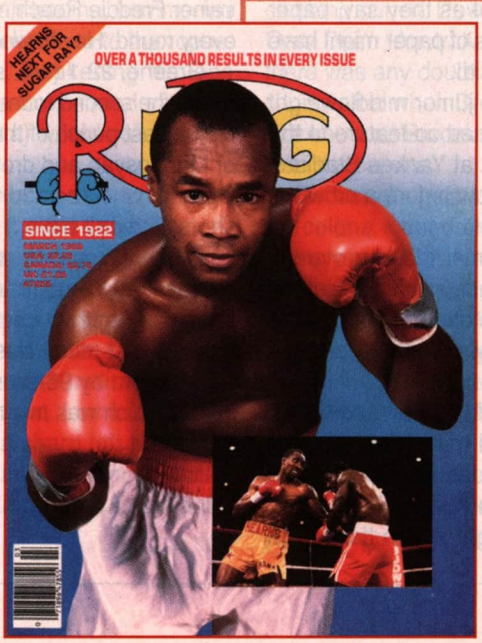

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Aug. 1991: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight ... And The World A Thrill (color). Plus: Making weight, Harry Greb, Kevin Kelley, Louis-Conn I, Simon Brown-Blocker, Chavez-Duplessis, Sugar Ray Robinson.

July 1992: Does Larry Holmes Deserve A Title Shot? Plus: Nelson-Fenech II, Tracy Patterson, Kelley-Dorsey, fat fighters, Buchanan-Camacho, Holmes-Ali (color).

Nov. 1992: Is Riddick Bowe The Next Heavyweight Champion? Plus: Morrison-Hipp, Canizales-Chandler, Chavez-Camacho preview, Australia Best of Nation, Tyson speaks from prison, Corbett-Sullivan (color), Tracy Patterson, Pat Barrett, Knockout Brown.

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Feb. 1998: Welter-Skelter! The Hottest Division In Boxing. Plus: Lewis-Golota, Olympic update, Art Shires, boxing I.Q.

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June 2000: The Honors Keep Coming! Lenox Lewis Receives The Undisputed Ring Belt. Plus: Roy Jones, Vernon Forrest, Teddy Atlas, Mike Tyson, Don Fullmer.

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Dec. 2000: The Hell With Tyson—Tua Is The Man Who Could Beat Lewis. Plus: Mike Tyson, Felix Trinidad, Wladimir Klitschko, Trilla in Manila, U.S. vs. World, Toxey Hall.

Feb. 2001: It's Not Over For Oscar: THE RING's Five-Step Recovery Plan. Plus: Bob Arum, Dingaan Thobela, Hernandez brothers, U.S. Olympic team, future pound-for-pounders.

June 2001: Pretty Boy Floyd: Superstar Or Superbrat? Plus: Lewis vs. greats, 2000 Olympians, Henry Hall, rematches we'd like to see.

July 2001 (108-Page Extra): The State Of The Game. Plus: Zab Judah, John Ruiz, Andrew Lewis, Mark Johnson, British boxing.

Aug. 2001: Rocking The World! What Rahman's Victory Means To Boxing. Plus: Barrera-Hamed, Oscar De La Hoya, Mount Whitaker, *Friday Night Fights.*

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Dec. 2001: The Rock Promises Another Shock! "I'm Gonna Knock Lennox Out Again!" Plus: David Reid, Jones-Gonzalez, McCline-Grant, Jackie Graves, ring deaths.

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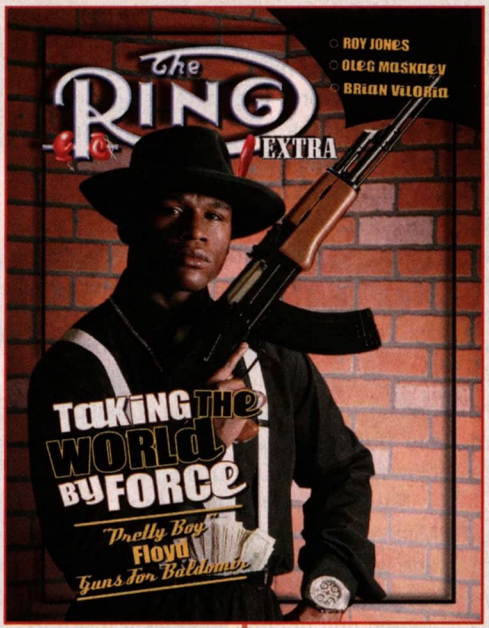

Aug. 2002: Lewis vs. Tyson: Who Will Win ... And What Happens Next. Plus: Michael Moorer, Jeff Fenech, Charley Parham, Rafael & Juan Manuel Marquez.

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May 2003 (108-Page Extra): Ali ... Leonard ... Tyson ... Klitschko? Plus: Year-end awards, Chris Byrd, Lupe Pintor, Maxie Rosenbloom.

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July 2003 (108-Page Extra): Now What, Roy? How Jones Matches Up Against The Heavyweight Elite. Plus: Mike Tyson, Marquez Brothers, Ricardo Williams, Tony Zale.

Aug. 2003: THE RING Unscrambles The Heavyweight Mess. Plus: Bernard Hopkins, Scott Harrison, Billy Warren, Latino revolution, cups.

June 2004: The Lewis Retirment: Will He Come Back? Plus: Scott Pemberton, Jones-Tarver preview, James McGirt, James J. Braddock.

Summer 2004: Squeezed Out: Is There A Superfight For Felix Trinidad? Plus: Joe Mesi, Miguel Cotto, Winky Wright, Ceferino Garcia.

Fall 2004: Trinidad vs. Mayorga: Comeback Or Calamity. Plus: Vitali Klitschko, Marco Antonio Barrera, Juan Diaz, Jimmy Clabby.

Feb. 2005 (100-Page Extra): The Incredible Comeback Of Felix Trinidad—Just The Boost Boxing Needs! Plus: Glen Johnson, Klitschko-Williams preview, Kasim Ouma, Tony Lopez, Paul Berlenbach, bodypunching.

Winter 2005: 1980s vs. Today: Comparing The Middleweight Superstars. Plus: Roy Jones, Leija-Gatti preview, Terry Downes, comebacks.

Spring 2005—Svelter Welter: Moving To 147 Will Tip The Scale In Oscar's Favor. Plus: Vitali Klitschko, Glen Johnson, Andre Ward, Johnny Persol.

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Aug. 2007 (100-Page Extra): De La Hoya vs. Mayweather—Questions Answered ... Questions Raised. Plus: Manny Pacquiao, John Duddy, Chagaev-Valuev, Calzaghe-Kessler, Wright-Hopkins.

Oct. 2007 (100-Page Extra): Cotto On The Verge of Greatness ... But Is It Too Soon To Fight Floyd? Plus: Vitali Klitschko, Rafael Marquez, Kelly Pavlick, David Haye, Jimmy Carter.

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Everything changed when Mitchell was 12 and he and his family moved in with his maternal grandparents in Maryland, where he began taking up sports.

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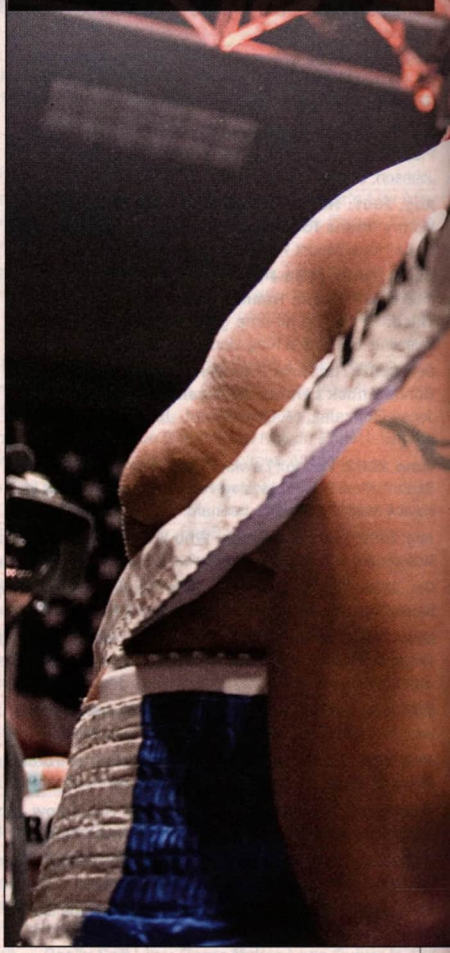

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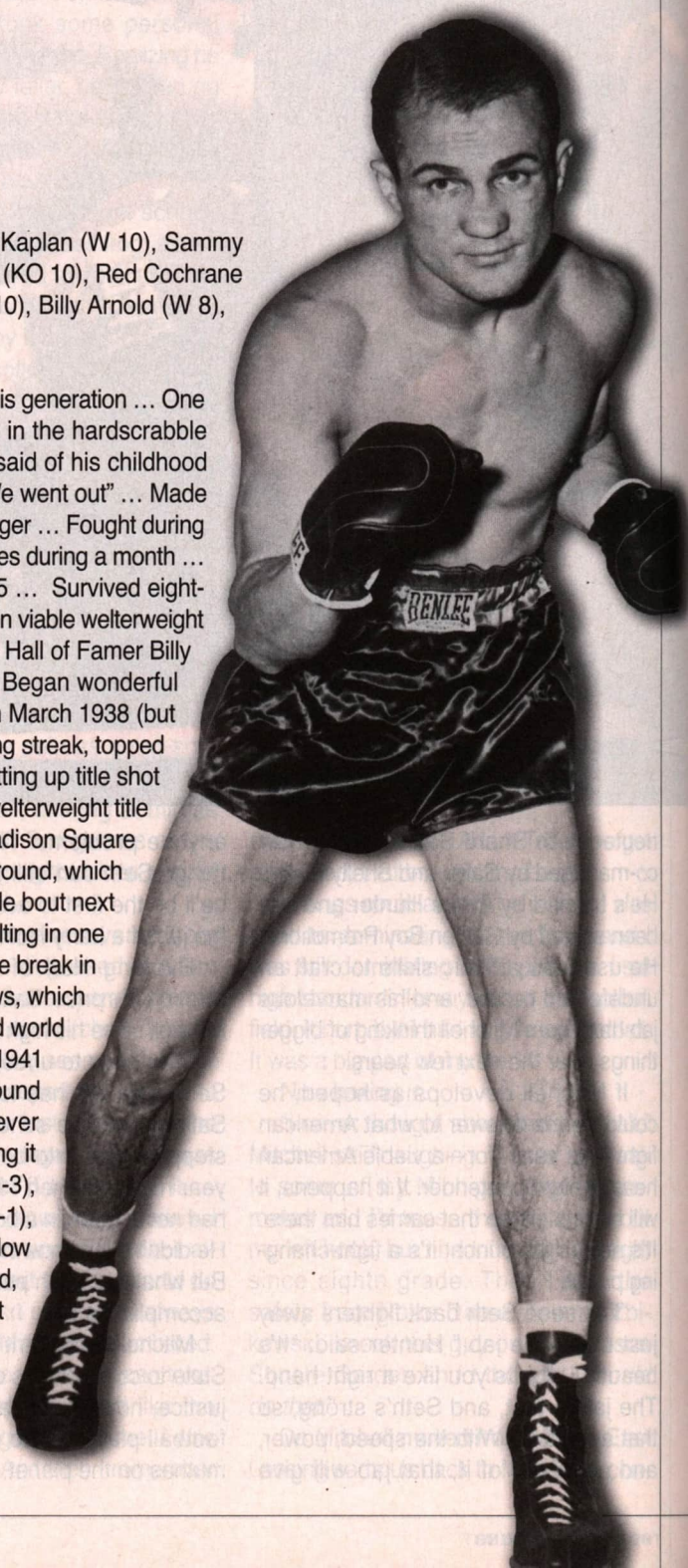
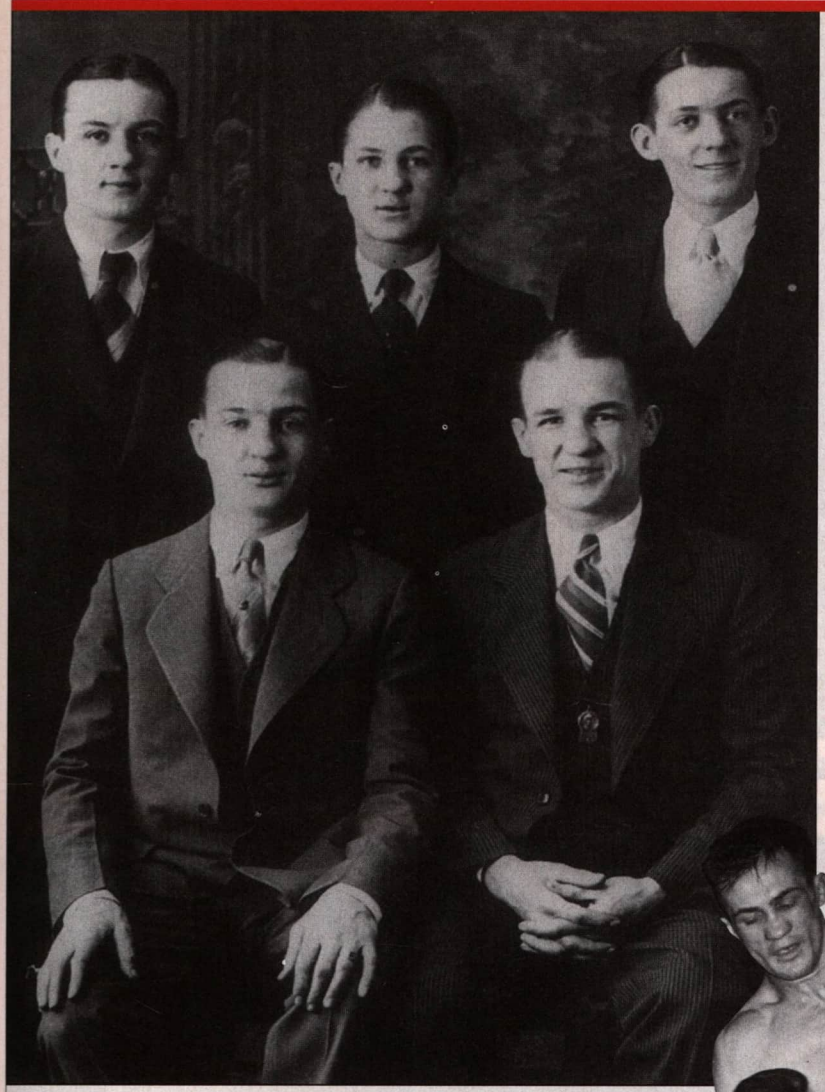
[Hall of Fame Profile]

THE RING features a thumbnail biography of a ring great who has received the ultimate honor: induction into the International Boxing Hall of Fame in Canastota, New York

Fritzie Zivic

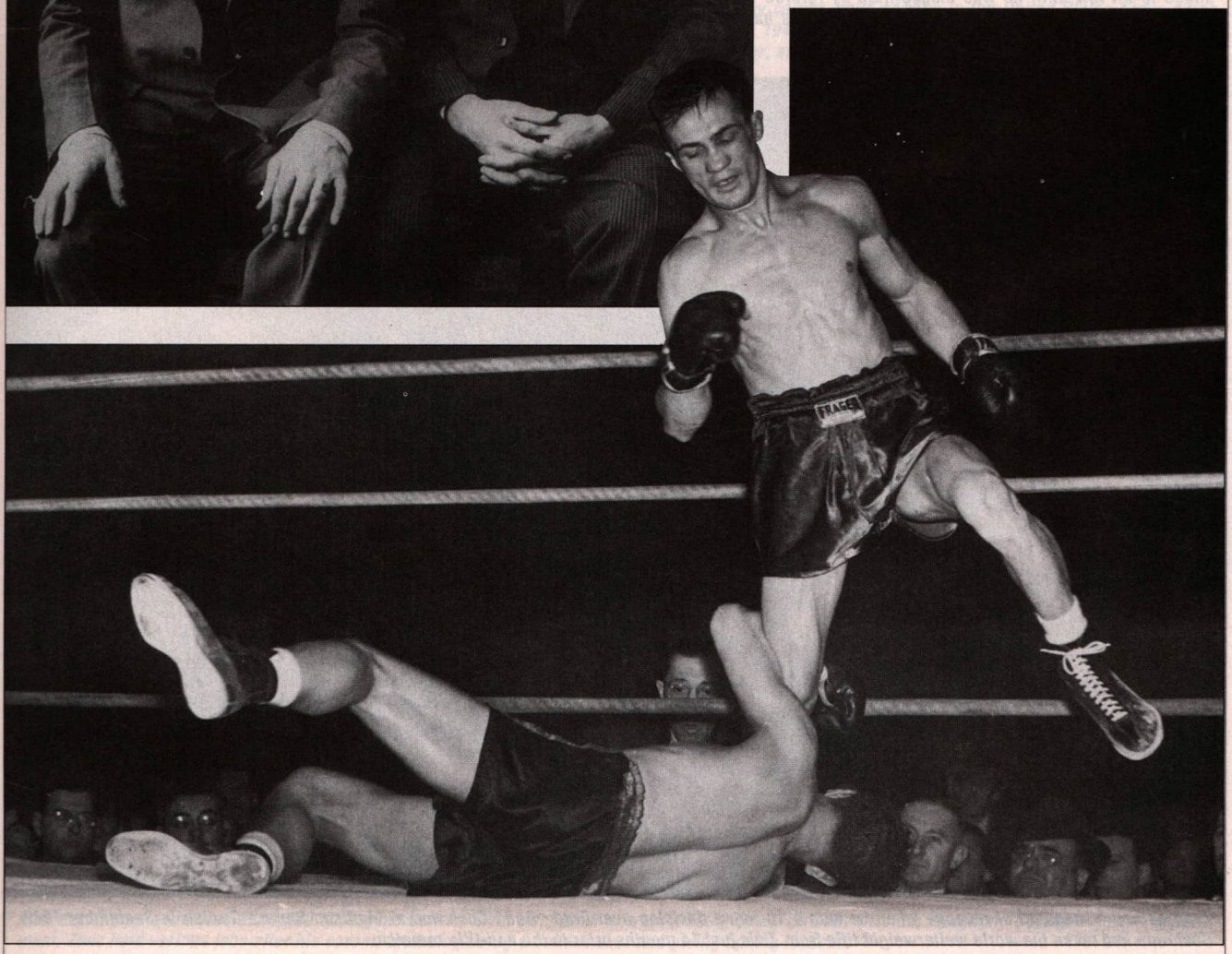
Birthdate: May 8, 1913
Date of Death: May 16, 1984
Birthplace: Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania
Nickname: "The Croat Comet"
Weight Class: Welterweight
Record: 159-64-9 (80) with 1 no-contest
Title Held: World welterweight
Best Performances: Charley Burley (W 10), Mike Kaplan (W 10), Sammy Angott (W 10), Henry Armstrong (W 15, KO 12), Lew Jenkins (KO 10), Red Cochrane (W 10), Jake LaMotta (W 15), Kid Azteca (W 10, W 10, W 10), Billy Arnold (W 8), Izzy Jannazzo (KO 4)
Year of IBHOF Induction: 1993
Background: Considered one of the dirtiest fighters of his generation ... One of five boxing brothers born to immigrant parents ... Raised in the hardscrabble Ninth Ward in Lawrenceville, near Pittsburgh ... Zivic once said of his childhood neighborhood, "You either had to fight or stay in the house. We went out" ... Made pro debut in October 1931, scoring first-round TKO of Al Rettinger ... Fought during an era when pros sometimes stepped into the ring multiple times during a month ... Broke Lou Ambers' jaw in 10-round decision loss in July 1935 ... Survived eight-fight losing streak from August 1935 through April 1936 to remain viable welterweight contender ... Had five-fight winning streak snapped by future Hall of Famer Billy Conn via 10-round split decision loss in December 1936 ... Began wonderful trilogy with Charley Burley by taking 10-round split decision in March 1938 (but would lose the next two by decision) ... Posted six-fight winning streak, topped off in August 1940 by decision victory over Sammy Angott, setting up title shot against world champion Henry Armstrong ... Captured world welterweight title with 15-round decision over Armstrong in October 1940, at Madison Square Garden. The fight was even on two cards going into the final round, which Zivic won handily to take the title ... Fought high-profile non-title bout next against Al "Bummy" Davis in November 1940 in New York, resulting in one of dirtiest fights of all-time ... Thumbed Davis and hit him on the break in the opening round, causing Davis to respond with 10 low blows, which led to a second-round disqualification win for Zivic ... Retained world title with 12-round TKO in rematch with Armstrong in January 1941 ... Title reign came to abrupt end in second defense with 15-round decision loss to Freddie "Red" Cochrane in July 1941 ... Never received another title shot ... Fought the best of his time, mixing it up with Ray Robinson twice (0-2), Jake LaMotta four times (1-3), Beau Jack twice (0-2), Bob Montgomery (0-1), Cochrane (1-1), and Armstrong (2-1) ... Great fan appeal despite reputation for low blows, gouging, thumbing, and lacing as part of a straight-ahead, brawling style ... Ended career in January 1949 ... Fought seven future Hall of Famers and nine world champions ... Spent postfight career working as a boilermaker and road worker for the Allegheny County Highway Department. Also gave boxing lessons ... Died on May 16, 1984, following a long battle with Alzheimer's disease.

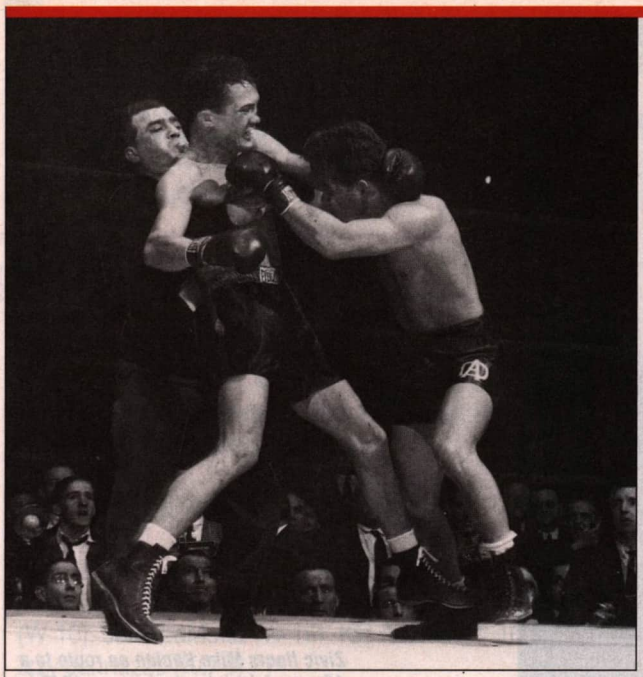




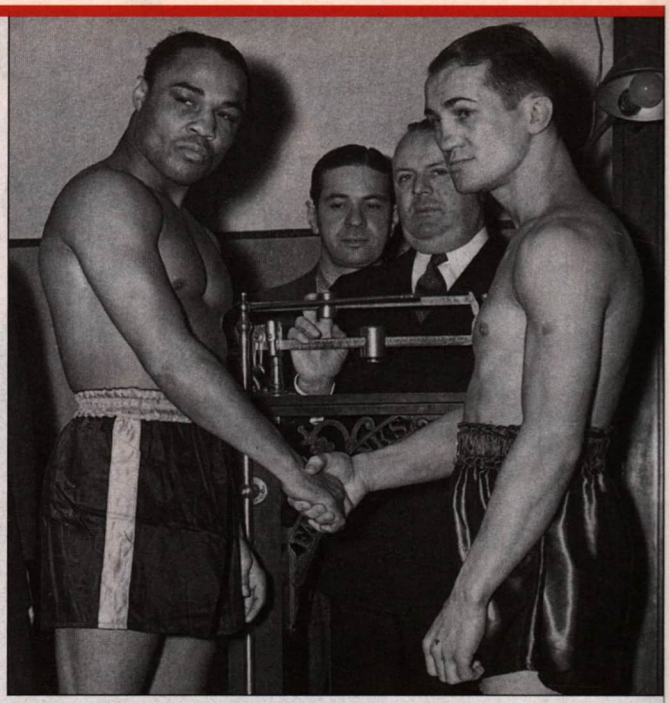
Meet the fighting Zivics: Fritzie, pictured in the middle of the top row, is shown with his boxing brothers Joe, Eddie, Pete, and Jack. The Zivics were a rough crew, raised in the tough Ninth Ward of Lawrenceville, located near Pittsburgh. Joe is the only brother who did not box professionally.

Zivic floors Mike Kaplan en route to a 10-round decision in January 1940 in Philadelphia. Ten months later, Zivic would challenge welterweight world champion Henry Armstrong.

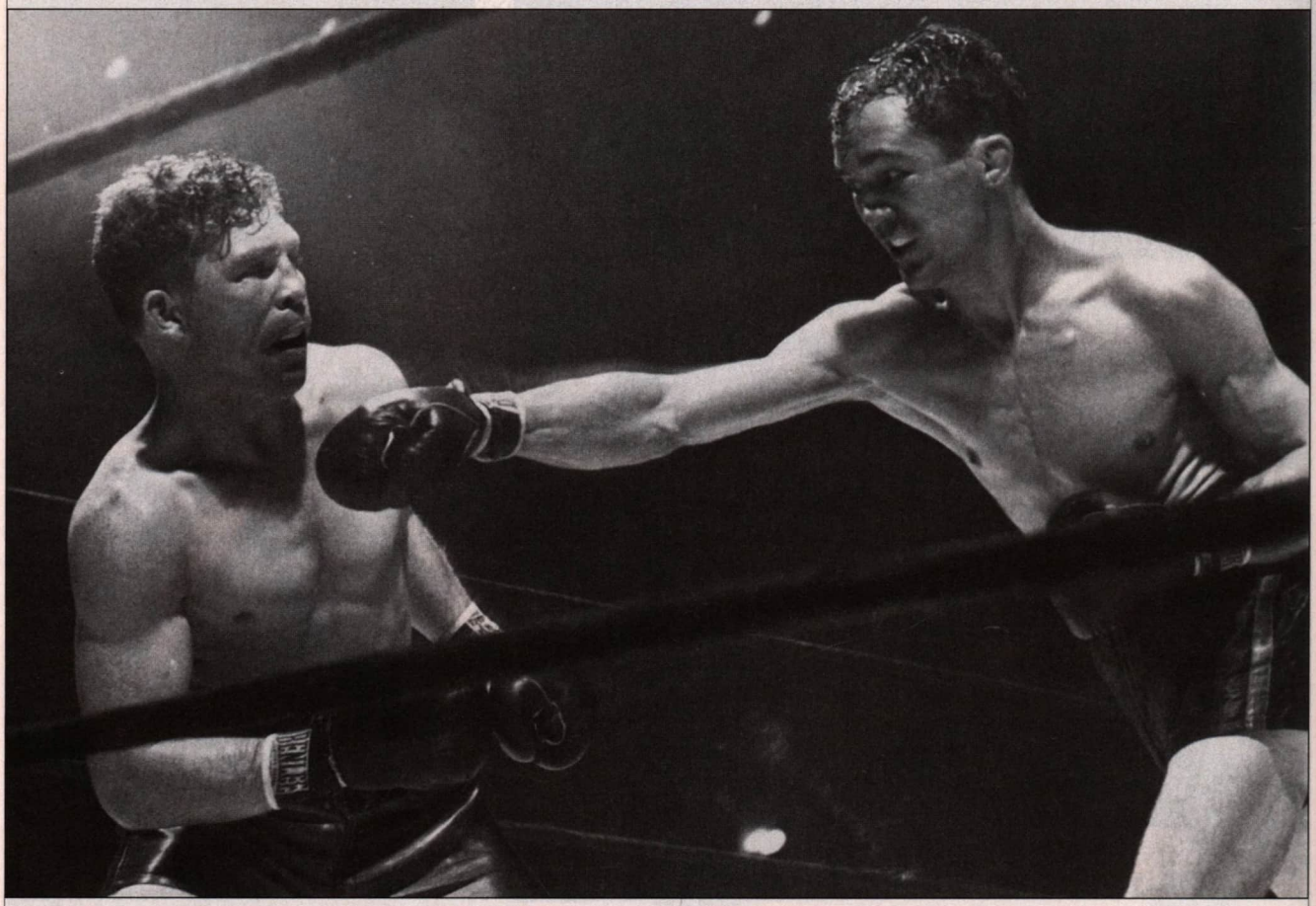




A riot broke out when Zivic squared off against Al "Bummy" Davis in November 1940. After Zivic fouled Davis in the opening round, Bummy retaliated with a left hook to Zivic's groin in the second round and continued to hit low until he was disqualified by referee Bill Kavanah. During the postfight pandemonium, Zivic and Davis had to be pried apart by policemen and cornermen.

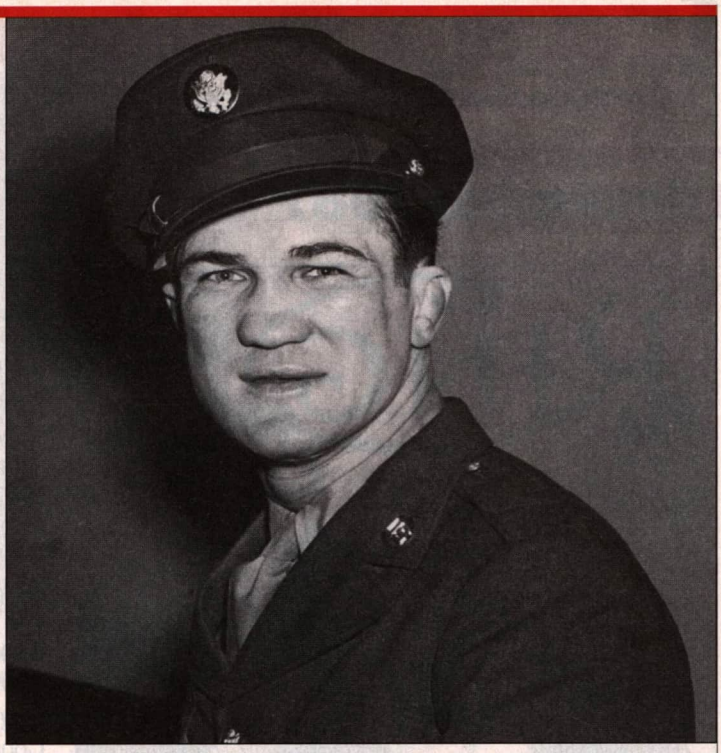


Welterweight champion Zivic shakes hands with the legendary Henry Armstrong during the weigh-in for their January 1941 rematch. Zivic had annexed the title from Armstrong in a foul-plagued fight at Madison Square Garden three months before. Zivic won much more emphatically the second time, when he stopped Armstrong in the 12th round.



Zivic gained a measure of revenge when he won a 10-round decision over Fred "Red" Cochrane at Madison Square Garden in September 1942. Cochrane had taken the world welterweight title from Zivic just 14 months prior to the non-title rematch.

Fritzie with his children: Fritzie Jr., Janis, and Charles attend the 1946 Soap Box Derby. Zivic was by then in the twilight of his career. He fought on until January '49, ending on a high note, winning a 10-round decision over Eddie Steele.



Zivic maintained a busy career while serving in the United States Army, going 9-4 in 13 starts during 1944, including three 10-round decision losses to Jake LaMotta, Freddie Archer, and Tommy Bell.

After earning an estimated $500,000 during his career, Zivic went back to work making $1.70 an hour with the Allegheny County Highway Department. Zivic held various jobs after his career, including being a boilermaker and giving boxing lessons.

December 1987

COVER STORY: "Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys" by Nigel Collins examines the relationship between the reigning heavyweight champion Michael Spinks and his manager, Butch Lewis.

"Boxing has always made strange bedfellows, but Lewis and Spinks just might be the most successful odd couple the game has ever produced," writes Collins. "Their personalities are as different as Don King and Bob Arum. Butch is a charming popinjay with brains and a load of bull as long as Ernie Terrell's jab. He's outspoken, audacious, and often outrageous. Michael is Mr. Mellow. He's so laidback and understated, you have to remind yourself he's the heavyweight champion of the world."

Much of the article is about the duo's maverick status within the boxing industry. Lewis had yanked Spinks from HBO's Heavyweight World Series and taken a fight with Gerry Cooney instead.

"I'm only doing what a lot of people in the industry have longed to do for years," said Lewis. "I'm not afraid to step up and make a stand. I never ran from too much anyways. If I think I'm right, you'll have to carry me out."

While Lewis and Spinks angered many of the game's power brokers, Spinks' fifth-round TKO of the much larger Cooney served to whet the public's appetite for a showdown with Mike Tyson the next year. Although Spinks was blown away in less than a round by Iron Mike, he earned enough money to retire a wealthy man.

World Champions

(for the period ended September 4, 1987)

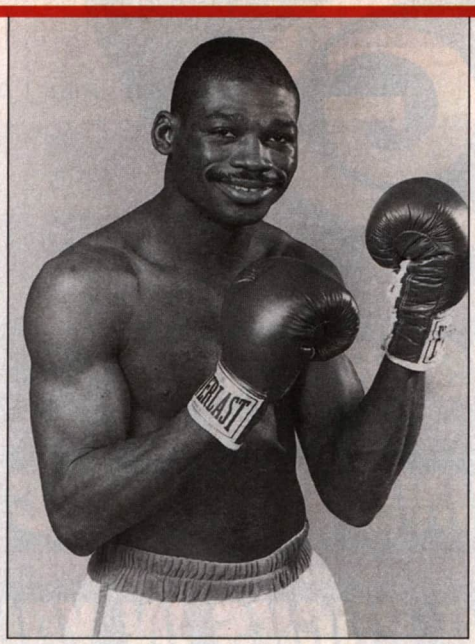
Heavyweight: Michael Spinks
Light Heavyweight: vacant
Middleweight: vacant
Welterweight: Lloyd Honeyghan
Lightweight: vacant
Featherweight: Antonio Esparragoza
Bantamweight: vacant
Flyweight: Sot Chitalada

"The Ring Rates The Light Heavyweight Champions" was based on 10 categories: natural ability, punching power, defense, hand speed, foot work, durability, cut resistance, determination, quality of opposition,

Moore poses for the press after knocking out Harold Johnson in 1954

and historical impact. Here's the top 10, as rated by the editors (remember outstanding 175-pounders such as Ezzard Charles and Gene Tunney were not included because neither of them ever held the world title at light heavyweight): 1. Archie Moore, 2. Michael Spinks, 3. Billy Conn, 4. Bob Foster, 5. Tommy Loughran, 6. Harold Johnson, 7. Georges Carpentier, 8. Dick Tiger. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Dwight Muhammad Qawi were tied for number nine, so there was no number 10.

"Starling Bombs Out Breland" details Marlon Starling's stunning upset of Mark Breland to win the WBA welterweight title. It was Breland's first professional loss and came in his first defense of the title. Breland was ahead on all three official scorecards going into the 11th round of the scheduled 15-rounder, but was floored by a screaming left hook to the head.



Starling as he looked during his title reign

"After escorting Starling to a neutral corner, referee Tony Perez picked up the count at five," writes JR Jowett. "Breland pushed himself up on one side, only to fall over the other way. He somehow just managed to beat the count, but it was a lost cause. Breland was out on his feet and Perez waved the finish to Mark's six-month reign."

The victory also earned Starling THE RING's Fighter of the Month honors. The pair would fight a rematch the following year, when Starling retained the title via 12-round draw.

"The Unknown Champs: Dodie Penalosa" by Manolo Inigo was the latest installment of a series of articles about obscure titleholders. "Dodie Boy," the older brother of Gerry Penalosa, had won the IBF flyweight belt back in 1983, but had never fought outside of Asia or on American TV, which made him a virtual unknown to all but the most hardcore U.S. fans.

A victim of childhood polio, southpaw Penalosa fought with a limp because the disease had left him with one leg shorter than the other. Although he never came close to achieving Manny Pacquiao's iconic status, Dodie drew crowds of up to 20,000 for some of his fights in Manila.

Penalosa finally left Asia for a fight later that year, losing the belt via split decision to Dave McAuley in London, England. He fought on until 1995, when he retired with an overall record of 31-7-2 (13).

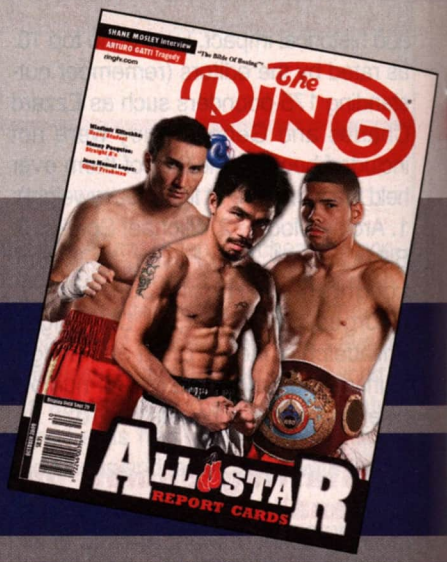
"Meet Ramzi Hassan" by Jonathan Shapiro introduces the Jordanian light heavyweight, who was fresh from winning a 175-pound tournament sponsored by Stroh's beer. His tourney victories over Jerry Okorodudu, Kelvin Kelly, Jeff Lampkin, and Uriah Grant had Hassan riding high when the piece was published.

"I may be the greatest Arab fighter ever," he tells Shapiro. "People told me that I remind them of Alexis Arguello, which was a real nice thing to say."

The following year, Hassan had two cracks at alphabet titles, losing a decision to WBA titlist Virgil Hill and getting knocked out by Michael Moorer in a bid for the vacant WBO trinket. Hassan put together a modest eight-bout winning streak in 1990 and '91, but became a steady loser after being knocked out by David Vedder in '92. He hung up his gloves in '96 with a 35-12-2 (11) record. ■

Hassan decisions Grant to win Stroh's tournament

The RING



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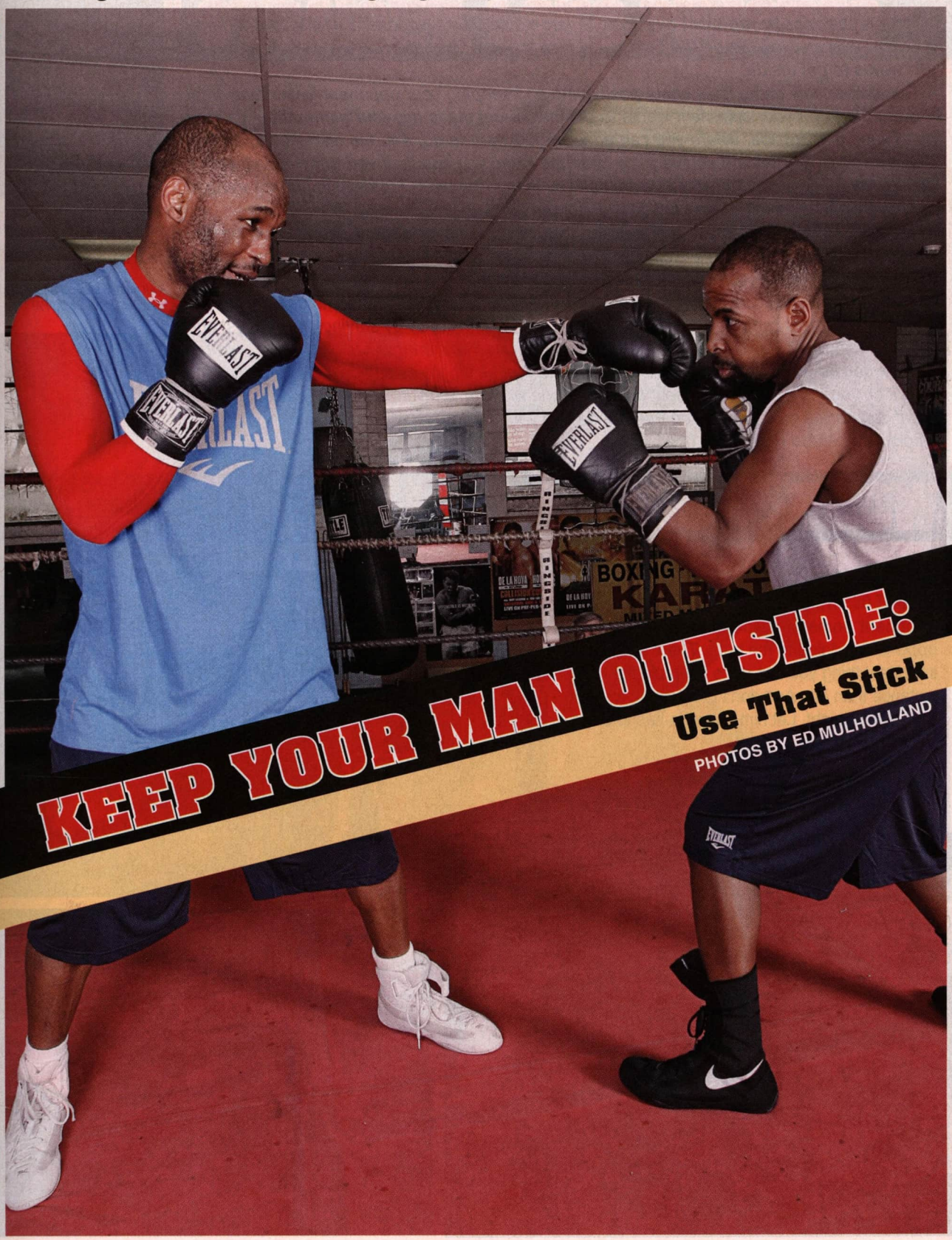
Perfect Execution

Boxing Lessons From A Living Legend

By Bernard Hopkins



KEEP YOUR MAN OUTSIDE:

Use That Stick

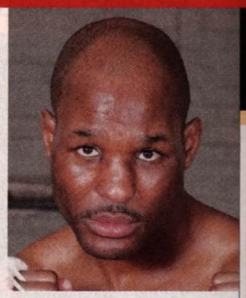
PHOTOS BY ED MULHOLLAND

In the last lesson, we went over how to get inside on an opponent who wants to keep you outside. Now we go the other way: how to keep your man on the outside when he wants to get inside.

Remember, this game is all about positioning and keeping your opponent from doing what he wants to do. If your opponent wants to get inside and that's not your game, then it's your job to keep him outside, where you can do what you want to do. And the best way to do that is with the jab, The Stick. If you've got a good jab—and you should if you throw it and work it the way you're supposed to—then you're halfway there. The jab is the most important weapon you have when it comes to keeping your opponent outside.

There are other ways to keep a man outside. If you hit hard enough and can catch him on the way in and hurt him, that will do it. He won't want to come inside. You can tie him up every time he gets close, but every second you're tied up, you're not getting done what you want to either. You want to keep him outside and score points, not worry about what he's going to do when he gets inside.

The best fighters can work inside or outside. I beat William Joppy by staying on his chest and taking him apart. I outboxed Felix Trinidad from the outside and went inside only when I wanted to, not when he wanted to. Same with Kelly Pavlik. The best fighters can do both, but you want to do it on your terms. Your opponent doesn't decide whether you fight inside or outside. You do. And if you decide your game is on the outside and you want to stay there, this is how you do it. Arnold Joseph and I show you how.

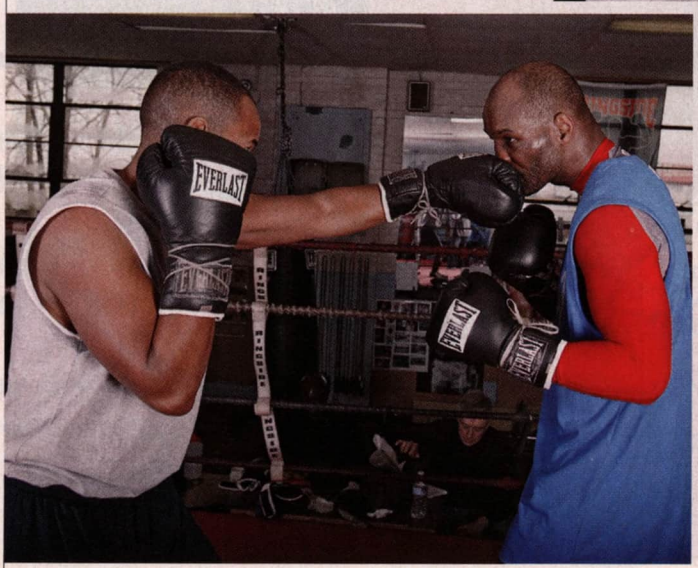


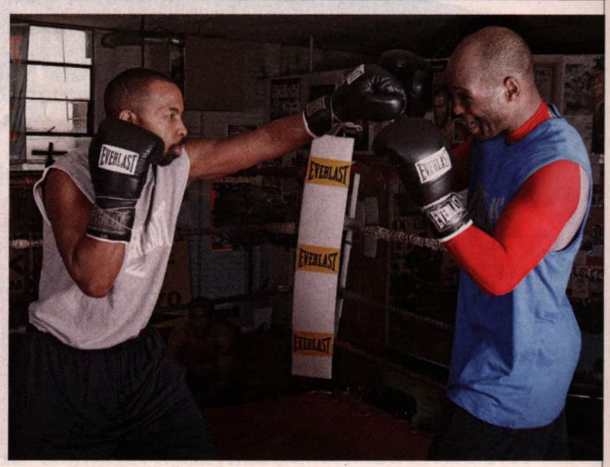
BERNARD HOPKINS
Is the former middleweight and light heavyweight champion of the world.

(All photos taken at Andy Carr's Gym in Upper Darby, PA)

WORK THAT STICK

WANT TO KEEP YOUR MAN OUTSIDE? JAB, JAB, JAB. WORK IT OVERTIME. Keep it out there to give your opponent something to think about, like my opponent is doing to me here. There's no more important thing you can do to keep the fight at a distance than jab. And don't paw with it; throw it hard and straight. Let him know he has to pay a price to get close.

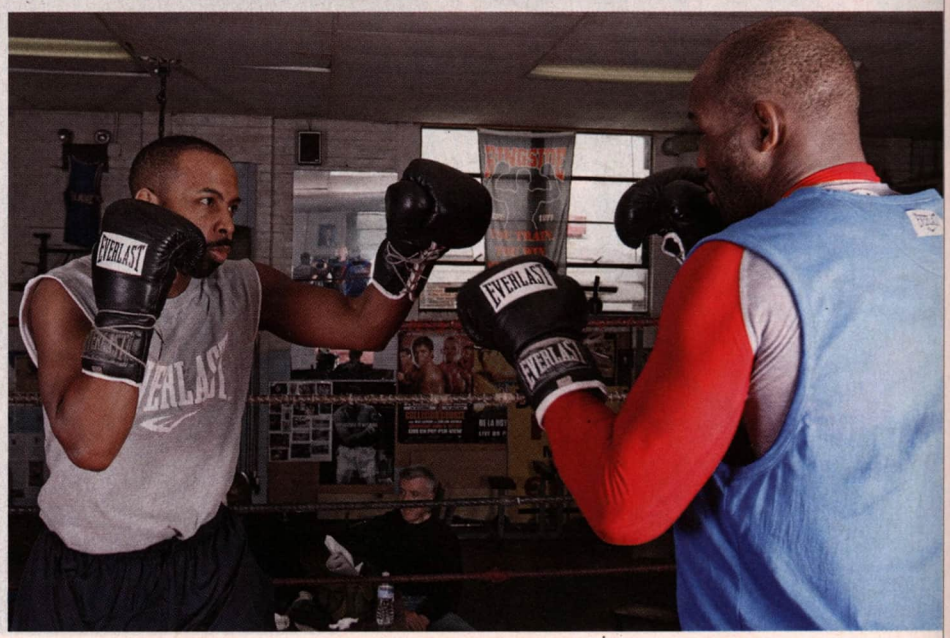




THROW STRAIGHT, LONG PUNCHES

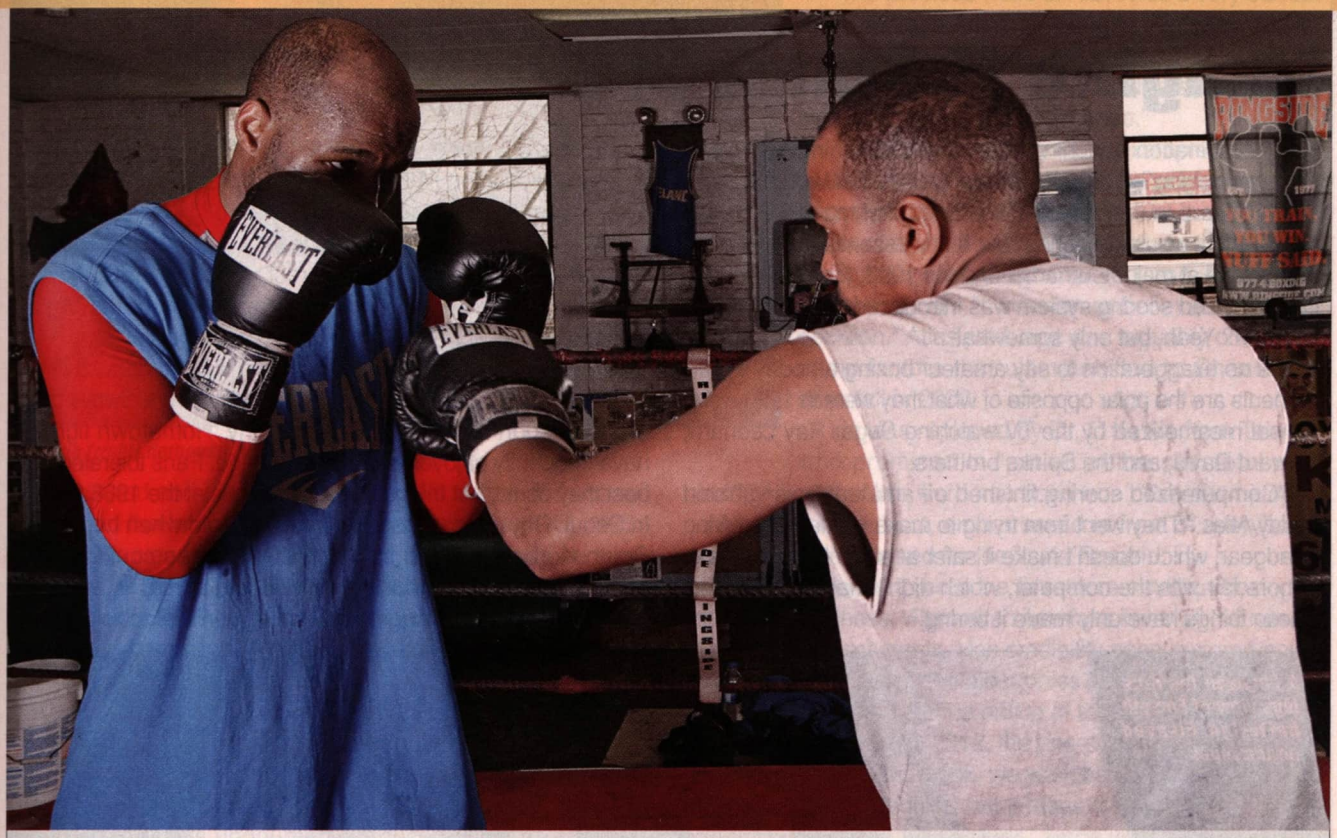
STAY AWAY FROM HOOKS AND UPPERCUTS; THOSE ARE INSIDE PUNCHES. Throw those only if your guy gets past your jab and gets inside. You want to throw punches from a distance, and that means long jabs and straight right hands, like the one my opponent is throwing here. And don't throw it as a lead unless you're quick enough to get away with it. Throw it behind the jab so your opponent doesn't use it as a way to counter and get inside. And throw it hard!

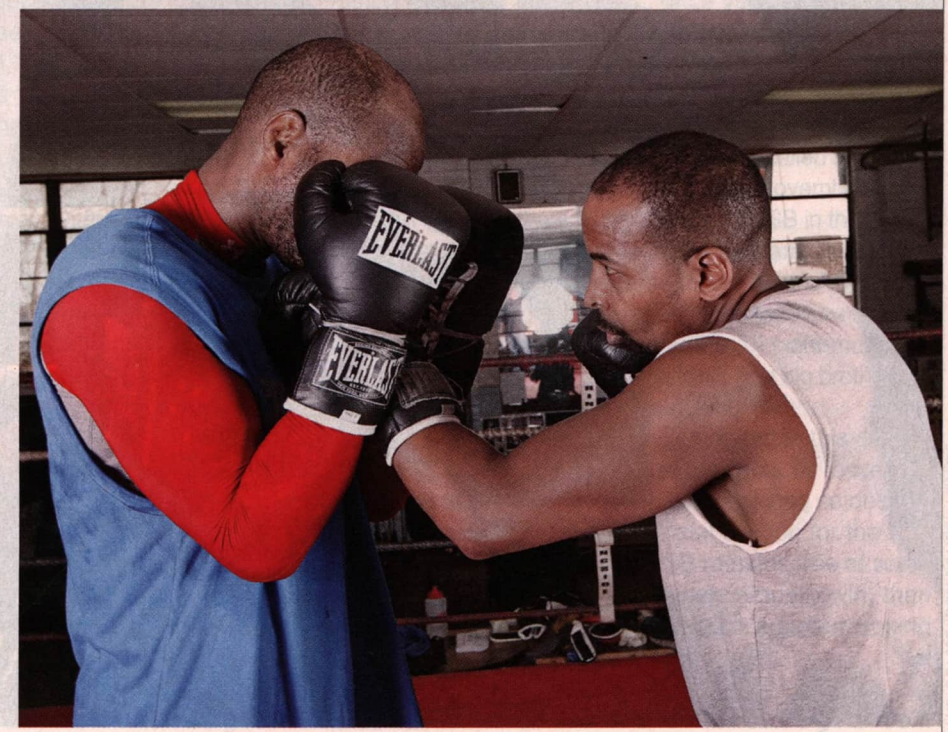
USE THAT RING



WHILE YOU'RE JABBING, USE THAT RING! Some guys are so good and quick that they can keep a man outside without moving their feet. Most aren't that strong, and a lot of guys that are inside fighters don't have the best footwork. So use what you've got, and if you're an outside fighter by nature, that means using your legs and feeling to get position and keep your man outside. If you're in one spot his job gets easier. You want to make his job—getting inside—hard. You do that by moving.

THE WRONG WAY: STOP PUNCHING





WANT TO LET YOUR OPPONENT GET INSIDE AND GET TO WORK? Stop punching, the way I have here. That's the worst thing you can do if you want to keep your opponent outside. You see too many guys do this. They forget that the way to keep a man at the end of your punches is to throw punches! To keep your opponent outside you *have* to work hard, and that means throwing a lot of punches at long range. You take a rest, and if he's smart, he'll take that opportunity to be on you. Stay busy.

By Michael Rivest

Imagine If Amateur Boxing Changed

Combination punching? Out. Body punching? Counter-punching? Gone. What you'd have left would be two boxers in the center of the ring, pitching single head-shots, and it would be boring. But that's essentially been amateur boxing at major tournaments since 1992, the year the new computerized scoring system was introduced. Is this an exaggeration? Yeah, but only somewhat.

It's no exaggeration to say amateur boxing at today's tournaments are the polar opposite of what they were in 1976 when we sat mesmerized by the TV watching Sugar Ray Leonard, Howard Davis, and the Spinks brothers.

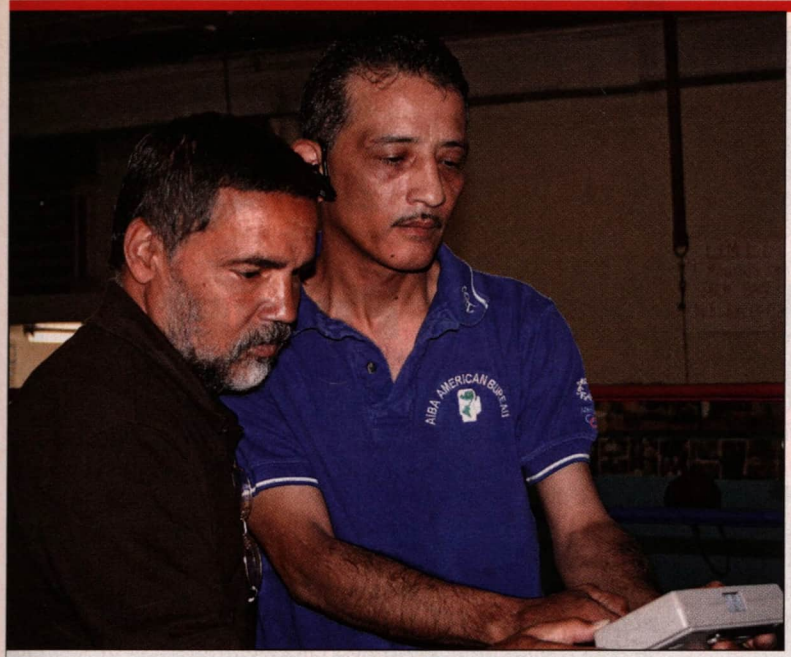
"Computerized scoring finished off amateur boxing," said Teddy Atlas. "They went from trying to make it safe by requiring headgear, which doesn't make it safer at all, to trying to make it more fair with the computer, which didn't make it fair either. These things have only made it boring."

But there is hope. Many within the Amateur International Boxing Association (AIBA) are working for change. Will they ever restore boxing to what it was in 1976? Not in time for the 2012 London Olympic Games, at least, but some changes may happen by then. And as for the rest, well, there just may be reason to believe. "That's my dream, anyway," said Miguel Rosario, AIBA Official.

A little history: Computerized scoring was introduced at the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona. Olympic boxing has always been one part sport and one part geography. Hometown fighters have frequently enjoyed a huge advantage. Fans tolerated it as best they could, but things turned ridiculous at the 1988 Games in Seoul. Roy Jones was robbed of the Gold when he took on South Korea's Park Si Hun. Although Jones couldn't have beaten Hun more convincingly if he'd had a third fist wrapped around a Louisville Slugger, Hun was given the decision.

A between the ref's legs view of Forsyth battering Elsayed on the ropes

PHOTO BY JOE KLAMAR/AFP/GETTY IMAGES



Rosario (right) demonstrates the much-hated keypad

A stunned and disgusted boxing world demanded change and so did the International Olympic Committee (IOC). "AIBA was told to clean up the corruption or boxing would be eliminated," said Dr. Charles Butler, elected to the AIBA Executive Committee in 2006 as part of the reform ticket to rid the sport of previous corruption. "So AIBA devised a system designed to eliminate any possibility of bias."

In a nutshell, five judges are given a keypad to register legally landed punches. They don't determine the winner; they just record legitimate "hits" as their keypad "clicks" are connected to a computerized database.

Although it has undoubtedly reduced bias, the cure has often proved worse than the disease. In order for a blow to register in the computerized system, three of the five judges must score it. But each time a judge "clicks," it opens a one-second window. Two more judges have to "click" within that second for the scoring blow to count. If they're a little slow and the second goes by, it's too late. The punch doesn't count. So many actual punches are ignored, making the scoring often ridiculously and inaccurately low.

Think about it. Say a boxer with average hand speed lands a three-punch combination within a second. How do judges score three punches in a system that allows only one "hit" in one-second-per-punch windows? They don't. They typically score one. And if the other boxer effectively lands a counter, forget it. That gets skipped too.

So the system has encouraged a fencing style of boxing, where boxers stand on the outside and throw punches one at a time so that each judge sees it (yawn). And they need to be clear headshots, too, because body punches aren't as easy to spot.

Franco Falcinelli, head of AIBA's Technical Committee, agrees that the one-second window has "destabilized the way of boxing."

But at least they took out the human element and got rid of the bias, right? Not so fast. "The only non-human thing in there now is the word 'computer,'" Atlas said. Rosario agrees: "Any judge can continue to control a fight's outcome by opening and closing the window." And that's exactly what continued to happen for a while.

"The previous head of AIBA was a very corrupt man," alleged Atlas, referring to Professor Anwar Chaudhry. AIBA ultimately imposed a life ban on Chaudhry in 2006. "I saw incidents of cheating over and over. It was a disgrace."

For Atlas, the most notable example took place at the 2004 Athens Games. "The judges gave the heavyweight quarter-final bout to the Egyptian boxer over the Australian kid," Atlas said referring to Egypt's Mohamed Elsayed and Australia's Adam Forsyth. "It was an unbelievably corrupt decision," Atlas said, and was arguably one of the many factors that ultimately led to Chaudhry's downfall in 2006.

He was replaced by Dr. C.K. Wu from Taiwan, who promised to "put all of the shameful past behind." So far, Wu's word has been true. "I've seen judges confronted on the spot, embarrassed in front of everybody, and sent home, banned for life," said Rosario.

But more needs to be done to restore amateur boxing to its former greatness, when even non-fans knew all the names of the young combatants. Has credibility been restored now? Can we finally jettison the electronics? Or at least throw the one-second window out the orifice of the same name?

"It's possible that by 2012, the one-second window will be gone," said Dr. Butler. "Look, we want boxing to take its rightful position among sports, but it takes a long time to restore credibility. It's like I tell my kids, 'once you lose credibility, you'll have to wait sometimes longer than you'd like to get it back.' The IOC demands credibility first, then popularity."

While these discussions are going on, so is something else that should make all of our hearts beat a little faster—just like they did in 1976. AIBA has started something called the World Series of Boxing (WSB). It won't begin until November 2010, but you can count on there being lots about WSB in this space in coming months. WSB will present the best amateurs in the world, coming together to determine the best of the best. There will be no headgear, no computer, no forfeiture of amateur status, and no funny business. Just a 10-point-must system administered by judges you can trust. And big brother will be watching. Oh, man, will he be watching.

Is the WSB just another activity, unrelated to this discussion? Is it just a coincidence that it seems to represent everything amateur boxing lost so long ago and so desperately needs now? Or could it be a trial balloon for the IOC to watch? And if all goes well, if WSB remains free of scandal and controversy, and if the winners actually win, then maybe, just maybe, we can soon watch amateur boxing again—for real. ■

Michael Rivest can be contacted at mrivest2@gmail.com

By Margaret Goodman, M.D.

Some Things You Never Forget

After working more than 500 Las Vegas boxing cards, I thought it would be of interest to list my five worst experiences as a ring doctor:

• **James Toney KO 9 Evander Holyfield, October 14, 2003:** Holyfield was unable to throw a strong punch and, more importantly, he was unable to handle one. By round eight, it was obvious Holyfield was not going to win. Moreover, he was taking an unnecessary beating. In round nine, he was knocked down and hurt.

I was sitting at the end of the commission table, close to Holyfield's trainer, Don Turner. I asked if he wanted me to stop the fight—that I had no qualms about doing it. "Let him be mad at me," I said. Turner shook his head and said, "No, let me do it." He mounted the ring apron and threw in the towel. Holyfield never stopped resenting Turner for doing the right thing.

Some physicians will tell you there is nothing more difficult than stopping a fight. I disagree. It's the fights you don't stop that keep you awake at night. Holyfield should have retired after the Toney bout, and I wanted to give him an indefinite suspension based on his deteriorating skills. But the Nevada State Athletic Commission had been through more than one hearing regarding Holyfield's health and shied away from another. I acquiesced.

In his next fight, Holyfield lost a unanimous decision to Larry Donald, which resulted in him losing his license in New York. Of course, Evander fights on, but nothing has happened in subsequent performances to change my mind. We (Nevada) should have taken the initiative.

• **Joel Casamayor KO 6 Diego Corrales, October 4, 2003:** During the sixth round, Corrales took a tremendous punch to the jaw and, within seconds, his mouth filled with blood. I was horrified that referee Tony Weeks didn't call time out to bring Diego to me for an exam—but he didn't. When the bell rang, I ran to his corner. Diego spit out a cup of bright red blood. I asked him to sit down, which he did under much duress. Immediately, his entire mouth filled up again with blood. I had no recourse but to recommend the fight stop.

Later, it was determined Corrales had a faulty mouthpiece that sliced up the inside of his mouth. It was a bad finish to what could have been a great fight, but better than seeing a boxer choke on his own blood in the ring.

My error was in my inability to demonstrate the seriousness of the problem to the viewing public and, as a result, I became the focus of an angry promoter.

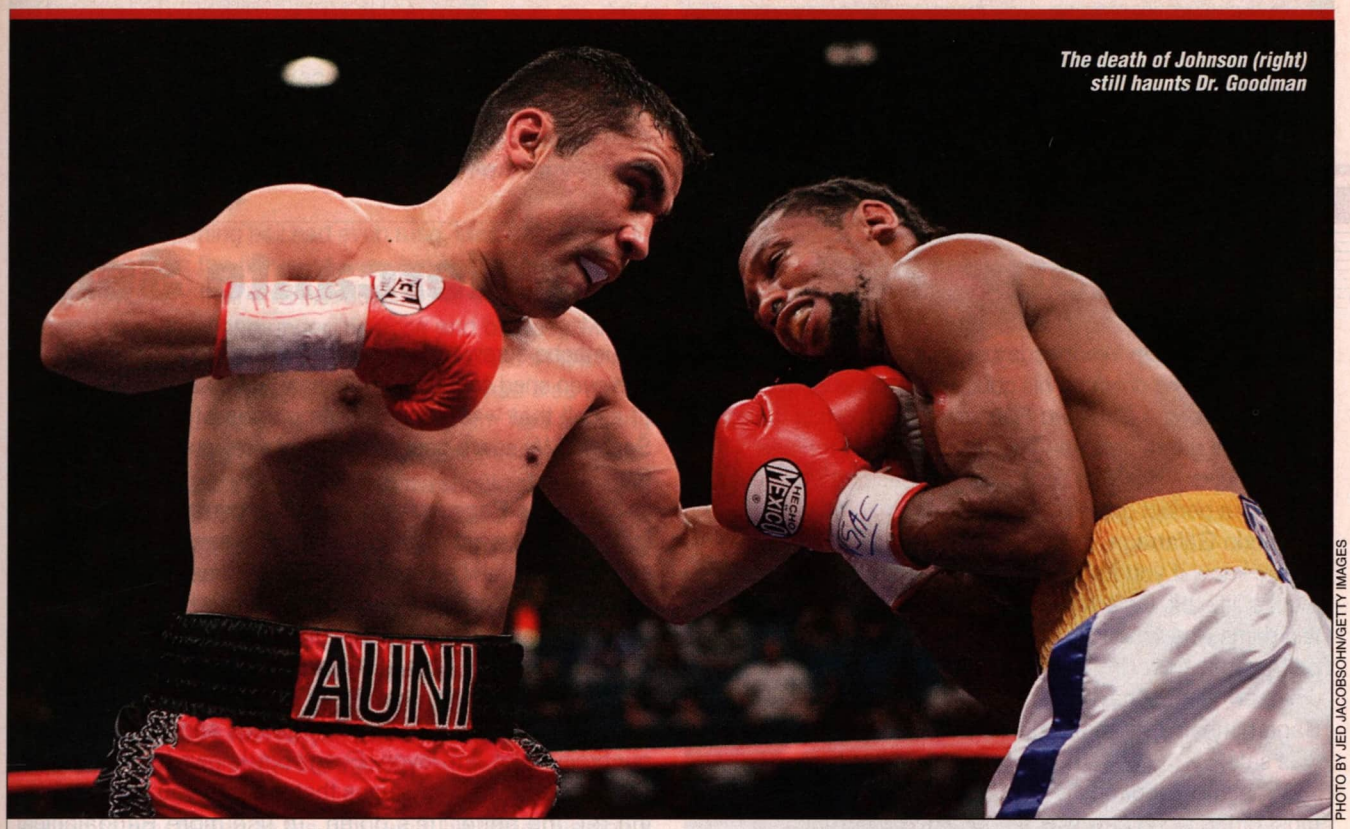
• **Willy Salazar KO 7 Danny Romero, September 8, 1995:** It was supposed to be a non-title tune-up for IBF flyweight titleholder Romero, a way to hype his upcoming bout with Johnny Tapia. But in the second round, Romero took a huge punch to his right eye. Immediately, the eye began to close and, from then on, Romero was unable to mount an offense.

I examined him every round and, by the end of the seventh, I recommended the fight stop. A fighter can fight with a closed eye, unless the eyeball or surrounding structures are damaged or the boxer cannot protect himself, which was the case here.

During the postfight interviews, Romero, his father/trainer, promoter Bob Arum, and the Top Rank physician, Tony Daly, insisted that there was nothing wrong with Danny's eye, saying that I was incompetent. When Romero went to the emergency room, however, it was discovered that he had suffered a serious eye socket fracture. He underwent successful surgery, but was not able to resume his career for almost six months.

PHOTO BY TOM CASINO/SHOWTIME

Corrales' mouth cut was simply too severe to allow him to continue



The death of Johnson (right) still haunts Dr. Goodman

PHOTO BY JED JACOBSOHN/GETTY IMAGES

• **Oscar Larios KO 10 Wayne McCullough, July 16, 2005:** Going into the fight, the commission knew that McCullough had been in many wars, and no one wanted to see him get hurt. As the fight wore on, McCullough looked worse and worse. Prior to stopping the fight, his promoter Dan Goossen, came over and sat next to me. We agreed that McCullough had had enough. After round 10, I spoke to his trainer Freddie Roach, referee Richard Steele, and McCullough. The fighter pleaded with me to change my mind, but there was no other choice except to stop the fight.

It is difficult to stop a fight when you know a fighter can finish on his feet no matter how many head blows he absorbs, but studies have shown that an athlete who has suffered this many head blows over the years is at great risk to develop cognitive problems. Although he continues to seek bouts, Wayne has only fought once since then, losing via TKO to Juan Ruiz on June 20, 2008.

• **Jesus Chavez KO 11 Leavander Johnson, September 17, 2005:** Johnson was the IBF lightweight titleholder, had a good record, but was little known in Las Vegas. I had worked many bouts where a fighter took more punishment than Johnson did against Chavez and still won. Yet despite landing his fair share of punches, Johnson looked weak and, following the 11th round stoppage, he collapsed in the dressing room. He was rushed to the hospital but died from a cerebral hemorrhage.

When a boxer dies, it is rarely (extremely rare) from a single punch. More often than not, it is related to a pre-existing injury that went unnoticed. It could have happened in the gym or a prior fight.

Johnson was a wonderful young man and, five years later, I think of him and his family's loss every day. He is a big reason why I continue to push for tighter safety regulations.

Was The Deck Stacked?

I have devoted several columns to advancing performance enhancing drug (PED) testing. I have no desire to belabor the issue, but I must comment on the recent Nevada State Athletic Commission hearing on PEDs.

The commission requested testimony from Dr. Robert Voy, a former Nevada ring physician, and ring doctor Dr. David Watson. Voy insisted that EPO, a hormone that increases red blood cells and oxygen availability, has little use in sport. Watson professed that blood drawing could increase a boxer's risk to hepatitis and HIV and that the procedure could damage a fighter's arm and result in canceled bouts.

I am not a hematologist (expert in blood disorders) or a phlebotomist (expert in blood drawing), but neither are Voy and Watson. In my opinion, their comments hindered advancing safe practices in boxing by years—if not permanently.

While Travis Tygart, chief executive officer of the United States Anti-Doping Agency, also testified at the hearing and said that he felt that the NSAC should do a lot more to improve its drug-testing protocols, his testimony was overshadowed by that of Dr. Voy and Dr. Watson.

One can't help but wonder: Was this hearing a preordained manipulation of the facts? Does the NSAC really desire to advance PED testing? Or, was the meeting a dog-and-pony show, calculated to continue archaic testing procedures in order to please promoters and the gaming industry? ■

By Jim Bagg

How Many Tickets Did Mercante Sell?

On a random Wednesday night in June, the Baggarific was lying down on his couch, half in the Bagg, flipping between a *Rockford Files* rerun and the late innings of a baseball game between the Tigers and the Indians. (It's a full life, folks.) This was no ordinary baseball game; this was a bid for a perfect game by Detroit's Armando Galarraga. And as you surely know if you follow sports even a little bit, Galarraga's perfect game was spoiled by a blown call at first base from umpire Jim Joyce, who must have been half in the Bagg himself if he thought that runner was safe.

What the Baggtropolis and most of the world saw was a horrible mistake. We saw a guy with a 1970s biker-bar moustache screw up, realize it after the fact, apologize for it, and even shed some tears. We saw history denied on account of a call that was as wrong as photos of Butterbean in a Speedo. We saw a poor schmuck of a ref who we were thankful not to be.

But, if the Baggarraga's instinct is correct (and it always is), that's not what Arthur Mercante Jr. saw. He didn't see a screw-up; he saw a blueprint. He didn't see a poor schmuck to pity; he saw one to envy. He saw a ref who'd figured out a way to get a helluva lot of attention. He saw an official who'd managed to make himself the star of the show. Thousands of arbiters come across the TVs of sports fans every year, but most just anonymously call their games and disappear from our brains. Not Jim Joyce. *Everybody* knows his name now.

It's been said many times that the less you notice a boxing ref, the better he's doing. To use more Baggalogical phrasing, refs are like hookers: You want them to do their jobs effectively, then leave no evidence that they were ever

Cotto thinks it's over, but Mercante wants more camera time

PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

there. Mercante, however, never got that memo. He'd make a lousy whore, and in the Bagglestiltskin's opinion, he makes a lousy referee. And he was particularly lousy three days after Joyce's infamous gaffe, when Mercante was the third man in the ring for the Miguel Cotto-Yuri Foreman fight at Yankee Stadium.

Before the opening bell had even rung, Mercante began to put his stamp on the fight and overstep his bounds. Prior to giving the fighters their final instructions, Mercante waited until he had the microphone under his nose and blurted, "Miguel Sr., Dad, rest in peace!" He was referring to Cotto's father and his own, Arthur Mercante Sr., both of whom had died earlier this year. Unfortunately, neither one of them had anything whatsoever to do with the opening instructions for the Cotto-Foreman fight. Maybe the Baggapalooza should start opening every column with a few shout-outs to deceased acquaintances. "Great Aunt Edna, Larry the mailman, my neighbor's schnauzer Garfunkel … rest in peace!"

Clearly, this was a case of attention-hog Mercante jumping on an opportunity to push his personal agenda with a premeditated tribute to his old man. Some of you ignoramuses will say it's insensitive for the Baggburner to rip into a guy whose dad just died. And maybe it is, but that's why the Baggnanimous is here: to speak the truth and do the dirty work that all the sensitive namby-pambies are afraid to do. If Junior wanted to pay tribute to his dad, well, he bears his pop's name, maybe he could just do the name proud by refereeing well. Just one problem: That's what someone who *doesn't* want to steal the spotlight from the fighters would do.

And did it ever cross Mercante's mind that by invoking Cotto's father's name, he was creating the impression of possible bias? The Baggonoscopy isn't saying Mercante actually *was* biased. He's just saying a referee is supposed to be even-handed in his treatment of both fighters, and here Mercante was eulogizing one fighter's dad without acknowledging the other fighter. Remember that rule of bringing snacks to school as a kid—if you don't have enough for everyone, then don't share with anyone. It also applies to obnoxious, self-absorbed referees and their prefight shout-outs to the dead.

But as we all know, the "rest in peace" wasn't the most serious of Mercante's sins that night. The action that has drawn the most response was Mercante's refusal to stop the fight when Foreman's corner threw in the towel. By the letter of the law, this pinhead who puts the "ef" in "ref" was within his rights to ignore the towel. But by the logic of the land, he was behaving like a pea-brained control freak.

Foreman was fighting on one leg after injuring his knee in the seventh round. His style dictates that he be able to move well to succeed. He has minimal punching power and was never going to turn the Cotto fight in his favor with one punch. He had lost just about every round and still had 4½ more to survive when the towel came fluttering by in the eighth. What exactly about this situation told Mercante that he should overrule the wishes of a protective, caring corner?

Gimpy Foreman needed more than a knee brace

PHOTO BY AL BELLO/GETTY IMAGES

The Monthly Mailbagg

In honor of the World Cup, which was about to begin as the Baggalamadingdong was compiling this month's column, the Baggalicious spent as much time sifting through e-mails as he intends to spend watching soccer this summer: about two minutes. Here's the best e-mail he stumbled across:

Baggmeister,

I've got a bad feeling Edwin Valero is going to be remembered in the same vein as Salvador Sanchez, someone whose legacy was enhanced by the fact that he died in his prime. It horrifies me to think that people will someday be talking about this scumbag as one of the all-time great lightweights and speculating about whether he might have knocked out Roberto Duran or something. Please tell me I'm wrong!

Brad W.

Brad,

You're wrong—and that's not just the Baggtacular telling you what you want to hear. Valero won't be remembered in the same breath as Sanchez because before his life came to a premature end, the Mexican great defeated Wilfredo Gomez, Azumah Nelson, Danny Lopez (twice), and Juan LaPorte. Who did Valero beat? Vicente Mosquera and Antonio DeMarco? Sorry, you don't go down as a legend without beating a legend or two.

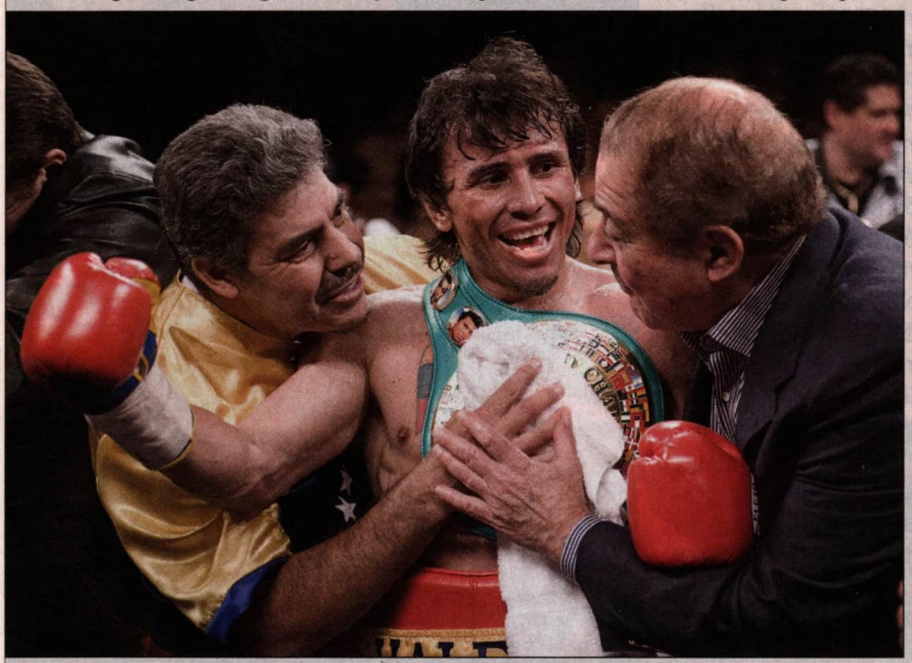


PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Valero was no Sanchez

Add in the fact that Valero's fighting ability (which was considerable) will always be overshadowed by the words "murder" and "suicide," and he isn't going to be deified by too many people. He'll more likely be remembered in a similar vein to Ike Ibeabuchi—a mentally unstable waste of talent who *could* have been great, but we'll never know. With Sanchez, we already knew.

The Valero mystique might build as the years pass, but he won't be a part of any all-time great discussions. At least not until THE RING completely runs out of article ideas and compiles a feature on "The 10 Greatest Venezuelan Punchers With Brain Injuries Who Relocated To Japan And Eventually Orphaned Their Children." On that list, he's at least top five.

Some have speculated that Mercante wanted to give Foreman the opportunity to end the fight on his own terms. The Baggenstein says that's a bunch of BS. Mercante wanted to end the fight on *Mercante*'s terms.

The reason that the rules state that a towel thrown into the ring doesn't automatically end the fight is because the ref doesn't always know where that towel came from. Perhaps a fan in the front row hurled it in. Stranger things have happened. (Like a guy flying into the ring with a fan strapped to his back, for example.) With that in mind, it would have been fine for Mercante to take a moment to identify where the towel came from before declaring the fight over. But he didn't do that. He arrogantly decided that he knew better than the corner how much punishment Foreman should take, and he ordered everybody out of the ring.

And get this: He asked Foreman if he wanted to continue, and Foreman said, "Yes!" Imagine that, a fighter who wants to keep trying. What kind of a creep puts the fighter in that position, where if Foreman says, "No, I'm hurt. I can hardly walk; stop the fight," the poor guy comes away looking like a quitter? The whole point of a trainer stopping a fight, besides obviously looking out for the fighter's health, is to spare him the indignity of having to surrender. Apparently Mercante thinks it's his job to re-offer an injured fighter that indignity.

And make no mistake, Foreman was indeed an injured fighter. It came out two days after the bout that he had a torn meniscus. In layman's terms: His knee was all sorts of messed up and wasn't fit for a leisurely stroll much less a prizefight. But Dr. Mercante thought it would be a good idea to make the gimp keep trying to defend himself.

There was a moment in the sixth round where Cotto missed a left hook and came about an inch away from clipping Mercante with it. What a shame that the third man wasn't standing a half-step closer. Then we could have enjoyed not only the sight of Mercante on the canvas, but also Foreman telling him to "suck it up" and keep refereeing.

Mercante's antics detracted from Cotto's big win

PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Ultimately, the story of this fight should have been the victorious, glorious return of Miguel Cotto. Instead, most of the discussion afterward focused on Foreman's knee (not Mercante's fault) and the way the bout ended (100 percent Mercante's fault).

The crowd at Yankee Stadium was announced as 20,272, a somewhat disappointing number compared to prefight estimates in the 30,000 range. But that's still more than 20,000 people coming out to see a fight, which doesn't happen every day. It was a good crowd. Most of them were there to root for Cotto, the most popular fighter with New York's Puerto Rican fan base. Plenty of them were there to root for Foreman, the most well-publicized Jewish fighter in New York. And quite a few were there because of the venue—they wanted to soak in the first fight at any building called Yankee Stadium in 34 years.

But the Baggarooney will bet his bottom dollar that not a single paying fan showed up because they heard Mercante was going to be the ref. The referee is not the headline performer. He's supposed to be a mere piece of scenery. Sadly, Mercante doesn't get that. It's *his* ring, and it's *his* show. Cotto and Foreman? They're bit players in the mixed-up mind of Mercante.

Some have euphemistically referred to Mercante as a "no-nonsense" ref. In the Bagginator's eyes, the ref's performance in the Cotto-Foreman fight was nothing but nonsense.

And The Stingray Goes To ...

Marcus Upshaw, who upset Renan St. Juste on the May 28 edition of ESPN2 *Friday Night Fights* in Quebec City, defending the honor of Americans with manly names by defeating a Canadian with one of those girly French names. It was the kind of win that made the Baggenbrau want to run out and order some "freedom fries." (supersized, of course.)

Seriously, with a name like Renan St. Juste, you shouldn't be boxing; you should be showing off your package in tight spandex as part of some ballet-dancing troupe. And when you're done dancing, you head over to the tattoo parlor to get a pink fleur-de-lis on your lower back.

Despite his wimpy name, St. Juste had an excellent record of 21-1-1 (14) coming into the fight, whereas Upshaw was a mere 12-4-1 (6)—not bad, but not expected to win. But Upshaw knows a thing or two about thriving in the underdog role. In 2008, he held James McGirt Jr. to a controversial draw. In 2009, he beat a 10-0 fighter named Ahsandi Gibbs. And now, thanks in part to a fourth-round knockdown, he earned a 10-round split decision (which shouldn't have been that close) over St. Juste in the Canadian's backyard.

So Upshaw gets the Stingray this month. As for St. Juste, he gets a free mani-pedi courtesy of Quebec's finest nail salon and an order of frog legs. Bon appetit! ■

Jim Bagg can be reached at Baggmeister@yahoo.com.

Upshaw attacks Tarvis Simms

PHOTO BY MARTY ROSENGARTEN

[Come Out Writing]

Letters may be edited for reasons of space and clarity. Send your comments to Come Out Writing, THE RING, P.O. Box 114, Blue Bell, PA 19422.

Or e-mail letters to comeoutwriting@yahoo.com. E-mailed letters will include the writer's e-mail address unless a city and state of origin is provided.

Could B-Hop Be The Next Roach?

After seeing Bernard Hopkins struggle against Roy Jones, I think he should have fought Chad Dawson some time ago. Still, I will always love B-Hop because he reminds me of Marvin Hagler (my hometown hero). After what Hopkins did to Antonio Tarver and Kelly Pavlik, nobody could ever say he is not a Hall of Famer, but maybe his time to retire has come. Too many fighters hang on too long. Perhaps Hopkins can become a great trainer. After all, he already has a regular column in THE RING about boxing technique. I hope he opens a gym in Philly and trains kids to be champs.

STEVE GARDELLA
Brockton, MA

I love and find more value in THE RING magazine since you started publishing "Perfect Execution" by Bernard Hopkins. This is great stuff!

ALI JASIM
ali@alijasim.com

Mo "Money" Mail

Floyd Mayweather, please admit to one of the following:

1) You are Floyd Mayweather, the greatest prizefighter of all time. If Manny Pacquiao met you in the ring with veins full of PEDs and gloves full of bricks and horseshoes, he would not have a snowball's chance in hell of beating you.

2) You are Floyd Mayweather, the greatest fussbudget since my grandmother retired to her casket. All boxers

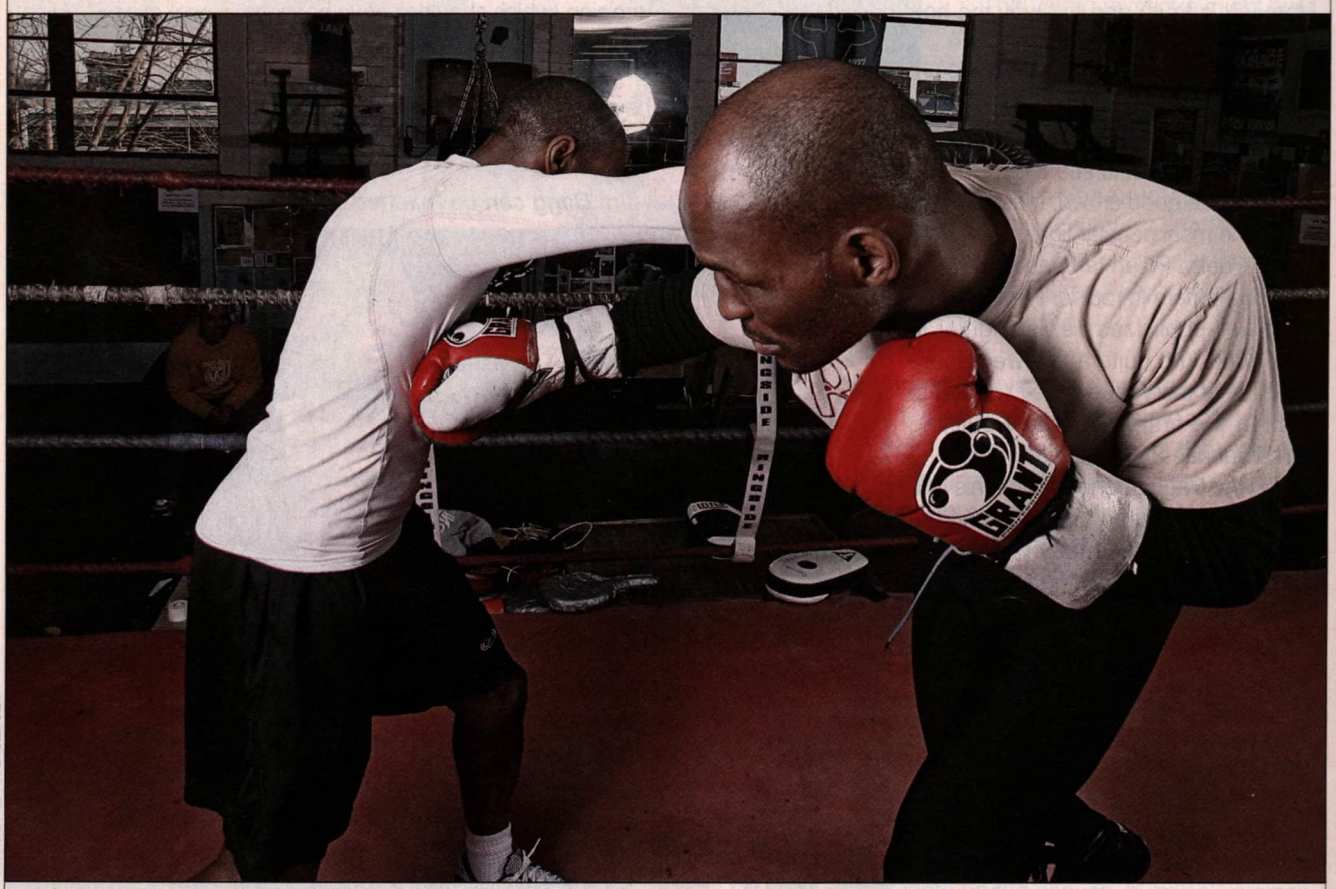


PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND

Bernard Hopkins demonstrates how to duck a right hand to the head and deliver one to the body for his popular "Perfect Execution" column. Reader Ali Jasim wrote to tell us how much he values the column and Steve Gardella suggested that B-Hop should seriously consider becoming a full-time trainer.

who want to fight you must subject themselves to additional testing for fear that a fighter on steroids is a threat to the self-proclaimed greatest.

On the other hand, I forget I'm talking to Floyd Mayweather. He can find a way to dodge these questions.

RICHARD ESCOTO
Monterey Park, CA

THE RING is definitely anti-Floyd Mayweather. When the truth is revealed and it supports all of Team Mayweather's accusations, would the articles still be so pro-Pacquiao? Or would THE RING just not talk about it and move on to the next big story that shows Floyd in a negative light.

NATE WALKER
natewlkr@gmail.com

Does the looming showdown between Floyd "Money" Mayweather and Manny "Pac-Man" Pacquiao remind anyone of the proposed Ray Leonard vs. Aaron Pryor fight? Let's just hope this one happens.

ORLANDO ALDERETE
Carlsbad, NM

Floyd Mayweather is a fighter of considerable talent who refuses to enter a fight in which he cannot perceive himself to have a considerable advantage. He got Oscar De La Hoya to drain himself from weight loss. He floored Arturo Gatti in round one by a crushing blow when Gatti turned his head to the ref to complain about a flagrant foul that the ref had chosen to ignore. Gatti never recovered. I doubt that Mayweather will fight Manny Pacquiao unless Pacquiao breaks something important. Otherwise, the fight might be decided on the merits of the fighters themselves, and Mayweather doesn't seem to want that.

STUART MILLS
Fredericton, NB

Inspirational Story

I was pleased to see the "Amateur News & Views" column in the July 2010 issue about the Cus D'Amato gym, especially the part about Kevin Rooney and the story of Naomi Chick.

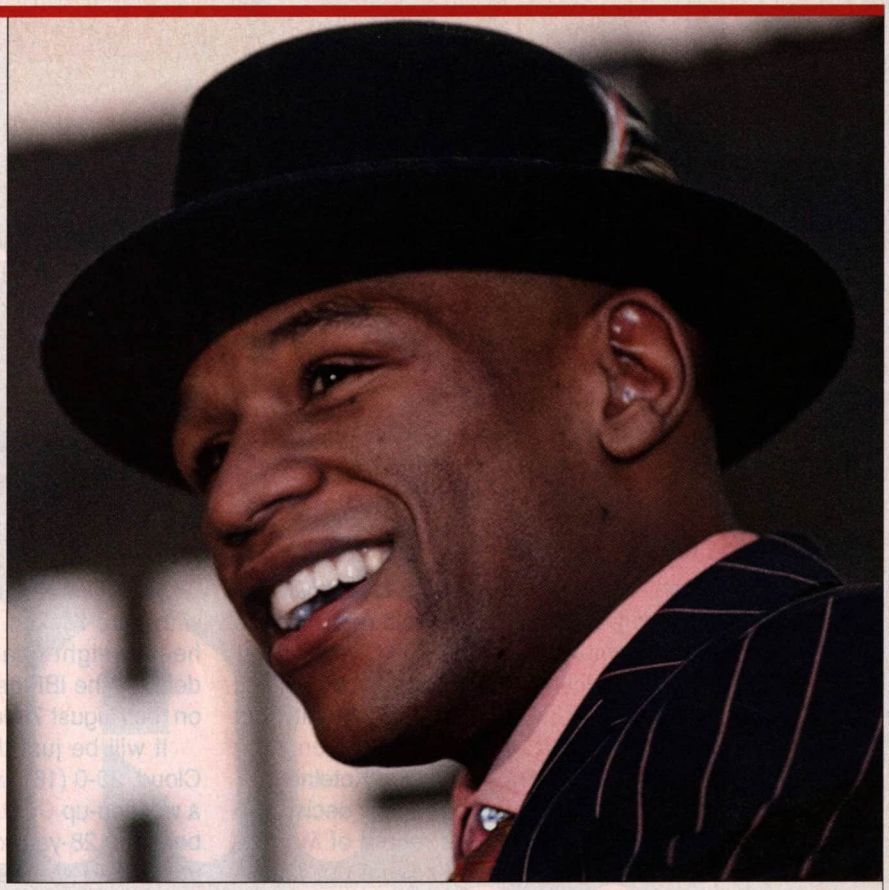


PHOTO BY CHRIS COZZONE/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Readers simply can't get enough of Floyd Mayweather and his rivalry with Manny Pacquiao. Once again, THE RING received a boatload of mail on the topic, including those from Richard Escoto, Nate Walker, Orlando Alderete, and Stuart Mills.

I have always told my now-adult lads, huge boxing fans too, how Rooney was the man who trained Mike Tyson best. I believe Tyson's demise came when Kevin was no longer in his corner. I always wondered what had happened to Rooney. It's good to see what he is doing, and I wish him all the best as he passes on his life learning to young people.

That raises my final point. I get really agitated these days about sports people having to be role models. I'm not into role models because no one is perfect. I'm not; no one is. I loved my late dad not for being a role model but because he was human and taught me how to come through life's adversities and how to fight back. I believe boxing offers something unique in the epic stories it has to tell of joy and tragedy, highs and lows, and pulling one's self out of the dust. Many young people today miss out on changing their lives for the better because somehow we don't inspire people enough through figures like those in the D'Amato gym who are prepared to give others time and space to develop.

Well done to THE RING for a good read, Ms. Chick for fighting back, and Rooney for his honesty and realism and for giving something back. Very inspiring.

RAY FOX
Keighley, UK

Klitschko Query

I wonder if any reader can explain the high amounts of apathy shown towards the Klitschko brothers? Both are very dominant champions with amazingly high knockout records. Both arrive in the ring in terrific shape and both live clean and productive lives outside the ring. Moreover, both are highly educated and fluently speak several languages.

Are both men too perfect? Do we only celebrate road accidents such as Mike Tyson? Why is it that other countries have not adopted Wladimir and Vitali?

MICHAEL HILLS
Barrow-in-Furness, UK ■

[Looking Ahead]

By Don Stewart

Alexander Faces Perfect Foil

Devon Alexander's trainer and manager, **Kevin Cunningham**, joked that **Andreas Kotelnik** is coming a long way for an ass kicking. The Ukrainian will fly more than 5,100 miles to meet the IBF/WBC junior welterweight titlist August 7 at the Scottrade Center in St. Louis, Missouri.

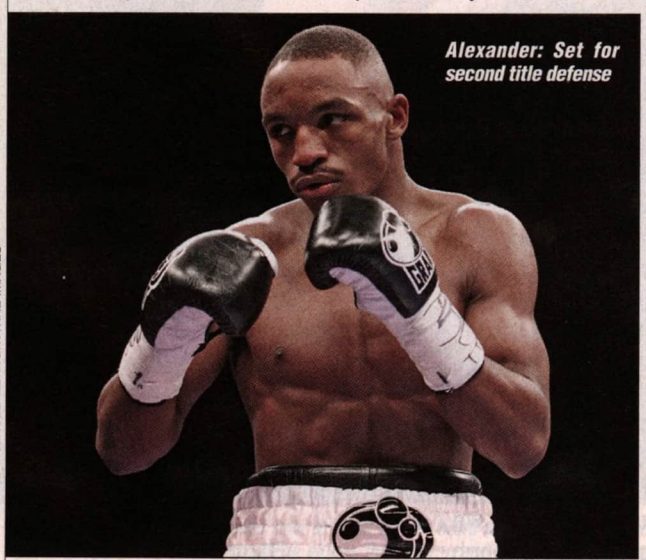
"I have a question for Devon Alexander after his people have made all these boasts: Will Devon come back and fight me in a rematch in the Ukraine after I kick his ass?" Kotelnik asked at the press conference to announce the HBO-televised bout.

Kotelnik is game and gutsy, but really, a rematch in the Ukraine seems as likely as Evander Holyfield regaining the unified heavyweight championship. The 2000 Olympic silver medalist and former 140-pound beltholder might be logging some serious frequent flyer miles for this opportunity, but what's more telling is that Alexander promoter **Don King** traveled the same distance in May just to sign Kotelnik.

In February 2009, Kotelnik pulled out a split decision to place the lone blemish thus far on the record of **Marcos Maidana**, whom Alexander originally sought out for his summer opponent.

Kotelnik is the perfect matchup for the ultra-skilled Alexander. Though a sound technical boxer in the upright European style, Kotelnik, 31-3-1 (13), lacks the hand speed or power to threaten the southpaw Alexander, 20-0 (13). In July 2009, Kotelnik was simply overwhelmed by the quickness, jab, and movement of **Amir Khan**, who pitched a near shutout. Alexander presents similar problems.

Also, Kotelnik has never faced a southpaw since moving up to the world-class level, save for his September 2008 decision win against overmatched Japanese lefty **Norio Kimura**.



Alexander: Set for second title defense

PHOTO BY ED MULHOLLAND/FIGHTWIRE IMAGES

Not only has he never fought in the United States, Kotelnik is a humble 2-3-1 outside of Eastern and Central Europe.

"This," Kotelnik admitted, "will be the most difficult and challenging fight of my career." And, win or lose, a very long flight home.

Can Cloud Handle The Pressure?

While an actual tournament is being held one weight class to the south, a potential "final four" has emerged at 175 pounds. One week before top-rated **Chad Dawson** clashes with third-ranked **Jean Pascal** for the vacant RING light heavyweight championship, fifth-rated **Tavoris Cloud** defends the IBF belt against second-ranked **Glen Johnson** on the August 7 Alexander-Kotelnik undercard in St. Louis.

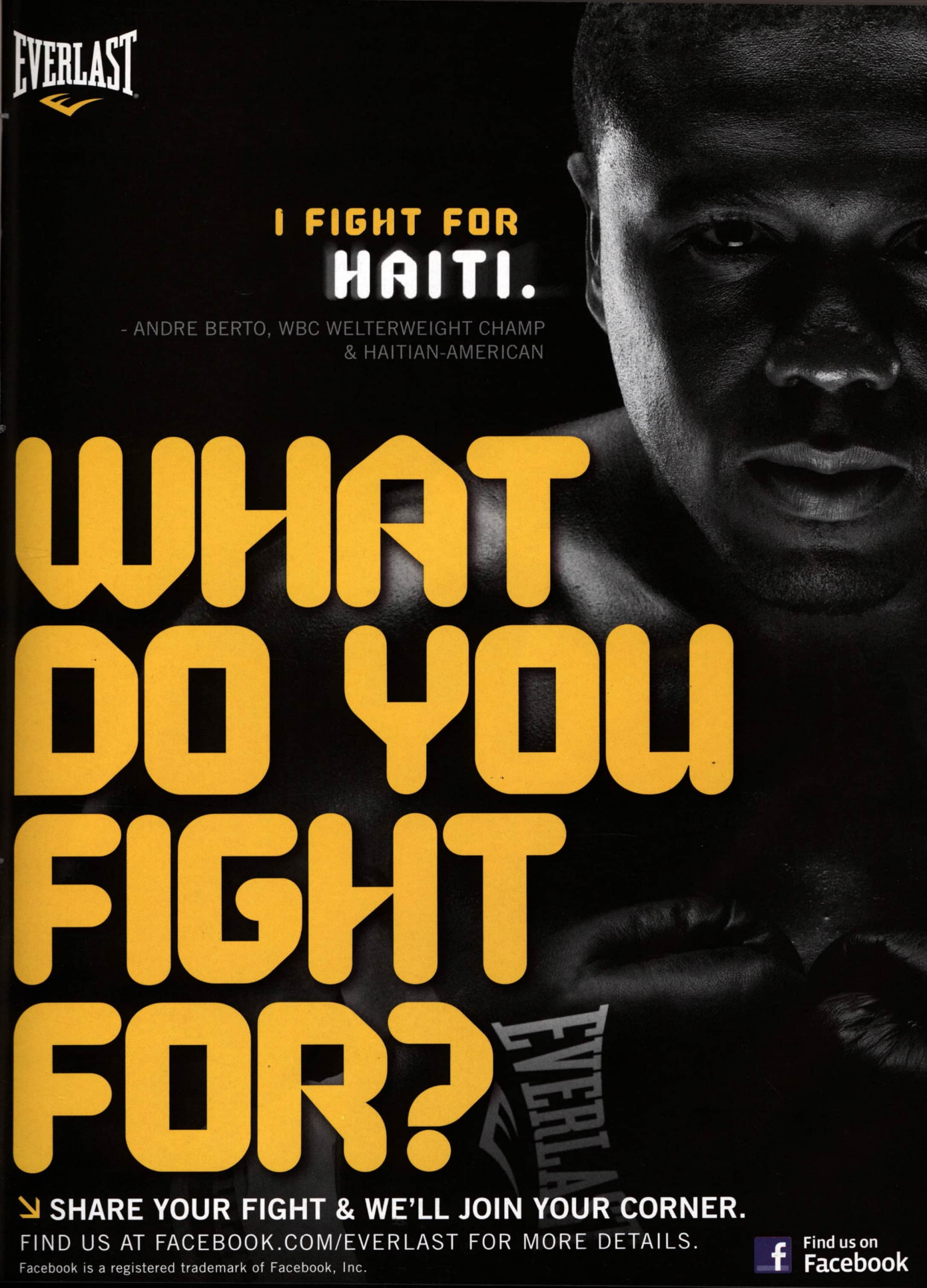
It will be just the third bout in the last 24 months for Cloud, 20-0 (18), who billowed onto the scene by pounding a washed-up **Clinton Woods** last August to take the vacant belt. The 28-year-old Tallahassee, Florida, native will be in uncharted waters against Johnson, 50-13-2 (34). The 41-year-old "Road Warrior" looked ageless in stopping **Yusaf Mack** back in February.

Don King Productions publicist **Alan Hopper** reportedly had to sit down with the media-shy Cloud in June to help prepare him for what will be his introduction to the big-fight atmosphere. As if Johnson's pressure weren't enough, Cloud will also have to deal with the pressure of added interview requests, publicity appearances, and press conferences, as well as fighting in front of the HBO cameras for the first time.

"You have good and bad opportunity," Cloud told the *Tallahassee Democrat*, "and I think the good opportunity is to fight on the big stages, make a lot of money, and go back home."

Listen Up

THE RING fourth-rated heavyweight **Tomasz Adamek** returns to his base of Newark, New Jersey, August 21, for a non-televised date with faded former contender **Michael Grant** ... In March, THE RING second-ranked bantamweight **Anselmo Moreno** ventured to Venezuela to face seventh-rated **Nehomar Cermeno**. The Panamanian rallied late to escape with a disputed split decision and the WBA belt. The WBA-mandated rematch takes place August 14 in Panama City, Panama ... **Vyacheslav Senchenko**, 30-0 (20), is a small fish in a big welterweight pond. In his native Ukraine, though, Senchenko is a big deal. The 2000 Olympian defends his WBA trinket there August 30 against unaccomplished **Charlie Jose Navarro** of Venezuela. ■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HAITI.
- ANDRE BERTO, WBC WELTERWEIGHT CHAMP
& HAITIAN-AMERICAN
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